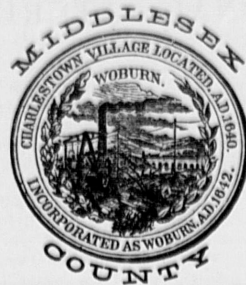


# Woburn Journal.



VOL. XXIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874.

NO. 42.

**Adrianna James,**  
Fashionable Dressmaker,  
No. 39 MAIN STREET,  
Woburn.

Work done mostly by hand, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**THOMAS S. BANKS,**  
FLORIST,  
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Has constantly on hand, at his greenhouse, a fine supply of all kinds of plants. Requests all our Patrons to visit at short notice.

**E. K. Willoughby,**  
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,  
Walton St., Woburn.

Orders for jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

**WARREN CUTLER,**  
JOB WAGON,  
Stable at the Woburn Depot.  
TEAMS FOR HIRING, FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING, &c.

Orders for jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

**JOHN C. BUCK,**  
TEACHER OF  
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN,  
AT GIBBS MUSIC STORE,  
No. 6 RAILROAD STREET,  
WOBBURN.

**JOHN R. CARTER**  
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,  
Surreys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Maps located. Grades established. Also all other kinds of surveying.

**CONVEYANCING.**  
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET,  
Monday and Thursday, 7 to 9 P. M., and at other times when not engaged on outside work.



**DR. J. LIVERPOOL,**  
THE GREAT INDIAN PHYSICIAN,  
79 GREEN ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Chronic diseases cured. Consultation free. Send or consult. Free. CASH. CURE. CURE. CURE.

**G. F. HARTSHORNE,**  
Civil Engineer & Surveyor,  
Surreys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Maps located. Grades established. Also all other kinds of surveying.

**C. P. JAYNE,**  
Real Estate Agent  
and Auctioneer.  
No. 2 Wade Block, Woburn.

**JOHN A. BOUTELLE,**  
GENERAL AGENT  
BANK BLOCK,  
123 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

**DR. M. H. ALLEN,**  
DENTIST,  
127 Main St., Woburn.

**POULTRY AND EGGS.**  
B. F. COLEGATE,  
J. B. McDONALD,  
93 Main St., Woburn.

**SAW WOOD,**  
For his customers, and deliver to them ready to use, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement.

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**W. P. B. Brooks & Co.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**FURNITURE!**

**Carpentering,**

**STOVES, FEATHERS,**

**Mattresses, &c.**

**Goods Sold on Liberal Terms.**

**9 Marshall Street,**

**114 Blackstone Street,**

**AND**

**151 Hanover Street,**

**Corner of Marshall, Boston**

**Wm. P. B. Brooks, Levi Walbridge,**

**Fred. G. Walbridge.**

**J. D. Gilman**

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened his

**NEW AND ELEGANT**

**Ladies' and Gents'**

**Dining Rooms,**

**Cor. Arch, 50 Summer St., Boston**

**Orster and Lunch Room in basement.**

**TOPPAN ROBIE,**

**Insurance Agent,**

**Liverpool and London & Globe.**

**ASSETS, \$22,000,000**

**Royal Ins. Co. of Liverpool.**

**ASSETS, \$11,000,000**

**Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Co. of Phila.**

**ASSETS, \$1,000,000**

**Dwelling House Ins. Co. of Boston.**

**ASSETS, \$92,000**

**Mutual Life Ins. Co. of N. Y.**

**ASSETS, \$5,000,000**

**Office Hours 9 to 5 a.m. 5 to 8 p.m.**

**168 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.**

**Boston office, 85 Devonshire Street, in Banking Room of Tower, Goldings & Co.**

**JOSEPH B. McDONALD,**

**DEALER IN**

**Hard & Soft Coal,**

**WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.**

**ALSO**

**A Large Assortment**

**OF ALL KINDS OF**

**STEAM COAL**

**CONSTANTLY ON HAND.**

**Wood Sawing**

**By Steam.**

**Thesubscriber has Circular Saw in operation**

**At his Wood and Coal Yard,**

**No. 93 Main Street.**

**With which he is prepared to**

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**For his customers, and deliver to them ready to use, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement.**

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**OUR ENTIRE STOCK**

**MARKED DOWN**

To less than the actual cost of manufacture.

**SOME OF THE PRICES:**

**500 Business & Dress Coats,**

Consisting of Black and Blue Tricots, Black, Blue and Brown Diagonal, &c., &c.

\$10 EACH, Former Price \$16 to \$20.

**500 Genuine Scotch Coats,**

\$5 EACH, Former Price \$12 to \$16.

**500 All Wool Pantaloon,**

\$3 EACH, Former Price \$5 to \$6.50.

**500 All Wool Pantaloon,**

(Very Heavy)

\$5 EACH, Former Price \$7 to \$8.

**500 All Wool Vests at \$1 to \$2 Each.**

Former Price \$3.50 to \$6.

And many other things equally as cheap, too numerous to mention, and all of the highest quality. Our stock is marked at such prices as will secure an immediate sale.

**ONE PRICE.**

**WILMOT'S,**

**121 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.**

**Photographic.**

The undersigned would respectfully call attention to his superior class of Card Photographs at low prices. Club rates, \$1.50 per dozen in club of 12, and one dozen additional to the party getting up the club.

**Copying and Enlarging at Low Prices.**

**A. G. Alexander,**

**No. 6 WINTER STREET,**

**BOSTON.**

**Woburn and Boston**

**DAILY EXPRESS,**

The subscribers having purchased the business of John B. Davis will run a regular daily express between Woburn and Boston. Special attention given to moving furniture, pianos, &c. The well-known excursion barge "Gen. Sherman" will be at the service of excursion parties on all days. They have secured the services of Mr. Davis to attend to the moving and execution of all orders. Old customers are respectfully invited to continue their patronage, and all new patrons are assured that their orders will be filled promptly and to the satisfaction of all.

**W. H. GROVER,**

**Woburn Residence, Railroad Street, Cor. Sullivan**

**Place, Boston Boxes at 21, Samson's, A. Ellis's, &c.**

**M. N. BROOKS**

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn that he has taken a stall at

**No 9 Central Market**

where he would be pleased to supply his friends with the best of all kinds of fresh produce at the lowest cash price. 48 and 50 North Street, Boston.

**AWNINGS**

**For Stores, Dwellings, &c.,**

**Brewer & Wheeler,**

**SALE MAKERS,**

**173 State Avenue, (near foot of Pearl St.)**

**Lynn, Mass. Yacht and Boat Sales, Flags, Banners, &c., made to order and satisfaction guaranteed.**

**Orders may be left at Post office, Winchester.**

**Hiram Childs,**

**Setter of all kinds of Granite Work.**

Particular attention paid to Cemetery Lots and Monuments. Work executed promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

**Residence, 112 Spring St., Woburn, Mass. Orders by mail promptly attended to.**

**REMOVAL**

**213 Main Street,**

**NEW STORE,**

**NEW GOODS!**

**G. W. POLLOCK**

Dealer in Furniture in all its variety, proposes to continue to sell for cash, thereby clearing for my customers the benefit of each. No partially will be shown, therefore no one can take advantage of partiality. I shall buy for cash and save 5 per cent. I shall save from 5 to 10 per cent on sales, by having no middle men. The time usually spent in running a store for delinquent debtors, and the money spent in selling them, will now be saved. The credit system makes enemies, for while it may be pleasant getting money, being dishonest is very offensive, especially to the poor. The credit system tempts a man to buy more than he can actually afford to pay when the bill is presented, and he is unable to pay, he feels the truth of the saying, "The borrower is servant to the lender." A man is degraded, who has his own and his neighbor's goods, who is hopelessly in debt. From all these considerations, I propose to buy and sell for cash, pledging myself to give customers, by that system.

**TO THE PER CENT. ADVANTAGE.**

Goods will be represented. Quick Sales and small profits will be the aim, and honesty the rule of the establishment, being thereby to secure the confidence, and a fair share of the trade of the people of Woburn.

**213 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. Repairing Stacks and Promptly Done.**

**CONSTANTINOPLE, 5th.**

**St. Sophia. Back on the 30th.**

So, between his books and his travels, this whimsical younger son of Lady Waring had a decidedly artistic life, while his elder brother Arthur, who had lately succeeded to the estate, kept up the baronial dignity, and staid at home like a good citizen.

Arthur had a charming little wife, but they were childless; and this circumstance made old Lady Waring the more anxious that Harry, her only other child, should surround him with a family of his own. We have all heard a great deal about the maternal instinct; but what I may call the grandmotherly instinct has not been described as fully as the frequency and importance of the passion merits. With Lady Waring this instinct amounted to a passion. She could not bear the thought of dying without leaving any grand children behind her.

So when she saw Harry, just home from his travels, she immediately set to work to surround him with a family of his own. We have all heard a great deal about the maternal instinct; but what I may call the grandmotherly instinct has not been described as fully as the frequency and importance of the passion merits. With Lady Waring this instinct amounted to a passion. She could not bear the thought of dying without leaving any grand children behind her.

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# THE HISTORY OF A PENNY.

A FABLE FROM THE GERMANS.

In the mint where all the pounds, shillings and pence are made, there were once a gold ducat and a penny just coined. There they lay, shining and clean, close together on a table, and the bright rays of the sun danced and sparkled on them. Then said the sovereign to the penny, "You jump—get away from me! You are only made of common copper, and are not worthy of the sunlight that shines on you. You will soon be lying all black and dirty on the ground, and no one will take the trouble of picking you up. I am made of costly gold. I shall travel about the world with great lords and princes; I shall do great things, and perhaps some day shine in the Emperor's crown."

In the same room there lay by the fire an old gray cat. When he heard this, he licked his paws thoughtfully, turned himself around on the other side and said— "Some things go by the rule of contrary."

And so it proved with the pieces of money. It turned the very contrary of what the gold ducat expected. It fell into the possession of an old miser who locked it up in a great chest, where it lay idle and useless, with hundreds of others like itself. But when the old miser found that he should not live much longer, he buried all his money in the ground that no one might get it, and there lies the proud cat to this day, dirty and black, and no one will ever find it.

But the penny travelled far about in the world, and it came to high honors and this is how it happened. First, one of the poor boys at the mint received it in his wages. He carried it home, and his little sister was so delighted with the clean, shining penny, he gave it to her.

The child ran out into the garden to show it to her mother, and saw a poor, lame beggar passing by, who begged for a piece of bread.

"I have not got any," answered the child.

"Then give me a penny to buy some," said the beggar, and the child gave him her new penny.

The beggar flung off to the baker's. Just as he came to the shop an old friend of his passed by, dressed as a pilgrim, with mantle, staff and scrip. He gave to some children who were standing round the baker's door, pieces of good and holy men, and the children in return put some money into the little box he had in his hand. The beggar asked, "Where are you travelling to?"

The pilgrim answered, "Many hundred miles away to the city of Jerusalem, where the holy Christ dwelt and died. I wish to offer up my prayers at his grave, and redeem my brother, who is a prisoner in the hands of the Turks; it is for this purpose that I beg for money."

"Then take a little towards it from me," said the beggar, and he gave his penny to the pilgrim, and would have gone away as hungry as he came, had not the baker who saw all that had passed, given him the loaf which he wished to buy.

And now the pilgrim wandered through many lands, and went in a ship far over the sea to the holy city of Jerusalem. When he arrived here he first offered up his prayer at the sepulchre of the Holy Christ, and then went to the Turkish Sultan, who kept his brother a prisoner. He offered the Turk a large sum of money if he would set his brother free. But the Sultan wanted more.

The pilgrim said: "I have nothing more to offer you but this copper penny, which was given to me by a poor, hungry beggar out of compassion. May you also have pity as he had, and this copper penny will secure you a reward."

Then the Sultan took compassion on him, and set his brother free, and he received the penny from the pilgrim.

The Sultan put the copper penny into his pocket, and after a little while forgot all about it. Now it happened that after a time the Emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem to fight against the Sultan. So the Sultan fought bravely at the head of his army, and was never wounded. But one day an arrow was aimed at his right breast; it struck him, indeed, but glanced off from his clothes without wounding him. The Sultan was very much surprised, and when his clothes were examined after the battle, the penny was found in the pocket, and this had caused the arrow to glance off.

So the Sultan prized the penny very much and had it fastened with a golden chain to the hilt of his sword. Some time after the Sultan was made prisoner by the Emperor, and had to yield up his sword to the conqueror. So the penny came into the possession of the Emperor.

One day when the Emperor was sitting at the table, and was just in the act of raising his goblet to his lips, the Emperor said he was anxious to see the curved Turkish sword. So it was brought in, and as the Emperor was showing it to the Empress the penny became unfastened, and fell in the goblet of wine. The Emperor saw it, and before drinking the wine he took out the penny. But when he looked at it he perceived that the penny had turned quite green. This showed everybody that there was poison in the goblet. A wicked servant had mixed the poison, hoping to kill the Emperor. The servant was ordered to execution, but the penny was set in the Emperor's crown. So the penny made a child happy, gave bread to a beggar, delivered a prisoner, saved a Sultan from being wounded, and preserved the life of an Emperor. It is served to be set in an Emperor's crown. Perhaps it is there to this day it is could only see the crown.—Children's Hour.

A Nevada man, who was walking with his brother to attend his wedding, was astonished by a proposition to take the bride elect off his hands and marry her in his stead. With true good nature he consented, and the prospective bridegroom and groomsmen all parties places, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

A prophetic editor having written "an ice famine is coming" was shocked when a sentimental companion set it up, "a nice feminine is coming."

## WASHINGTON'S STRENGTH.

Gen. Wilson relates an account of a conversation with Mr. Curtis, from which he obtained some interesting personal reminiscences of Washington. During a visit at Arlington House, Virginia, in 1854, the writer asked Mr. Curtis if Washington could, like Marshal Saxe, break a horse shoe, and received for reply that he had no doubt he could have tried, for his hands were the largest and most powerful he had ever seen. Mr. Curtis then gave several instances of the General's strength, of which I recall the following: When Washington was a young man, he was present on one occasion, as looker on at wrestling games, then the fashion in Virginia. Tired of the sport, he had retired to the shade of a tree, where he sat perusing a pamphlet, till challenged to a bout by the hero of the day and the strongest wrestler in the State. Washington declined, till taunted with the remark that he feared to try conclusions with the gladiator, calmly came forward, and without removing his coat, grappled with his antagonist. There was a fierce struggle for a brief space of time, when the champion was hurled to the ground with such tremendous force as to jar the very marrow in his bones. Another instance of his prodigious power was his throwing the stone across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg—a feat that is quite said to have never been performed since. Later in life a number of young gentlemen were contending at Mount Vernon in the exercise of throwing the bar. Washington, after looking on for some time, walked forward saying, "Allow me to try," and grasping the bar sent the iron flying through the air twenty feet beyond its former limits. Still later in his career, Washington, whose age was like a lustrous winter, frosty, yet kindly, observed three of his workmen at Mount Vernon vainly endeavoring to raise a large stone, when, tired of witnessing their unsuccessful attempts, he took them aside, and taking it in his iron-like grasp, lifted it to its place, remounted his horse and rode on.

A BROOKLYN ROMANCE.—Prudence and love don't go hand in hand as many have found to their cost. The following is condensed, but tells how a young lady might have made a wreck of herself: Young lady in Brooklyn. Acquainted with a young man just two days. Consents to marry him. Letter received by parents, stating that young man is a consumptive, and doesn't own even the clothes he has on. Young lady declares, of course that the letter is a base forgery, emanating from some rival for her hand, and will never desert William. William appealed to, to establish his respectability by affidavits. William quite prompt to do so, and while stern father looks over the documents, stands aside with a look on his face denoting of wounded pride, not mingled with an expression of triumph. Suddenly, however, William discovers among the papers one, at the sight of which he turns pale. Stern papa holds on it, and William seizes his hat and disappears from the mansion. Letter opened and found to be from William's wife, upbraiding him for his heartless desertion of her and her two children, leaving them in a state of utter destitution. True story. Facts found in Brooklyn Times.

CASE OF CONSEQUENT DAMAGE.—When a father stands on his head in the corner to please the children, he cannot be too careful. An Astoria parent was amusing his little ones that way last Friday, when the door bell rang. His wife who had been leaning out to the window talking 'servant girl' to the lady next door, rushed down stairs and into the parlor to tell him company was coming. Papa was resting both heels at the moment against the wall, and in the hurry and agitation of recovering himself his legs flew about so thoughtlessly that one boot struck his wife in the mouth and knocked out seven or eight front teeth. She immediately fainted, and in falling, overthrew the youngest boy and broke three of his ribs. A large mastiff in the front yard, hearing the commotion, naturally attributed it to his blind, irrational canine way-to the strangers at the door, upon whom he at once made a violent attack, mangle a silk dress in a most shocking manner, and extraneous several choice tendons from the gentleman's legs. The bills for a new stock of teeth and setting the ribs will probably amount to \$200; but the total losses cannot be ascertained until the jury decides how much it costs for a mastiff to lunch on tendons.—Max Adler.

A Mr. Thomas Pearce ran for the office of justice at E. J. Oregon, two years ago, and being tied with his opponent, gained the office by a throw of dice, the law directing that in case of a tie at such elections, the contestants shall draw lots for the position. Mr. Pearce has just been through another contest, resulting as before in a tie, and it is expected that the gambling process will be repeated.

"Why," asks the "Scientific American," "should not a child be taught to write with both hands indifferently? We don't know, unless it be that indifferently writing is hardly looked upon as a desirable accomplishment. We could point out a number of people who write so indifferently with one hand, that it is a matter for congratulation that they cannot use both."

Another dreadful warning to the stuff takers comes from Columbus, Ohio, where may be seen the man whom sent to the penitentiary. One night, when robbing a bank, yielding to depraved appetite he took a pinch, and the fatal sneeze betrayed him. That sneeze, too, was his last, for in the penitentiary he is denied snuff.

A Mr. Robbins of Falmouth, who was asked to leave for America, proposed to take a bag of powder with him. Through some mistake the powder went off first. It took the roof of the house with it, and since the last report has not been heard of again. Need we say that the police are on its track?

A correspondent says, "There are many things about spiritualism which I eagerly embrace, chief among which are mediums."

Somebody makes the original remark that Washington was a man of acts. It doubtless grew out of the fact that he was a boy with a hatchet.

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For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freedom from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.

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The Problem of Years Solved at Last!!

STYLE AND ECONOMY OFFERED TO ALL!!!

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How to make home attractive! is one of the questions which comes to the minds of many people. It is important, not only to them and their children, but to all their relatives, friends and neighbors. Many parents undertake the secret, and the great influence for good which a pleasant and beautiful home has upon their children. The impression thus created last for a lifetime and can never be eradicated. If children are thus kept at home by bright and cheerful surroundings, they keep away from those temptations, which everywhere beset you and which they should never be allowed to reach. When your home is cheerful and beautiful, if your house is clean and bright in all its aspects, if your value your satisfaction and high regard for your home which brings out your best and more genial qualities, and there is a charm about your home which they can appreciate it they do not easily understand it. Next to the home, a calm and tranquil disposition, and the happy faculty of doing unto others as you would be done unto, you, what you most need to make home attractive is a nice piano or organ, such as can be found at

O. GREEN'S STORE

No. 6 RAILROAD STREET, WOBURN.

Central House,

MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Lee Hammond, - - Proprietor.

This well known hotel has recently been re-fitted and furnished, and is open to the public. It contains light and airy rooms, and is supplied with the modern conveniences. A commodious dining hall is connected with the house, and parties may be served with excellent accommodations. Hacks connect with all trains, and every facility is afforded for the conveyance of baggage. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms.

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Seven houses, from \$1600, to \$6000. Inquire of

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House and Sign Painting,

Glazing, Gilding & Paper Hanging.

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Washington Street, Winchester, Mass.

Paints of all kinds constantly on hand.

Andrew Wilson,

Winchester Market.

Lyceum Building,

WINCHESTER, MASS.

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MEATS, VEGETABLES,

Fruits, &c.

Such as

BEEF, PORK, LARD, HAM, POULTRY, POTATOES, APPLES, CHERRIES,

and all other articles usually kept in a Provision Store, and of as good quality as the market affords. Price N. B.—Orders called for and delivered in any part of Winchester free of expense. Orders taken at lowest price. Orders collected at 7 1/2 and 8 o'clock, A. M.

CENTRAL HOUSE

Livery, Hack and Boarding STABLE

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Fifty-Two Years in Union Street.

Housekeepers.

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Will find at our store a full line of

Crockery, China, Glass and Silver-Plated Ware, Cutlery, &c., &c. Our

French China

—AND—

ENGLISH

Opaque Porcelain

are from the best French and English manufacturers, and our patrons will find the prices to be as low as those at which the more ordinary kinds are offered elsewhere in the city.

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52 & 54 Union St., Boston.

MRS. W. T. AYERS

Will attend to

Dress and Cloak Making,

at her residence,

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Special attention given to Children's Garments.

24 DOCK SQUARE, 25

FOR THE

Summer, 1874

At the OLD CORNER,

24 DOCK SQUARE, 25

BOSTON.

Our large and elegant assortment of wearing apparel for the present season, for

MEN AND BOYS,

of all the new fabrics, and of the latest styles, may now be selected from the most economically disposed buyers.

There is no such extensive assortment in Boston, and no house is this year selling at such

LOW FIGURES

as we are clearing off our stock at.

Over 5,000 Boys' Suits!

Over 3,000 Men's Suits!!

Over 2,000 Youth's Suits!!!

which must be sold in the next

30 or 40 DAYS,

PROFIT, OR NO PROFIT

CALL AND SEE THIS FINE STOCK BEFORE PURCHASING.

GEO. H. RICHARDS,

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of all the new fabrics, and of the latest styles, may now be selected from the most economically disposed buyers.

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Over 5,000 Boys' Suits!

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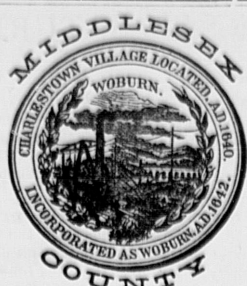
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# WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874.

NO. 43.

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Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to.

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**For Hardware or Tools**  
CALL AT BURL'S BLOCK IN MAIN ST.

**L. THOMPSON, Jr.**

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**FURNITURE!**

**Carpetings,**

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**Mattresses, &c.**

Goods Sold on Liberal Terms.

We would especially invite the people of Woburn to examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere. Our assortment is full and complete.

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Wm. P. B. Brooks, Levi Walbridge,  
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**J. D. Gilman**

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened his

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Oyster and Lunch Room in basement.

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ASSETS, \$14,000,000

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For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to

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**OUR ENTIRE STOCK**  
**MARKED DOWN**  
To less than the actual cost of manufacture.

**SOME OF THE PRICES:**

**500 Business & Dress Coats,**

Consisting of Black and Blue Trites, Black, Blue and Brown Diagonal, &c., &c.,

\$10 EACH, Former Price \$16 to \$20.

**500 Genuine Scotch Coats,**

\$5 EACH, Former Price \$12 to \$16.

**500 All Wool Pantalons,**

\$3 EACH, Former Price \$5 to \$6.50.

**500 All Wool Pantalons,**

(Very Heavy)

\$5 EACH, Former Price \$7 to \$8.

**500 All Wool Vests at \$1 to \$2 Each,**

Former Price \$3.50 to \$6.

And many other things equally as cheap, too numerous to mention.

As our stock is marked at such prices as will secure an immediate sale.

**ONE PRICE.**

**WILMOT'S,**

121 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

**Photographic.**

The undersigned would respectfully call attention to his superior class of Card Photographs at low prices. \$1.00 per dozen in advance of 12, and one dozen additional to the party getting up the club.

**Copying and Enlarging at low Prices.**

**A. G. Alexander,**

No. 6 WINTER STREET,

BOSTON.

**Woburn and Boston**

**DAILY EXPRESS,**

The subscribers having purchased the business of John B. Davis will run a regular daily express between Woburn and Boston.

The well-known extension, large "Star" will be at the disposal of the public at low rates.

They have secured the services of Mr. Davis to attend to the moving and packing of household goods, and the forwarding of packages.

Customers are respectfully invited to continue their patronage, and all may rest assured that their orders will be filled promptly and carefully.

R. F. BELL & CO.,  
Woburn Residence, Railroad Station, cor. Sullivan Place. Order Boxes at J. S. Seamon's, A. Ellis & Co., W. H. Grover's.

**M. N. BROOKS**

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn that he has taken a small

**No 9 Central Market**

Where he will sell, at wholesale and retail, all kinds of fresh produce, such as Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Beans, &c., at the lowest cash price. 48 and 50 North Street, Boston.

**AWNINGS**

For Stores, Dwellings, &c.,

Made by

**Brewer & Wheeler,**

**SAIL MAKERS,**

473 Atlantic Avenue, (near foot of Pearl St.)

Low Tents, Yacht and Boat Sails, Flags, Burgee, &c., made to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

Orders may be left at Post office, Winchester.

**Hiram Childs,**

Setter of all kinds of Granite Work.

Particular attention paid to Cemetery Lots and Monuments. Work executed promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Residence, 121 Washington St., Woburn, Mass. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

**REMOVAL**

213 Main Street, (Opposite Central

**NEW STORE,**

**NEW GOODS!**

**G. W. POLLOCK**

Dealer in Furniture in all its variety, proposes to continue a sale of his goods, thereby enabling him to sell at the lowest possible price. No partiality will be shown, therefore no one can be a loser. I shall try for cash, and I shall give a per cent. discount to all who will buy from 25 to 100 per cent. on cash, by having no debt. The time is rapidly passing, and I am determined to sell at a low price, and I am sure that the public will be benefited by the sale. The credit system is a curse to the community, and I am determined to sell at a low price, and I am sure that the public will be benefited by the sale. The credit system is a curse to the community, and I am determined to sell at a low price, and I am sure that the public will be benefited by the sale.

"Do you mean to tell me, my dear, that in this quiet country place you pass your neighbors without speaking to them?" inquired Mrs. Lee, doing her best not to notice her friend's anger.

"Have I not told you what a monster he is? Speak to him,—No; I never have and I never will."

"We differ a little, my friend, in our way of looking at these things. But let us no quarrel over that. We are all God's children—all members of one great family. Your moral advantages have perhaps been greater than your neighbor's. He is not to be scorned for that. At least, in my argument, the way I feel, the way my conscience compels me to act. If your convictions are the other way, you must obey them; but let us choose for ourselves with perfect freedom. I cannot pass that man in this quiet country neighborhood without speaking to him, and be true to myself. You cannot speak to him and satisfy your conscience. I am to be your guest for a number of weeks, and do you not see that there will be no chance of her many, unless we can cherish and set our own opinions?"

Mrs. Harrison confessed that she knew that such was the case, but the selfishness of her answer showed that she could have no sympathy for her companion's views.

The rumormonger must have mentioned this greeting of Mrs. Lee to his wife, for one day, returning from the depot with Mrs. Harrison, a very sweet-faced woman bent forward from her carriage, and bowed and smiled to Mrs. Lee.

"Who is that?" the lady inquired in astonishment.

"That is the rumormonger's wife," Mrs. Harrison answered, with considerable disdain. "They find no few willing to recognize them that they are very quick to notice any attention."

Mrs. Lee's mind was made up. She would call upon this family. There was a longing in that woman's eyes that she could not resist. Silver and gold the rumormonger's wife had in plenty, but that sympathy which comes from contact with kindly human hearts she was a stranger to. It so happened that when Mrs. Lee put her resolute into execution, she found the lady of the house away, and the rumormonger alone at home.

"My wife will be very much disappointed," he said, his voice full of regret. "I wish you would wait a few moments for her."

Mrs. Lee expressed her willingness to wait, and her best conducted her to the library, a large, elegant room, and settled herself to entertain her. The man's face was eloquent with thanks. He appeared quite unlit for ordinary conversation, and once or twice gave grateful utterance to his feelings.

"I am so glad you have come to see my wife," he said—"so glad."

Now Mrs. Lee was a straightforward little woman, and it seemed quite natural that she should ask him why he was so glad.

"Is your wife very much alone?" she inquired.

"We have occasional company from the city," he replied. Mrs. Lee was very sure that she saw the blood rodden in his temples, as he continued, "but we have lived here two whole years, and you are the first woman in the neighborhood who has stepped foot over our threshold. My wife's health is very delicate, and he went on more slowly, and with a quiver in his voice. "Sometimes I fear that I shall not have her much longer."

If there is anything in the world equal to a pure, deep-hearted woman's intuition, let us know what it is. Mrs. Lee knew, then, just as well as if she had been told, that this wife was dying of remorse and grief. She might never have another so good an opportunity for a conversation with this man, whom the neighbors despised, so she asked, her whole soul in her face:

"What is the matter with your wife?"

"There doesn't seem to be any disease that the doctors can discover. She is weak and tired and low spirited all the time. I have tried everything and every body, but she doesn't seem to mend under any treatment."

## Poetry.

**THERE IS NO DEATH.**

There is no death! The stars go down,  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown,  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or nut or fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rock disintegrates,  
And feel the hungry moss they bear;  
The forest leaves drink daily life  
From out the vernal air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
And flowers may fade and pass away;  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of May-day.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,  
And bears our best loved life away,  
And then we call it "dead."

He leaves our heart all desolate,  
He plucks our life from us, and goes;  
Transplanted into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones  
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,  
Sings now an everlasting song  
Around the tree of life.

Whence'er he sees a smile too bright,  
Or heart too pure for toil and vice,  
He sears it for that world of light,  
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them the same,  
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life; they are not dead.

**Selected.**

**THINE ENEMY.**

"You see that house over there?"

The speaker's voice quivered with excitement, and her cheeks were rosy red.

Yes, Mrs. Lee saw the house indicated, and thought the structure very fine and imposing.

"The man has good taste," Mrs. Harrison resumed, "but that doesn't amount to much when a man hasn't anything else good about him."

"Good taste, my dear, is simply the effect of a certain good cause in the human soul. A man who can plan a beautiful house like that, who can lay out and ornament such grounds, must of a necessity have a good thing somewhere. A man with a layer of the aesthetic in his nature cannot be wholly bad."

"Ram built that house, Mrs. Lee. To me there is nothing beautiful about it. I never look at it without I see the blood-shot eyes of his victims looking out of the windows at me. Ugh! it is horrible. Just think how he has murdered by the wholesale. Think of the families he has desolated. If ever a man in this world deserved the gallows, that man does!"

Mrs. Lee changed the subject. Singularly enough, her great heart took in the rumormonger as well as the rum drinker. Her experience had shown her all sides. She knew that her enemy was as dear to the good Lord as her best friend. She was aware that a declaration of her principles would cause all future influence with her impulsive friend to be null and void; and so she wisely kept quiet. The two friends walked on, Mrs. Lee's sympathies going out in a steady, loving current, to every class of sinners, and Mrs. Harrison wondering if it were possible to pass a law when should not act, not only to rumormongers but to rumormongers.

"There he comes now!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrison.

"Who?" inquired her companion.

"Oh! that 'retch! that fiend! our delightful neighbor, the rumormonger!"

Mrs. Harrison cast her eyes down. She would not lift them again until Beelzebub had passed—untid she.

Mrs. Lee looked up into a pair of earnest gray eyes, smiling pleasantly, and with a kind "good morning," which was immediately and almost impulsively returned, passed on. Mrs. Harrison was furious.

"Do you mean to tell me, my dear, that in this quiet country place you pass your neighbors without speaking to them?" inquired Mrs. Lee, doing her best not to notice her friend's anger.

"Have I not told you what a monster he is? Speak to him,—No; I never have and I never will."

"We differ a little, my friend, in our way of looking at these things. But let us no quarrel over that. We are all God's children—all members of one great family. Your moral advantages have perhaps been greater than your neighbor's. He is not to be scorned for that. At least, in my argument, the way I feel, the way my conscience compels me to act. If your convictions are the other way, you must obey them; but let us choose for ourselves with perfect freedom. I cannot pass that man in this quiet country neighborhood without speaking to him, and be true to myself. You cannot speak to him and satisfy your conscience. I am to be your guest for a number of weeks, and do you not see that there will be no chance of her many, unless we can cherish and set our own opinions?"

Mrs. Harrison confessed that she knew that such was the case, but the selfishness of her answer showed that she could have no sympathy for her companion's views.

The rumormonger must have mentioned this greeting of Mrs. Lee to his wife, for one day, returning from the depot with Mrs. Harrison, a very sweet-faced woman bent forward from her carriage, and bowed and smiled to Mrs. Lee.

"Who is that?" the lady inquired in astonishment.

"That is the rumormonger's wife," Mrs. Harrison answered, with considerable disdain. "They find no few willing to recognize them that they are very quick to notice any attention."

Mrs. Lee's mind was made up. She would call upon this family. There was a longing in that woman's eyes that she could not resist. Silver and gold the rumormonger's wife had in plenty, but that sympathy which comes from contact with kindly human hearts she was a stranger to. It so happened that when Mrs. Lee put her resolute into execution, she found the lady of the house away, and the rumormonger alone at home.

"My wife will be very much disappointed," he said, his voice full of regret. "I wish you would wait a few moments for her."

Mrs. Lee expressed her willingness to wait, and her best conducted her to the library, a large, elegant room, and settled herself to entertain her. The man's face was eloquent with thanks. He appeared quite unlit for ordinary conversation, and once or twice gave grateful utterance to his feelings.

"I am so glad you have come to see my wife," he said—"so glad."

Now Mrs. Lee was a straightforward little woman, and it seemed quite natural that she should ask him why he was so glad.

"Is your wife very much alone?" she inquired.

"We have occasional company from the city," he replied. Mrs. Lee was very sure that she saw the blood rodden in his temples, as he continued, "but we have lived here two whole years, and you are the first woman in the neighborhood who has stepped foot over our threshold. My wife's health is very delicate, and he went on more slowly, and with a quiver in his voice. "Sometimes I fear that I shall not have her much longer."

If there is anything in the world equal to a pure, deep-hearted woman's intuition, let us know what it is. Mrs. Lee knew, then, just as well as if she had been told, that this wife was dying of remorse and grief. She might never have another so good an opportunity for a conversation with this man, whom the neighbors despised, so she asked, her whole soul in her face:

"What is the matter with your wife?"

"There doesn't seem to be any disease that the doctors can discover. She is weak and tired and low spirited all the time. I have tried everything and every body, but she doesn't seem to mend under any treatment."

"I doubt very much if she needs any treatment, except perhaps that which you can give her."

The red blood mounted again to the temples of her companion.

"I give her, madam," he tried to say, laughingly. "



No. Polls, 1009 at \$4.40 4339 60  
Rate of taxation on \$1000 15 30  
No. of Dogs 108  
No. school children bet'n 5 and 15 694  
The figures show an increase from last year on Real estate of \$107,416 00, and a decrease of \$105,298 00 on personal estate. The number of polls last year was 954, making a gain of 55. There are 19 more dogs this year than there was in 1873. The sum of \$240 is added to the poll tax on highway account.

**FOURTH OF JULY NOTES.**—The day was observed in a very quiet manner here, there being less noise than on preceding years. Considerable gunpowder was burned, however, and a great many fire crackers, torpedoes, etc., disposed of in the usual manner. The flag was raised on the Common, and several private residences showed the colors. The day was observed in the ringing of the bells at sunrise, which were also rung at noon and at sunset. In the evening fireworks were displayed at several residences, but the rain prevented a very extensive celebration in that line.

The Active Base Ball Club of this town, had arranged for a match game with the Eagles of Somerville, but they failing to come to time, a picked nine of the best players in town was organized, and took the place of the missing club. Judge Carter held a prominent position at second base, and showed his skill as a player, especially in a red hot ball game. The game was played in the evening, the Active winning.

The police had an easy day, but one arrest being made, and he belonging out of town. He was secured after some resistance, and on Monday morning was brought before Judge Carter, charged with a single drunk, gave the name of James Weston, and in consideration of the day, was let off with only a fine of \$2 and costs. James was lucky.

**REGATTA.**—The annual regatta of the Yacht Club took place on the 4th. The wind was rather light from the eastward, but the yachts all carry plenty of canvas, the race was quite lively. The Club has adopted a scale of allowance in favor of the smaller boats, which makes them more equal than they were the last season. The judges were stationed at the boat house, and the starting being near the island, which brought nearly the whole course in view of the spectators. The following is the actual sailing time of the yachts:—

Yacht	Capt.	h.	m.	s.
Clara	Capt. Peabody	46	31	
Edith	Capt. Prentiss	47	0	
Helen	Capt. Hopkins	51	30	
Albee	Capt. Richardson	58	45	
Yankee Blade	Hicks	1	2	35

The "Yankee Blade" with her allowance was entitled to the 1st prize, but owing to a misunderstanding in rounding the time she was ruled out, and the prize, with the champion pennant of the club given to the Edith, whose time was second, she being entitled to an allowance. The contest between the "Clara" and "Helen" for the 2nd prize, resulted in a tie, which was sailed off in the afternoon, and the prize awarded to the "Clara." After the sailing regatta there was a dinner race, which was won by Mr. Frank Bucknam. The judges were Messrs. S. D. Hicks, H. H. Homer and John Gray.

The next regatta will take place on Tuesday, the 14th, at four o'clock.

**THE OLD COCKED HATS.**—The eleven of the old time still permeates and gives life and action to the lives of the sons of the "sires of '76." Lexington, the old battle town—true to her ancient principles, has just organized the old guard of the 19th of April, 1775, and will be represented by a highly patriotic and military association of the young men of the town. The uniform chosen (very appropriately) is of the old Continental pattern. Lexington has already enrolled sixty-five men, and claims for her first appearance at the centennial one hundred strong. And she will do it sure for whenever did Lexington promise to do anything and not make good her promise? Now, Lexington, Concord and old Menotomy in those days stood shoulder to shoulder; and kept good time to the music of "Yankee Doodle." That the veterans of those days knew how to draw blood to dead certainty, has long since become an historical fact. As the roll, flight or march of the recruits from Concord through Lexington and Menotomy, was hastened by the mutual and united action of the citizens of these three towns, let these three towns raise one congeneric each of "Minute-Men," to unite together as a body of battle, in informal attire, and we believe it will quicken and keep alive the fires of patriotism upon many altars. We understand that Concord is already awake upon this subject, and about organizing a company upon the same plan as that adopted by the Lexington boys. This is just what we expected, and will our Arlington boys not follow suit, and open a "Roll of Honor" in remembrance of those ancestors whose blood still runs within their own veins? We believe so.

Let a meeting be called at once, and see who will respond to the call of '76 by placing his name up in the roll.

**AN ARLINGTON MAN.**

**TOWN MEETING.**—Saturday evening, July 11th, 6 o'clock. The matter of the Centennial is coming up.

**July 16th,** is set down for the hearing before the sheriff's jury on the petition of L. Wetherell.

**BASE BALL.**—The second game of the series of three was played at East Lexington by the Albion of that place and the Alerts of Arlington. It was won by the former, score, 45 to 27.

**Mr. C. C. Goodwin** of the firm of G. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover street, Boston, very pleasantly entertained the clerks of the establishment at his residence, Magnolia Village, near Gloucester, last Saturday.

**DISTRICT COURT.**—The new district court which embraces Lexington, has its head quarters at Concord. John S. Keyes, Esq., is Justice, and A. E. Scott, Esq., is first special justice. Monday morning the court was called to order, by Charles Kimball, sheriff of the county, and after prayer by Rev. Mr. Reynolds at Concord, it was declared to be duly opened. Lexington dedicated it with the case of Leary, given elsewhere.

**MILK DEPOT.**—Messrs. Whitton & Son are erecting in the depot yard a building which they will use for the storage of milk cans and cream. They run the milk car on this road as well as from

Whitton, N. H. At the Carter place they have a great mill, from which they supply grain to the farmers of whom they receive milk, and to numerous customers. When this building is completed the milk from Bedford will be brought from there upon the cars, which will prove a great saving of labor, it now having to be transported hither by teams.

**FAST DRIVING.**—The "glorious Fourth" with its exhilarating effects lingered in the head of Timothy Leary till Sunday, and caused him to do that which he would not otherwise have done. This consisted in cruelly beating and last driving a horse that he had hired of F. M. Harrington. He chose Main street for his exhibition ground—a bad choice, for the officers exercised the veto power, and returned the animal from his keeping by proroguing the driver, i. e., shutting him up in the station. On Monday he was taken before the District Court at Concord, and fined \$2 and costs.

**Y. M. S. C.**—The night before the Fourth was duly celebrated by the club with a strawberry supper. The tables were spread in the club room, over Whittey & Saville's store, and with their floral decorations, and the display of strawberries, ice-cream, lemonade and cake presented a tempting appearance. About 50 members and invited guests made up the party, and at 10 o'clock P. M., the president, A. A. Turner, in a few pertinent remarks bade all a hearty welcome and invited them to partake of the delicious repast. An hour or so was spent very pleasantly and sociably with song and toast and speech. A sermon of English nobility graced the board, Sir Charles Evans—added to the fun and amusement by his store of song and story. (It is understood that he is on a visit to this country to find the late lamented Tom Collins.) The committee of arrangements are worthy of commendation, for the satisfactory entertainment afforded.

**CENTENNIAL.**—A large and enthusiastic meeting was held last Thursday evening. The roster of the company was increased to seventy-five names, and the prospect for a company of one hundred members is good. The committee on By Laws, consisting of L. G. Babcock, O. Smith, G. Swan, F. V. Butters and Geo. E. Muzzey, will report a code at an early day. Officers were chosen as follows:—Capt. L. W. Muzzey; First Lieut. A. D. Cutler; 2d Lieut. Geo. D. Harrington. The non-commissioned officers are (all to be future meetings). The members present drew four (four uniforms (cap and blouse), and thanks to our Senator, Hon. Brooks T. Bucheller, we have every assurance of being able to procure from the State, what we require in the shape of arms, etc. The work is well commenced, and we must see to it that it does not drag.

[Communication.]

**EDITOR MINUTE MAN:**—In your article "Centennial" last week, referring to the proposed amalgamation with Concord, you expressed the hope that Lexington would not lose its identity in the matter.

Now this is just what the conference committee will result in it continued to any extent. While an understanding between the committees of the two towns may be necessary that they may profitably dispose of the visiting celebrities and kindred difficulties, and while, as a matter of course, there were to be some desultory visiting, there seems to be no good reason why one or the other should sink its identity, as will surely occur in case of a union celebration. While there is no desire on the part of the citizens of either town to detract from any honor due the other, still there is a spirit of generous rivalry as of yore, of which none need feel ashamed.

We regret only for our own sake that our neighbor is numerically and financially stronger than we, as we think would be clearly shown in a union celebration to our disparagement. We do not see why there cannot be a celebration in Lexington, by Lexington citizens that shall make the day long to be remembered. Recent events have shown that it is not dead but sleeping.

It might be well for the "contrary-minded" to inquire how much of a show Lexington would have made in 1775 if she had waited for her neighbors and not "gone on alone," as we trust she will next year.

**MINUTE MAN.**

**THE FOURTH.**—This anniversary, synonymous with ringing of bells, cracking of whistles, whizzing of rockets and other noises too numerous to mention, came and passed with very little commotion. The boys were out the night before and endeavored to wake things generally, but as a whole it was a remarkably quiet day. Sundry articles were out of place in the morning, such as signs and gates, while the liberty pole bore at the top the large watch which G. W. Nichols has in his possession. Tumbler of hay in one or two fields were levied and the hay strewn recklessly about. While this may be independent conduct, it is not mainly or funny. Destruction of property is never to be looked at as a joke, nor the perpetrators as gentlemen. We hope it may never occur again.

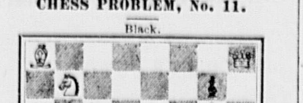
Among the interesting and really funny features of the day, was the tub race. This occurred upon the grounds of Hon. F. B. Hayes, and was witnessed by a large gathering of the townspeople. The sound on the summit of Hancock Height was the scene of operations, and the contestants five in number, were on hand promptly ready for the word to start. Each tub was named, and each tubster, if the term may be used, wore his colors prominently displayed.

The word was at last given, and the crasis—started, we were about to say, but we must chronicle the thing as it was—attempted to start, and instantly the fun commenced. Tubs and occupants were presented to the gaze of the spectator from every imaginable point of view. The upstartings caused much amusement among the crowd upon the shores, and were looked upon very philosophically by the participants. At last, however, one of the party got a good start, and reached the opposite shore in safety, and attempted to return, but was capsize when about midway of the pond. The first prize was awarded to him, however,

and Mr. Hayes's son, Master Frank, was the next best, and took the second prize. The occasion was one of the best at attempts at a tub race we ever saw, and the good humor and persistency of the oft-capsize knights of the tub and coal shovel were commendable.

**Chess Department.**

**CHESS PROBLEM, No. 11.**



White to play and mate in three moves.

**MR. EDITOR:**—The following seems to be the solution to problem 10 of your paper:—

White: 1. Kt to QK4 Black: K to KB5  
2. Kt to Q6 Black: K to K6  
3. Kt to Q5 (mate)

Black has the choice of two squares for his first move, but White's are the same.

W. CORAM.

Burlington, July 5, 1874.

Also solved by F. H. Gould.

**GAME.**—The following game was played with W. J. Berry of Beverly, who is an amateur player of considerable ability. His opponents were Messrs. Buck, Johnson and Marion of the Woburn Chess Club. It was commenced March 2, and Mr. Berry resigned June 27.

White: 1. P to Q4 Black: P to Q4  
2. P to Q3 Black: P to Q3  
3. P to Q2 Black: P to Q2  
4. P to Q1 Black: P to Q1  
5. P to Q1 Black: P to Q1  
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98. P to Q1 Black: P to Q1  
99. P to Q1 Black: P to Q1  
100. P to Q1 Black: P to Q1

Special Notices.

**WANTED.**

U. S. Cents, dated 1799, 1800, 1805, 1808, 1809. In good condition, they will command the highest cash price. Address "Nathaniel," Box 252, Woburn, Mass.

**Notice to Water Takers.**

The water will be shut off for a few hours on Saturday next, at 6 o'clock P. M.

Woburn, July 2nd, 1874.

**Woburn Town Library.**

The Library will be closed for annual examination on the 27th inst. All books must be returned on or before that date. No books will be delivered after Saturday, 1st inst.

E. H. WOODBERRY, Librarian.

**Married.**

In Woburn, July 8, by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Fredrick W. Wade and Annie J. Atwood, both of Chelsea.

In Winchester, July 8, by Rev. H. B. Barnes, Mr. Walter H. Marsh of Hudson N. H., and Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Salem Wilder, Esq., of Winchester.

In Lexington, July 10, by Rev. E. G. Porter, Mr. J. Wilbur Russell of Arlington, and Miss Clara F. Ramsey, of Lexington.

**Died.**

In Boston, July 9, Gen. Robert Corwin, aged 85.

**Large and Attractive Sale**

**BOYS' AND YOUTH'S Clothing**

**COMER'S**

**"ONE PRICE" BLUE STORE.**

Over 40 Styles of

Boys' All-wool Coatee Suits,

DOUBLE AND SINGLE-BREADED, (Ages 10 to 15 years).

From \$5.50 to \$17.

Youth's Fine Diagonal Frocks

WITH VESTS TO MATCH.

MADE FROM

English, French and American Fabrics.

\$14, \$16, \$18, \$20 & \$22.

EQUAL TO CUSTOM.

Over 30 Styles of

Youth's Double-Breasted

SACK SUITS,

In Light and Dark Mixtures. A perfect fit guaranteed. We have a large lot of

Boys' All-wool Suits,

In Light and Dark Shades, which we are closing out at

\$5, \$5.50 and \$6.

A FULL LINE OF

BLUE FLANNEL SUITS.

From the smallest boy's to the largest man's size.

—AT THE—

"One Price Blue Store,"

12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24

Washington St., Boston.

WINCHESTER, MASS., July 6, 1874.

**TO CORNELIUS DILLON.**—You are hereby notified that, for breach of condition thereof, it is my intention to foreclose the mortgage given by you to Alexander Ellis, dated Nov. 2, 1873, and forfeited on the records of said Winchester, in book of Mortgage No. 2 Page 22, which mortgage and the note thereto secured have been assigned and transferred by said Ellis to me.

124

**Carpets Cheap.**

REMOVAL. IN handling over our accumulations of Carpets, Tapestries, and three-ply Ingrains, Kidderminster, Scotch, Straw Carpets, Matting, Rugs, Mats, Gravel, and all the complete stock of styles which we have placed at the quarters near to the depot, we have placed NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., removed to 85 Hanover Street, nearly opposite American Hotel, Boston.

135

**REPORT OF THE CONDITION**  
The First National Bank of Woburn, at Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, at the close of business, June 30th, 1874.

**RESOURCES.**

Loans and discounts.....\$376,197 18  
Overdrafts.....190 07  
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....300,000 00  
Other Stocks, Bonds, and Mortgages.....3,000 00  
Due from other National Banks.....38,423 34  
Due from other National Banks.....153 07  
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures.....25,741 71  
Current expenses and taxes paid.....102 75  
Checks and other cash items.....299 27  
Bills of other National Banks.....3,250 00  
Fractional Currency (including Nickel).....829 48  
Legal Tender Notes.....32,107 00  
Total.....\$798,224 13

**LIABILITIES.**

Capital Stock paid in.....\$300,000 00  
Surplus fund.....85,200 00  
Other undivided profits.....7,764 12  
Dividends outstanding.....269,900 00  
Individual deposits.....1,500 00  
Demand Certificates of deposit.....4,200 99  
Total.....\$798,224 13

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS—COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss:

I, J. R. GREEN, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. R. GREEN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1874.

E. D. HAYDEN, Justice of the Peace.

Correct. Attest:

E. D. HAYDEN, JOHN JOHNSON, E. N. BLAKE, } Directors.

**Step Ladders, CLOTHES DRYERS, AND CLOTHES HORSES.**

**Thompson's HARDWARE STORE**

BUEL'S BLOCK.

**THE GREAT PRIZES**

**Fourth Gift Concert**

**KENTUCKY PUBLIC LIBRARY**

WERE DRAWN AS FOLLOWS:

The first prize of \$187,500, the capital prize, by clubs in Memphis, Tenn.

The second prize of \$100,000, was paid to State Bank Madison, Mo., J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The third prize of \$50,000, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The fourth prize of \$25,000, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The fifth prize of \$12,500, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The sixth prize of \$6,250, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The seventh prize of \$3,125, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The eighth prize of \$1,562, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The ninth prize of \$781, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The tenth prize of \$390, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The eleventh prize of \$195, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The twelfth prize of \$97, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The thirteenth prize of \$48, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The fourteenth prize of \$24, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The fifteenth prize of \$12, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The sixteenth prize of \$6, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The seventeenth prize of \$3, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The eighteenth prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The nineteenth prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The twentieth prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The twenty-first prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The twenty-second prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The twenty-third prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The twenty-fourth prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The twenty-fifth prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The twenty-sixth prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The twenty-seventh prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The twenty-eighth prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The twenty-ninth prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.


The thirtieth prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The thirty-first prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The thirty-second prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

The thirty-third prize of \$1, was paid to J. H. Wackerell and A. L. Simpson.

[illegible]

**How To Make Home**  
**Attractive?**  
*The Problem of Years Solved at Last!!*  
**STYLE AND ECONOMY OFFERED TO ALL!!!**  
**The Special Installment Plan**  
—OF—  
**O. GREEN,**  
**Successful & Triumphant!**  
How to make home attractive? is one of the questions which comes to the minds of many people, and it is important, not only to them and their children, but to all their relatives, friends and neighbors. Many parents desiderate the secret and the great influence for good which a pleasant and beautiful home has upon our children. The impressions thus created last for a lifetime and can never be eradicated. If children are thus kept at home by bright and entertaining inducements they keep away from those temptations which everywhere beset and mislead the young, and are pretty certain to lead up an all happy life as they grow to manhood and womanhood. When you, friends and the neighbors call, if your house is cheerful and bright to all its visitors, they will your acquaintance more highly, you are in a position which brings out your finer and more social qualities, and there is a charm about your home which they can appreciate if they do not exactly understand it. Next to a clear conscience, a calm and tranquil disposition, and the happy faculty of doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you, what you most need to make home attractive is a nice piano or organ, such as can be found at 73  
**O. GREEN'S STORE**  
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET, WOBURN.  
**Central House**  
MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.  
**Lee Hammond, - - Proprietor**  
—  
This well known hotel has recently been re-fitted and furnished, and is open to the public. It is supplied with the modern conveniences. A comfortable dining room, where you want that they should do unto you, what you most need to make home attractive is a nice piano or organ, such as can be found at 73  
**FOR SALE.**  
Seven houses, from \$1600, to \$6000. Inquire of  
75 **J. C. WHITCHER.**  
**Andrew Wilson,**  
**Winchester Market**  
**Lyceum Building,**  
**WINCHESTER, MASS.**  
Constantly on hand a good assortment of  
**MEATS, VEGETABLES**  
**Fruits, &c.**  
Such as  
BEEF,  
PORK,  
LARD,  
HAMS,  
PO  
TATTOES,  
APPLES,  
CRANBERRIES,  
and all other articles usually kept in a Provision Store, and of as good quality as the market affords.  
227 N. 11—orders called for and goods delivered in any part of Winchester free of expense  
—Order Box at Depot Orders collected at 74, and 2 o'clock, A. M. 77  
**MRS. W. T. AYERS**  
Will attend to  
**Dress and Cloak Making**  
at her residence, 12  
COR. FAIRHUNTON AND HIGH STS.  
Special at notice given to Children's Garments  
**Atlantic House**  
SALISBURY BEACH, MASS. 31  
This favorite Summer resort is now open. Situated on a beautiful beach, six miles in length, with unusual facilities for bathing, driving, gunning and fishing. No seaside resort offers greater or more varied enjoyment. Coaches connect with all trains on Eastern Railroad, at East Salisbury.  
**J. F. & J. B. MORRIS, Proprietors.**  
  
**FOR THE**  
**Summer, 1874**  
At the OLD CORNER,  
24 DOCK 24  
25 SQUARE 25  
25 BOSTON. 25  
Our large and elegant assortment of wearing apparel for this present season, for  
**MEN AND BOYS,**  
of all the new fabrics, and of the latest styles, many more be selected from the most economically disposed buyers.  
There is no such extensive assortment in Boston, and no house in this city selling at such  
**LOW FIGURES**  
as we are clearing off our Stock at.  
Over 5,000 Boys' Suits!  
Over 3,000 Men's Suits!!  
Over 2,000 Youth's Suits!!!  
which must be sold in the next  
**30 or 40 DAYS,**  
**PROFIT, OR NO PROFIT**  
41  
CALL AND SEE THIS FINE STOCK  
BEFORE PURCHASING.  
**GEO. H. RICHARDS**

**Fin and Sheet Iron Work,**  
made to order, or repaired, at  
**No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.**  
**L. THOMPSON, Jr.** 85

---

**JAMES BUEL & CO.,**  
**MACHINISTS,**  
Manufacturers of and Dealers in  
**Steam Engines,**  
**Boiler Snafing, Pulleys Mill Gear**  
And all kinds of Machine Work.  
**129 Main street, Woburn.**  
Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and  
in the most satisfactory manner.  
Also kept constantly on hand a large assortment  
of Pumps and Gaskets from Pipe, Brass and Iron  
Rittings, Bolts, Nut and Set Screws of all kind  
Copper and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Clot  
and Patent Rubber Seat Valves, Check Valve  
Water, Gas and Steam, and all kinds of  
Stone, Metallic and Iron Packing, Rubber Hose  
and Fittings, Bellows and Lacings, Cotton and  
Woolen Yarns, Emory Cloth, Machine Oils and  
Saw, and all kinds of Machinists' and Engineer  
Supplies.  
We are agents for the celebrated Coving Sence  
Pulse Pumps, and also for the most different  
styles and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump  
the best in use. English Files, of all sizes,  
stantly on hand.  
Particular attention paid to the fitting up of  
Panneries and Carrying Sloops, and to the manu  
facture of Leather Machinery. **JOHN R. FLINT.**  
**JAMES HOTEL.** 86  
Woburn, May 28th, 1870.

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**A. R. COFFIN**  
**ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW**  
87 No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance over Pratt & Square and 33 School St.

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**WOOLEN CARPETS**  
As low as they can be bought anywhere, at  
**WM. WOODBERY'S,** 88  
Opposite Common, Woburn

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**W. H. FOSTER,**  
Has removed to his residence on  
Salem, opposite Bow St  
where he will continue to  
**Make, Repair & Upholster Furniture**  
IN ALL STYLES.  
New Furniture furnished if desired, at low  
cash prices. 89  
Order Boxes at G. H. Mann's, 243 Main Street  
and Porter's Cigar Store, 122 Main Street.

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**E. PRIOR,**  
Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer  
OFFICE: 159 MAIN STREET,  
**WOBBURN.** 90

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**A. BUCKMAN,**  
DEALER IN  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers**  
**160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.**  
Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly  
on hand. 91

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**IMPORTANT !**  
The question is often asked  
Where can I get a good-fitting  
suit of clothes without going to  
Boston ? The reply is,  
**Go to "Grant."** 74  
He is a thorough Artist in the  
line, and understands his Busi  
ness and he employs  
**THE BEST WORKMEN,**  
who understand the Art and  
Mysteries of the trade; who  
alone are competent to make  
garments  
As they should be made.  
So if you want to get suited in  
any department of a  
**First-Class Tailoring Establishment**  
Call on  
**A. GRANT,**  
**169 MAIN STREET**  
**WOBBURN, MASS.**



**DR. FLINT'S**  
**QUAKER BITTERS**  
These celebrated Bitters are com  
posed of choice Roots, Herbs, and  
Barks, among which are Gen  
tian, Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry,  
Pandelion, and other  
berries, and are so prepared as to  
retain all their medicinal qual  
ties. They invariably cure or  
greatly relieve the following com  
plaints: Dyspepsia, Jaundice,  
Liver Complaint, Loss of Appete  
tite, Headache, Bilious Attacks,  
Remittent and Intermittent  
Fever, Ague, Cold Chills, Rheuma  
tism, Summer Complaints, Piles,  
Kidney Diseases, Female Diffi  
culties, Lassitude, Low Spirits,  
General Debility; and, in fact,  
everything caused by an impure  
state of the Blood or debilitated  
condition of the Stomach, Liver, or  
Kidneys. The aged find in the  
Quaker Bitters a gentle, soothing  
stimulant, so desirable in their  
declining years. None can re  
main long unwell (unless afflicted  
with an incurable disease) after  
taking a few bottles of the Quaker  
Bitters.  
Prepared by Dr. H. S. Flint & Co.  
At their Great Medical Depot,  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.  
**T. V. Sullivan,**  
Gas Fitter and Plumber

**Oil Carpets.**  
The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had  
on hand for sale at the old stand,  
95

**OPPOSITE THE COMMON.**  
**W. WOODBERRY.**  
**THOMPSON & GARDINER**  
**Civil and Mechanical Engineers**  
—AND—  
**CONTRACTORS,**  
**19 TREMONT ROW,**  
**BOSTON, MASS.**  
S. F. THOMPSON, C. E. 95  
J. B. GARDINER, M. E.

**J. E. Littlefield & Sons**  
**DEALERS IN**  
**LUMBER,**  
**Coal and Wood,**  
Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of a  
kind.  
**SHINGLES,**  
**Clapboards,**  
**Laths, Pickets**  
**Conductors,**  
**Caps and Irons,**  
**Mouldings**  
for inside and outside finish.  
**TANNEIS' and CURRIERS'**  
**Yard & Hanging Sticks**  
**Doors, Windows and Blinds**  
on hand and supplied to order at short notice.  
**RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS**  
all lengths.  
**LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA**  
**AND**  
**Franklin Coal**  
**Hard and Soft**  
**WOOD.**  
Allot which will be sold at the LOWEST CASE  
prices, at 97  
**96 Main Street.**

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF  
**Spring & Summer Styles,**  
**FURNISHING GOODS,**  
**HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c.**  
**J. W. HAMMOND.** 98

**BUEL & FLINT,**  
**130 Main Street, Woburn,**  
**PLUMBERS,**  
**Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,**  
**AND DEALERS IN**  
**Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprink-**  
**lers, Cement Lined Pipe,**  
**Asphaltum, Galvanized**  
**Iron, Portland Cement**  
**Soil, Iron and Lead**  
**Pipe, Copper**  
**Boilers, Bath**  
**Tubs, Foun-**  
**tains, &c.** 99

**GAS FIXTURES,**  
**BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,**  
**WATER PIPES**  
Put into house, taking them from the street line  
as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hy-  
drants set, and all kinds of  
**PLUMBING,**  
**DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE**  
**BEST MANNER.**

**CENTRAL MARKET,**  
**151 Main St., Woburn.**  
**B. F. WYER**  
keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh  
stock of  
**Beef, Pork & Mutton**  
**AND ALL KINDS OF**  
**SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,**  
and everything usually found in a  
Meat and Vegetable Market. 100

**Brown's**  
**Boots.**  
Our own make,  
new J. B. 101  
gave \$5, now and  
best styles  
French Ties,  
Strapless High  
and Low Button,  
American Congress  
Button, Union,  
Greece, Alberta  
and all made on the  
Nihil Super Lasts, new,  
solid and durable. at  
**BROWN'S NEW STORE,**  
96 WASHINGTON, cor. of Kneeland Sts., BOSTON.  
Ladies' side Lace and Button Boots, from \$3. to  
\$6. Cloth Boots, \$2 to \$4. Slipper Boots, to \$2.

**WARD & WALDRON,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**Paper Hangings**  
Decorative and Fresco Borders, &c. 103  
53 Union and 4 Marshall Sts., Boston

**Table and Pocket Cutlery**  
KNIVES, TABLE CUTLERY, SCISSORS, &c. 104  
at all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Boston Block,  
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

**Chas. A. Smith,**  
**DRY GOODS.**  
105  
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.


**STRAW MATTINGS.**  
A large line of Straw Mattings, just received and  
for sale at the lowest prices, by 106  
**WM. WOODBERRY.**

**Morris &  
Ireland,**  
**64**  
Sudbury Street,  
Boston, Mass.

**SAFES.**  
Champion Record  
35  
IN THE  
Great Boston Fire.

**House Paper,**  
**Window Shades,**  
**Fixtures,**  
**Picture Frames,**  
**Newspapers,**  
**Stationery,**  
**Childrens Carriages**

**FRUIT.**  
**Confectionery,**  
**Bats and Balls,**  
SELLING LOW FOR CASH  
AT  
Horton's New Store,  
Next door to Post Office.  
**WOBURN.**  
**DR. WARREN'S**  
**Bilious Bitters,**  
For Purifying the Blood, Curing Liver Complaint,  
and all Humors of the Blood, are mentioned

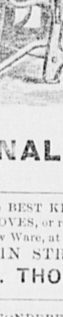
**L. H. ALLEN,**  
  
**FUNERAL AND FURNISHING**  
**UNDERTAKER**  
**COFFIN WAREHOUSE,**  
Railroad st., near corner of Main  
WOBURN.

**CASKETS and COFFINS** of various Styles and  
prices. **ROBES** in great variety. Also, **CATH-  
OLIC RITES** and every article necessary  
for the burial of the dead furnished at  
short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neigh-  
boring towns is called to the fact that this is the  
only Coffin Manufacturer in the vicinity and goods  
are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and  
delivered free of charge within ten miles.  
He likewise offers the new invention for preserv-  
ing the bodies by cold air alone, without direct ap-  
plication of ice. When preserved by the cold air  
process, a glass reveals at any moment the features  
of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer  
than in the old way. I have a sufficient number  
of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring  
towns.  
Hearses with one or two horses, and Carriages  
furnished.  
Residence, East Street, near Green, 105

**W. A. COLEGATE,**  
**FLORIST,**  
Greenhouse at Cummingsville,  
WOBURN, MASS.

Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted  
Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets,  
and Baskets of Cut  
Flowers,  
Supplied at Short Notice.  
Agent of J. W. Manning's Nursery, Reading  
Mass. 119

**Superior Printing**  
AT THE  
  
**JOURNAL OFFICE**  
FOR some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING an  
PARLOR STOVES, or repair places, save pipe  
112 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at  
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.  
**L. THOMPSON, Jr.**

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF  
THE 19TH CENTURY.  
**DR. S. D. HOVE'S**  
**ARABIAN MILK-CURE**  
**FOR CONSUMPTION**  
And all Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST and  
LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the  
world.) A Substitute for SALT PILLS.  
Permanently cures Catarrh, Bronchitis, Incipient  
Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath,  
Catarrh, Croup, Cough, Croup, &c., in a few days,  
like magic. Price \$1 per bottle. Also,  
DR. S. D. HOVE'S  
Arabian Tonic and Blood Purifier,  
which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its  
IMMEDIATE ACTION on the  
**LIVER, KIDNEYS and BLOOD.**  
It instantly purifies, and cleanses the system of all  
impurities builds it right up and makes Pure, Rich,  
Blood. It cures Catarrh, Dropsy, Rheumatism,  
removes Consumption, and regulates the Bowels.  
It is a GENERAL PURIFIER, CURES LIVER, KID-  
NEYS and BLOOD, and is a CONSTITUTIONAL  
"I challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal.  
Every bottle of the world's best medicine in gold. Price  
\$1 per bottle.  
Prepared by **DR. S. D. HOVE, 109 Main St.,** sole agent  
for Woburn.  
113 DR. S. D. HOVE, Sole Proprietor,  
101 Chambers St., New York.  
Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for growing nails.

**BYRANT & STRATTON SCHOOL**  
BOSTON, MASS.  
**Commercial**  
COURSE OF STUDY, PREPARATORY TO BUSINESS.  
The studies embraced in the plan of the School,  
include the most important branches of science, and  
acquired a good knowledge of the Ele-  
ments of BOOK-KEEPING, and ARITHMETIC.  
**Book-Keeping**  
(BY SINGLE AND DOUBLE ENTRY).  
**Commercial Arithmetic.**  
(DESIGNED FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION IN  
BUSINESS).  
**Commercial Writing,**  
(WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO LEGIBILITY AND  
RAPIDITY).  
**Commercial Correspondence**  
(IN A MANNER ANSWERING TO THE REQUIRE-  
MENTS OF BUSINESS AND COMMERCIAL WRITING).  
**Commercial Law,**  
RELATING TO NEGOTIABLE PAPER, CONTRACTS,  
PARTNERSHIPS, ETC.,  
all of which are especially necessary for and adapted  
to Commercial purposes.  
 Pupils desiring other studies than those named  
above, may be admitted at any time, and pursue  
STUDIES and professions in connection with or  
separate from the course of the School.  
 Pupils received at any time if there are Vacancies.  
Prospectus and Circular of the school, sent free.  
The school is held at the residence of 20 Washington  
Street, - location previous to the first of May 20th,  
1876, - from 9 to 2. CLOSED SATURDAYS.  
Vacation during July and August.  
Application for admission, Sept. 1st, may be made  
in person till 10 a. m., from July 1st to August 1st,  
by letter only, building closed. August 1st till  
Sept. 1st, by Circular, reduced price in attendance daily  
from 9 to 2.  
115 **E. H. HIBBARD, Principal.**

**Guns, Pistols, &c.**  
**Double Cuns,**  
**Breech & Muzzle Loading Guns**  
of the latest improved variety, manufactured &  
sold. Also constantly on hand Guns and Rifles  
all grades, and all kinds of utensils used in  
the manufacture of guns, and all articles of  
Repeating done promptly.  
Send for circular.  
**WM. R. SCHAEFER,**  
110 44 Elm Street, Boston

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
**Delivery, Hack and Boarding**  
**STABLE**  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.  
F. JONES, 80 Proprietor

**WILLIAM WINN,**  
**Auctioneer,**  
Wilmington, Mass.  
also Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
commission. Orders left at the JOURNAL  
Office, or promptly attended to. 81

**JAMES LITTLE,**  
**UNERAL UNDERTAKER.**  
ROBES, CASKETS, and COFFINS  
furnished at short notice.

low himself who is not above an in-

## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
Published Every Saturday.  
At 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.  
Subscription \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies 5 cents.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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POSTAL.—Our readers will please remember that their papers go through the post office in this town free of expense. The old law demanding payment for papers published in the county is no longer in force.

## OUR NEW CHIEF POLICE.

It will be seen by reference to our report of the doings of the Selectmen, that they have appointed a successor to the late Chief of Police, giving that position to Elisha J. Mann, Esq. Mr. Mann was born in Sandwich, N. H., Jan. 11, 1840. He came to Woburn in 1864, and learned the trade of shoemaker of William Totman. In 1860 he was admitted to the business, and commenced as a shoe manufacturer as the junior member of the firm of William Totman & Co., where he has continued ever since. In February, 1864, he enlisted in the 50th Reg. Mass. Vol., and served till the end of the war, being in all the engagements of his regiment, including Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Barnstable, Mine, North Anna, etc., and making a good record as a soldier. He was appointed on the police in 1868, and has been re-appointed each year since, and with one exception is the oldest member in time of service on the force. He was elected constable the present year. He also holds the appointment of Deputy Fish Commissioner. His experience as an officer in the east part of the town has made him quite familiar with criminal practice, and his success in liquor cases has been very marked. Being a thorough going temperance man, and a believer in the prohibitory law, run selling will not be likely to flourish under his rule. We believe he will make an efficient chief, as he has been a faithful subordinate, and we have no doubt he will receive the moral support of our citizens. He accepts the position and enters on his duty at once, but will not be at headquarters constantly until after Aug. 1st.

It is said that New York to contract for another engine it will be pleasant to know who authorizes him to contract for another engine.—Woburn Ad.

The town of Natick is putting in water works, and our townsman, Mr. M. M. Tidd is Chief Engineer, and superintending their construction. He returned from New York last week with a contract for a Worthington Compound Duplex Engine, of the tank pattern, having a capacity of pumping one and a half million gallons in 24 hours against 170 feet head, to be used at the Natick Water Works. Natick starts with seven miles of piping. She takes water from Dig Pond, and forces it two and a half miles through the town to a reservoir on Broad's Hill. The water for service will be taken from the force mains, the reservoir being used as an accumulator. It is expected to get the water in late this Fall.

The Everett Guards Association, composed of former members of Co. D, 221 Regiment Mass. Vols, held its first annual reunion and dinner at Young's Hotel, Wednesday afternoon. There were present seventeen old comrades from different parts of the country. The following comrades were chosen officers for the ensuing year: President, Capt. J. Henry Symonds; Vice Presidents, Geo. A. Smith, John R. Richardson; Chaplain, William E. Barnard; Treasurer and Secretary, Wm. B. Frothingham; Historian, William F. Barnard; Executive Committee, George F. Stone, Horace A. Parker, Frederick Miller. The dinner was a substantial one, and the occasion proved in every way very enjoyable.

MAP.—The following communication has been handed to us with the request that we remind the public that the Notes and Surveys spoken of below are many of them made for the town, and comprise a great quantity of the most valuable material obtainable nowhere else. And are in addition to the extensive and elaborate surveys F. W. Beers & Co. have been carrying on for months.

WOBURN, July 17th, 1874.  
This is to certify that I have agreed with F. W. Beers & Co., of Brooklyn, New York, to furnish them all notes and surveys which I have in my possession, and also to give assistance in the work of publishing an Atlas of Middlesex Co., including plans of the Town of Woburn. All of which is to be given exclusively to said company.  
J. R. CARTER.

SELECTMEN.—All present but Cummings and Hart. Poole in the chair. M. S. Seelye, was appointed sealer of weights and measures and measurer of cereal baskets. E. J. Mann was appointed Chief of Police, by a unanimous vote. He was also appointed keeper of the lockup. Voted to notify certain parties to remove existing nuisances. Voted to give a hearing to the Town Meadow petitioners next Monday evening.

PERSONAL.—Mr. F. W. Parker, for the last eleven years a resident of California, has returned to Woburn with his family. We hope he will find it for his advantage to remain. Mr. W. P. Pierce, formerly of Woburn, now of Sand Bank, Oswego County, N. Y., is in town on a vacation. The leather business in his locality is better than in these parts.

ARMORY.—The work on the armory hall is progressing. The walls have been frescoed and look very well.

FOURTH.—Sole's mare Nellie S., was fourth in the race last Wednesday.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO A WOBURN LADY.—Last Monday afternoon an accident occurred on the Troy & Greenfield R. R. in which Miss Annie Wood, of Woburn, daughter of Mr. Alva S. Wood, was seriously injured. The passenger's train on the Fitchburg R. R., consisting of an engine and one car, left Boston for Hoose Tunnel in the morning, and was to have returned at night. On the engine were Mr. Whittemore, the fireman, the engineer, E. Warren; the brakeman, Mr. Rich; and two lady passengers, the paymaster, Miss Annie Wood of Woburn, and Mrs. William H. Swift, of Norwood Park, Watertown, who accompanied the party for a pleasure trip. In the car were Mr. John Webster, road master of the Troy and Greenfield R. R.; Mr. Spaulding, roadmaster of the Fitchburg R. R.; Mr. Young, a clerk, and Mr. Wetherbee, the brakeman. They had been to the Tunnel and were returning just before reaching a dry bridge, some fifteen feet above the highway, which the road crosses near Shelburne Falls, the engine for some unexplained cause—an examination proves that the rails and the flanges of the wheels were all right—jumped the track, and as there is a sharp curve at that point, the locomotive made a plunge for the side of the bridge, going completely through, taking the tender with it, and landing nearly bottom up in the highway. The passenger car broke loose from the tender before reaching the bridge, and rolled down over the walled embankment, resting on its side at the bottom in a garden. The brakeman Wetherbee, jumped from the rear platform and was uninjured. Mr. Webster, who was in the car, had his thigh broken and his spine injured, and Mrs. Wood was bruised and her arm somewhat injured. There was sad havoc among those in the locomotive, the scalding steam adding its horrors to the fearful leap through the chasm. Mrs. Swift was caught under the boiler and other articles by her feet, both of which were fearfully scalded, while both her legs were broken, the bones protruding from the fracture. Notwithstanding her terrible injuries, she was compelled to lie in the position in which she fell for an hour and a half, for a heavy timber had fallen upon her, and this could not be removed until it was cut entirely off with a chisel. Her husband arrived from Boston on an express train late in the evening; and did everything possible to alleviate her sufferings; but they were of short duration, death terminating them at four o'clock, Tuesday morning. Miss Wood was bruised about the head, had a rib broken and was slightly scalded by the escaping steam. Warren the engineer, was severely scalded about the chest, face and arms, but it is thought he will recover. Mr. Whittemore was badly scalded by escaping steam, and bruised, and Rich had his hands scalded and was bruised about the head. Thus, of the nine persons on the train, only one, the brakeman who leaped off, escaped injury. The deceased, Mrs. Clara Swift, formerly Miss Gookin, was a native of Portsmouth, N. H., and was twenty years of age. She married quite early in life Mr. W. H. Swift, son of the late John J. Swift, formerly President of the Fitchburg Railroad. She was very attractive, full of animal spirits, and the beloved of a large circle of relatives and friends, over whom her untimely and cruel death was a great loss. She was a devoted mother of every prospect and hope that could make life pleasant, will cast a sad gloom which will be remembered by some of our citizens, having been on several occasions a member of Mr. Wood's family.

HORSE THEFT.—Last month a young man named Joshua Means, of Reading, Mass., stole \$8 from his father, and went with the same to Lewiston, Me. After a while being out of funds he desired to return. On the 13th of June he hired a team of M. K. Marcan, of Lewiston, to go to Danville Junction, and drove to Reading, where he ran the horse into a ditch and abandoned her, where she soon after died. The wagon he sold to a young man named John T. Carter, and shortly afterwards stole it from him, and came to Woburn and traded with Charles M. Wendall, for another wagon. Mr. Marcan traced his property to Reading, and thence to Woburn. He was in town on Tuesday accompanied by the City Marshal of Lewiston. Wendall claimed that he bought the carriage in good faith, and had traded it away to a stranger. As he was unwilling to assist the officers in procuring the property a warrant was sworn out against him on a charge of receiving stolen property. He was taken before Judge Converse, where he pleaded guilty, and waiving an examination, was held in \$1,000 for his appearance at the October term of the Superior Court. He is surety, and the adjournment of the court the matter was settled for \$100.

PIANOS.—The Piano-forte establishment of Guild, Church & Co., is probably more largely represented in Woburn by first class instruments than any other. Their card appears on the front colored pages of the Woburn Directory, but by an annoying accident a 0 dropped from the card, and they are unable to announce that they have upwards of 10,000 now in use. They have numbers of 10,000 now in use, and the number is increasing daily, and for purity of tone they are unequalled. Mr. Oliver Green is their Woburn agent. When selecting a piano, be sure and examine the "Guild."

THUMB AND NUT.—Gen. Tom Thumb and his charming wife, and Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren propose to favor our town with two of their performances on the 27th inst., in Lyons Hall. The wonderful little party are a sight to see, and they are also good performers, but as it was not of attraction enough, they bring Major Shewell, the skating phenomenon, who will show us how to skate.

CHICAGO FIRE.—An extensive fire occurred in Chicago last Tuesday, burning over about 60 acres, and destroying property to the amount of about three millions. Seven persons are known to have lost their lives and a thousand families were made homeless.

ELEMENTARY DRILL.—The officers and non-commissioned officers of the Platoon went to Quincy Point on Friday for an elementary drill.

DOWN.—Jones had three of his horses down on their knees one day this week. The weather is so hot that drivers don't like to hold up the horses.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—About one o'clock last Saturday morning, the alarm was given for a fire at the shop of John R. Furbush, situated on the railroad track, opposite Beck's slaughter house. The fire department rallied with its accustomed promptness, and soon two streams from the hydrant on Main street were playing upon the fire. It had gained too much headway, however, as the shop was developed in flames before the alarm was given. The shop was built of wood two and a half stories high, and set on posts driven into the meadow. On the west end was a small square chimney, strapped to the building, as it was unable to stand alone. The hook & ladder company pulled down the burning timbers, and when they were down the chimney was without support. It had been looked upon with suspicion throughout the fire, but as it stood awhile, attention was diverted from it. Suddenly a cry arose, "Look out! it's coming!" and the next instant it struck the ground with a terrific crash. As it fell into the crowd, there were a great many who escaped with slight bruises from the falling bricks, but one man was less fortunate, Mr. D. Russell Chipman was standing near, and when the alarm was raised he ran in the direction taken by others, and was crushed by the chimney. He was struck on the temple and his skull fractured, and his arm was broken in several places. The bricks were partly on him, and when he was taken out he was insensible, and so remained until ten minutes past four, when he died. Mr. Chipman was a currier in the employ of his brother-in-law, Capt. J. P. Crane, and lived on Railroad street, opposite First. He leaves a wife and two children, who were away from home, visiting in Salem when the accident occurred. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and served in the 8th Battery and 4th Cavalry M. V. M. during the late war. His remains were buried on Sunday, the funeral taking place in the First Congregational church and consisted of singing by the choir, prayer and selection of Scripture by the pastor, Rev. H. S. Kelsey. Burial took place at 3 P. M. A. R. furnished the guard of honor and escort, and attended the remains of their departed comrade to the Woburn Cemetery, where they were interred in Capt. J. P. Crane's lot, adjoining the Soldier's Lot. The impressive funeral rites of the Grand Army were performed at the grave. Flowers, consisting of a bunch of white roses, and a branch of laurel were placed on the coffin which was then lowered into the grave. As the comrades filed around the grave, each one threw into it a white blossom. The ceremonies in spite of the rain were witnessed by a large concourse of people.

This is the second case of death at a fire which has occurred in Woburn. The first was on Summer street, July 31, 1843. Josiah Richardson was caught under the falling chimney and received injuries that resulted in his death five weeks later. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary. The building was owned by J. R. Furbush, who finished stock for E. W. Corey & Co. of Boston. The loss on the building and machinery is \$9,200. The stock was insured for \$4,200. The loss on the stock was \$7,000. Fully insured. Mr. Furbush had \$2,000, and Corey had \$5,000 of the stock. The loss was very unfortunate in the matter of fires, July 21, 1870, Furbush & Beers were burned out on Corn street, July 6, 1871, Furbush & Cameron were burned out with Frank Cummings on Cross street, April 18, 1873, Furbush & Bateholder were burned out on Lake street, and on the 11th inst., makes four fires within four years.

SUPERIOR COURT.—At the Superior court this week James Sheehan and Hugh Dever were each fined \$50 and costs for keeping liquor licenses; John Mulowney for illegal keeping of intoxicating liquors, \$10 and costs; Ann McKeown, \$10 and costs on one case, and 30 days imprisonment, and \$10 fine on another. Margaret Fitzgerald of Winchester, was given \$50 and three months, but on representation that she had a nursing child, the sentence was changed to fines on all her cases, amounting to \$278, which, being rich, she paid. Judge Rockwell, on Friday, decreed that Sect. 29 of Art. 4 of Woburn by Laws is void and of no effect, and the case of John T. Carter was not pro. The police have control of the sidewalk under the common law, as heretofore.

POLICE COURT.—July 24, Lee Hammond, illegal keeping of intoxicating liquors, \$10 and costs; July 6th, John McGraw and Hugh Dever, each \$10 and costs; John Kelley, single drunk, \$3 and costs; 7th, Thomas Powers, committed for non-payment of fine, 9th, Neil McLaughlin, \$3 and costs.

As one of the proofs that the Journal travels all over the world, we would mention that a little epigram which appeared in the editorial column of this paper on the 6th of June, appeared in the Leeds (England) Times of the 27th of June.

BURST.—A kerolous lamp on Winn street, opposite Franklin, burst on Tuesday. A young girl in a neighboring house came gallantly forth with a garden hose, and deluged the blazing lantern with Horn Pond water.

North Woburn.—Excursion.—On Wednesday Ramford Division, S. T. went on an excursion to Dover's Landing. They all say they had a good time.

GOOD.—The sidewalk on the west side of Main, below Summer street, so long neglected, has lately received a much needed coat of gravel, for which the dwellers on South Main street are duly thankful.

HOISE KILLED.—Monday morning, Joseph Kelley's horse, ridden by his son, Paul, fell near Ellis's store, and received internal injuries which resulted fatally soon after reaching home.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—The Selectmen and School Committee in convention last Monday, appointed John R. Carter, Esq., to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Rev. Mr. Kelsey.

REAL ESTATE.—C. P. Jayne has sold Caroline L. Miller's house and land, corner of High and Auburn streets, to T. R. Corbett and Thomas Wilson, for \$2300 cash.

PLYMOUTH.—A large party from Woburn, went to Plymouth on Thursday in the steamer Stanford.

We would like to exchange a copy of the new Directory, for a clean copy of the directory of 1868.

## WOBURN OLD CEMETERIES.

BY W. H. CUTLER.

## THE FIRST AND OLDEST.

Passing through the gateway near the pond on Park street, the first inscription that meets the eye is that of Ezechiel Reed, who died December 10th, 1747, aged ten years, "waning nine days." Her father, Mr. Israel Reed, once a well-known citizen of Woburn, lived and owned where the Baptist church now stands, it is said. Going up the path was laid out some years ago, but at present entirely overgrown with grass, to the point where it divides—turning into the left hand branch, we next especially observe between the much older slate stones of his immediate ancestors, the white marble stone of Wyman Richardson, Esq., a lawyer of Woburn of the past generation, who died suddenly, June 22d, 1841, aged sixty-one. Opposite to this, a little farther on, in a group of several on the other side of the path, is the ancient stone of Captain John Fowle, who died March 10th, 1715, aged 62. Woburn from 1701, to his death, also the stone of Mrs. Mary Walker, relict of Deacon Samuel Walker, and formerly wife to Captain James Fowle, who departed this life, October 23d, 1748, in the eightieth year of her age.

Passing along this path, behind the sound, we reach a group of stones of the family of Carter—Lieutenant Jabez Carter (died July 10th, 1771, aged 71 years) and Captain Samuel Carter, a family who lived on what is now known as the Winchester Hills, overlooking Cambridge and Arlington, and who were descended into of Captain John Carter, an early inhabitant of Woburn.

On other side of path and opposite the stones of the Symmes and Convers families—who lived in the vicinity of the present center village of Winchester—Lieutenant James Convers (departed this life, May 10th, 1715, in his 95th year) an emigrant with his parents from England, after of the famous Major James Convers. Captain Josiah Convers (a large stone, dated July 15th, 1717), a man much employed in town business. Major James Convers, Esquire (thus his title is given on the stone), who died July 8th, 1708, aged sixty-one, the distinguished Indian fighter, and resolute defender of Storer's Garrison at Wells. And here the stone of Lieutenant James Fowle, the second oldest in the yard, a man who pursued his trade probably in shop on land behind the "Bill Hill," the hill now surmounted by the brick powder house near by—and who died December 17th, 1690. Besides other stones, most of them very old.

Back of these is that of Deacon Josiah Convers, brother of James Convers, Senior, and who deceased the third of February, 1689, or 90, aged seventy-two years; the oldest headstone (that is, bearing the earliest recorded date) standing in the enclosure; a date nearly fifty years after the first recorded settlement—the town record of deaths commencing 1642.

Beside the stone of Deacon Josiah Convers is that of the Reverend Jabez Fox, pastor of the Church of Christ in Woburn twenty-three years. Mr. Fox died of the small pox in Boston, February 28th, 1702, aged fifty-six. He had been in Boston on a visit when the disease occurred, and his remains were brought to Woburn and interred as marked by his headstone here. Near him is the stone of his estimable wife, Mrs. Judith Tynge, wife of Colonel Jonathan Tynge and formerly wife to the Reverend Mr. Jabez Fox, who died June 5th, 1736, in the ninety-ninth year of her age. "A woman," says her epitaph, "of most exemplary virtue and piety; rich in grace, ripe for glory."

Here in this spot are found also the stones of Captain John Carter, an early and distinguished inhabitant of the town (deceased September 14th, 1692, aged about 76), and of his wife, Ezechiel Reed (died May 6th, 1691, aged 58), and of Mrs. Ann Fox (a quite large stone), the wife of a grandson of the Reverend Jabez Fox, of the same name as his grandfather, who became an eminent citizen of Portland, Me. Mrs. Ann Fox probably died in Woburn, during a visit to her husband's friends. Her death occurred August 5th, 1746, aged forty-three years.

Our attention is next called to a conspicuous stone near those of a light slate, and of expensive workmanship, and the inscription wonderfully clear. This designates the grave of a person, one of whose wives we have already mentioned—Jonathan Tynge, Esquire, a colonel, magistrate of the province, and a man of extensive influence. He belonged to one of the most prominent families in Massachusetts; was colonel of the second regiment of foot, a justice of the court, and one of Sir Edmund Andros' council, 1687. He came in his latter days to Woburn to reside after marriage with the widow of the Reverend Jabez Fox. His residence in Woburn may have been previous to this marriage, for the stone to former wife is here standing, named Mrs. Sarah Tynge, who was the daughter of that prominent merchant of Boston, Mr. H. Zekiah Usher, and who deceased February 28th, 1713, in her sixty-ninth year. Jonathan Tynge, Esquire, died suddenly in Woburn, January 19th, 1723, in the eighty-first year of his age.

We notice also in this vicinity, the very legible inscription on the stone of Lieutenant John Richardson, one of the early town worthies, who died January 1st, 1690. The gravestones which present themselves to view in this yard are almost without exception of slate, in form and semblance like unto those seen in other yards of the same period in this commonwealth. The most ancient are constructed of a very durable species of stone, and in a most substantial manner. They may be said to be remarkable for their width, thickness and weight. Such were imported from England, and bear inscriptions in plain Roman capitals; in the oldest some of the letters are blended together in a curious way (logotypes). These stones are enriched with sculptured borders, and decorated with death's heads, horn glasses and cherubim; and on some, especially in this ground, are very neatly represented symbolic apes and pickaxes. The gravestones next in antiquity, with per-

haps one or two exceptions, are of home origin, constructed of American slate, having irregular rude carvings, and are generally of far less elaborate and skillful workmanship than their predecessors just described.

Again continuing our walk along the path we first entered, we particularly notice what we have already observed before, that the greater part of the stones, and mostly those of American manufacture as so much grown and covered with lichens as to render the inscriptions well illegible. This with the poisonous ivy plant which so plentifully in mid summer festoons them, is a serious drawback to the antiquary's researches in the cemetery during that season of the year. And the difficulty in deciphering almost illegible inscriptions, renders a short stay with that object, of small profit to the casual visitor.

An accurate transcript of the inscriptions in printed form, a convenient hand book with necessary notes, is therefore a desideratum.

We next meet on our right a group of Reeds, and which is the stone of Deacon George Reed, who departed this life, January 20th, 1756, in his ninety-sixth year. Here also is the stone of Francis Wyman (died November 28th, 1690, aged about 82 years) one of the original settlers of Woburn and a just man, whose headstone, undoubtedly from workmanship from England, is one of the most elaborately carved, ornamented and substantial stones of the period in the yard. Next the stone of Lieutenant Matthew Johnson, (died July 19th, 1696, aged 62 years) son of the foremost founder of Woburn, Captain Edward Johnson. This stone, like its neighbor, Francis Wyman's, evidently from England. A number of the stones of this early period have their main inscription preceded by the Latin expressions, "Memento Mori" (Remember death), and "Fugit hora" (Time flies).

There are also in this immediate neighborhood several stones to Walkers and Wrights, and on our left near the edge of the street wall, the stones of Mr. Timothy Winn and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Winn; the former having died January 5th, 1752, aged sixty-five, the latter, May 14th, 1724, aged about thirty-four years; ancestors of a distinguished family in the town.

Leaving the path we first entered, and turning up a path to the right, we come to the stones of the family of Deacon Joseph Hartwell, a family that lived at the head of Mystic Pond, and in the limits of the present town of Arlington during the first half of the last century, but attended church in Woburn. A large clear tree, as in other instances in the yard, has taken root in the grave of the deacon. Deacon Hartwell was a deacon of the church in Woburn, and died November 15th, 1743.

Returning to the first path, we next reach the stone of a young physician, Dr. Isaac Hill, who deceased January 9th, 1720, aged twenty-nine years. Behind this that of Lieutenant James Thompson, died September 4th, 1693, the inscription quite legible. Then the stone of Captain James Richardson, an officer employed against the Indians in Maine, deceased March 24th, 1721-2; and that of Captain John Cragin, who deceased February 17th, 1725.

We next come to the family stones of Jonathan Poole, Esquire, died February 8th, 1755, remembered as a gentleman "of distinction" in Woburn "from abroad," and of those of his father-in-law, the worthy magistrate and colonel Eleazar Flagg (or Flagg as he preferred to write it), and Colonel Flagg's widow, "Madam Esther Flagg, who departed this life, September 18th, 1744, aged seventy years; and the double stone of the Reverend Mr. Eleazar Flagg Poole and his wife Mrs. Mary Poole, who died within a few days of each other in March, 1776. All the stones of this Poole-Flagg group, save two, contain long and remarkable inscriptions. Colonel Eleazar Flagg, Esquire, deceased July 12th, 1726, in his fifty-sixth year. Mr. Eleazar Flagg Poole, styled ensign lieutenant, was treasurer of Woburn from the year 1762 to 1773. At his death—

"Six weeping children in eight days  
"Woe'd father and mother to their grave."

Opposite the Poole-Flagg group, and on the other side of path may be observed the stone of Increase Winn, deceased July 1st, 1713, aged twenty-eight years, the son of that Increase Winn who was the first born child recorded in Woburn.

Passing round the path by the fence on the side of this enclosure, we find the small, neat, headstone of Mr. Abraham "Flydd," who deceased September 12th, 1711, aged fifty-seven years, a man of consequence in his day, and who is styled "Captain" in the town records. His very clear and clear head and two stones have been removed here from their original site in the vicinity of the pond.

Passing onward up the hill, after a short walk we reach the stone of Mrs. Esther Thompson, wife to Mr. Abijah Thompson, who died of the small pox, January 3rd, 1701, in the twenty-first year of her age. Beyond this is the stone of Mrs. Mary Poole (died November 11th, 1753) the first wife of Mr. Josiah Pierce, Junior, who for second wife married Mrs. Ruth Thompson, the mother of Count Ramford. And next, near the only table monument in the yard as we approach, is the stone of Mr. Thomas Salter, of Boston, merchant, "ob. 2nd Aug't, 1747, et. 62." And near by Salter's stone and the table monument referred to, but on opposite side of the path, lies buried Susanna Cotton, "ob. 3rd Aug't, 1748, et. 10," whose father, Reverend Josiah Cotton, was first and only pastor of what was known as the First Church in Woburn, from 1747 to 1756. Salter, the Boston merchant, is supposed to be a connection of the Cotton family.

Colonel Roland Cotton, son of the Reverend Roland Cotton of Sandwich, and brother of Rev. Josiah Cotton above named, was once for a period of years a very active and influential character in Woburn. From his mother's brother, his uncle Nathaniel Saltonstall, Esquire, who had been tutor and librarian of Harvard College, from 1697 to 1701, and became a resident of Woburn, he inherited a large estate. The Saltonstalls and Cottons were two of the most noted and prominent families throughout the New England colonies. The picturesque hills

and valleys of Woburn may at first have induced these families to reside in the town. Nathaniel Saltonstall, Esquire, died in Woburn, June 23rd, 1730. Upon his grave, we suppose, is the table monument alluded to as the only memorial of that character in this burying yard, and which at the time of its erection was an affair of the first magnitude and expense.

This monument consists of a large slab of brownstone mounted in a horizontal posture on four granite pillars—possibly the successors of other pillars of the same kind of stone as the main slab perhaps. On the upper surface of the slab are evidently indentations where an inscription and also a coat of arms may once have been. The Saltonstall and Tyng families were rightly entitled to an unusual distinction. These coats of arms and inscriptions were adorned to these cavities on a softer stone or leaden tablet. Many of the leaden tablets were removed and made into bullets by the provincials at the time of the revolution. Thus nothing was left to designate whose ashes rest beneath.

On the top of this whole structure a present reclines a heavy slate slab containing the singular epitaph of the virtuous lady, sister of Colonel Roland Cotton, who died unmarried at his house in Woburn, October 12th, 1742, et. 46. This common inscription is to the effect that where this slab is, or should be, lies the remains of Ezechiel Cotton & Co., who "died virgin," "closing with a paraphrase from St. Paul"—"the consolation of many a widow." "Died virgin," "closing with a paraphrase from St. Paul"—"the consolation of many a widow." "Died virgin," "closing with a paraphrase from St. Paul"—"the consolation of many a widow."

A gentleman impressed by the fact that a tomb existed under this monumental structure, once took a shovel and dugged under it, and discovered a mass of mortar and bricks.

But we must not linger. We next approach a promising group of grave-stones; the first met mostly Gardner's of "Charlestown End," now the west side of Winchester, and which is a white marble stone in memory of Lucy, wife of Daniel Wyman (died December 24th, 1785, et. 34), her maiden name Gardner. Also the stones of Abigail (1708) and Lydia Thompson (1788), wives of a useful citizen, Samuel Thompson. Esquire, together with that of Daniel Thompson, brother of Samuel Thompson. Esq., "who was slain in Concord Battle," 19th April, 1775, and whose stone contains a long poetic, patriotic epitaph. The remains of Daniel Thompson and those of Asael Porter, the other Woburn man who fell on that eventful day, were interred in Woburn, on Friday, April 21st following. No stone to Porter is known to have ever existed. Certainly none to his memory is now found here.

(Continued next week)

## SANITARY SERVICE.

MR. EDITOR.—The subject of how sewerage shall be conducted and house offal disposed of which may conduce to the least danger of sickness, are subjects hardly less important to a people than pure water or well kept privies. The water of many houses is allowed to flow from the house by what is called surface drainage until lost by absorption or terminating in a foul pond upon the surface of the ground to exalt its pestiferous influence, sooner or later to bring forth its deadly fruit.

Every house should be provided with a cesspool sunk to the depth of at least eight feet. It may be stoned so as to leave it open at the sides and bottom to absorb the liquid contents, or it may be made perfectly tight like a cistern. Different locations and conditions may require different methods. Where the inhabitants are supplied with water by aqueduct the absorbing kind will have to be adopted as a matter of convenience so as to get rid of the surplus or waste water as it is likely to follow. The water tight cesspool would prove a great inconvenience to water takers as it would have to be emptied so often. It would prove an economy to allow the water to run to waste in order to feel sure that six dollars' worth had been used or wasted. There are places where it would be much better to adopt the cistern kind of cesspool. Where the people still depend on well water for culinary purposes, and the well is situated anywhere near this kind of better be adopted, and its contents pumped out whenever it is called for, in a tight cart or vessel. The contents may be used as a valuable fertilizer, but not in near proximity to any house.

Connecting cesspools with sinks there should be a water tight drain made either of bricks or cement or vitrified drain pipe joined together with cement constructed with a trap so as to prevent the escape of gases. Drain pipes are the best, as rats often undermine these made of bricks. I have just noticed a new method of drain pipes. Wells are dug quite deep so as to dispose more readily of all surface drainage. Would not this method prove a safer way to get rid of sewage from all dwellings? The ground near the surface would become less charged with noxious matter. If such a method should be adopted it ought to be done by the Town, and several families drain into the same.

Immediately in connection with this subject is the care that should be taken of the offal which belongs to every household. It is rather difficult how best to dispose of the waste matter of the kitchen in all families for the health and comfort of themselves and neighbors. No such refuse should be thrown upon the ground, even the crumbs of the table, to decompose and exhalate a noxious miasm which often proves a fruitful source of sickness, to attract flies which are a pest and a nuisance, and in some cases are supposed to convey disease from one person to another, or it may be a contagious virus from some foreign source to some person. It should be either taken away at least three or four times a week during warm weather by persons who will feed it to pigs, or it should be buried to a depth sufficient to exalt no odor. Before its disposal it should be kept in a tight vessel with a cover some little way from the house. There is hardly anything of more importance to be carefully looked after than a proper disposal of house offal in thickly settled country towns.

That season of the year has arrived for greater necessity to attend to sanitary precautions to ward off disease. Intelligence in knowing, directing and doing is what is wanted. It is reported that cholera has already made its appearance in New York, but this disease has many others that are most dreaded and fatal are more generally found in damp, unventilated and uncleanly places. Let the sun into your houses. Don't have them shaded too much. Keep them perfectly clean in every part. Permit no nuisances inside or out, and make your example an influence for your neighbors and there will be no occasion to carry a picture of some honored or revered character at the head of a procession through the streets to propitiate a Higher Power as was once done in the city of Rome to abate the cholera.

I should like to add in reference to my last communication that dry earth is much better than dry coal ashes as an absorbent and deodorizer to be used in privies, but ashes may be used as a substitute when dry earth cannot be easily obtained.

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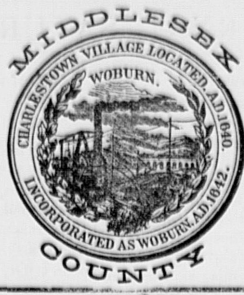
## New Publications.

HARPER'S.—Harper's Magazine for August contains seventy-eight capital illustrations, and in its illustrated articles a characteristically American as well as the July number. Here we have both the sea and the mountains—the former in James Hunt Brown's brilliant pictures of Newport, profusely and beautifully illustrated, and the latter in F. G. Mather's minute and interesting





# WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1874.

NO. 45.

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TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND

PIANO MOVING, &c.

Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co., J. B. McDonald, H. Carter, or at his residence, 5th house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention.

JOHN C. BUCK,

TEACHER OF

PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN

AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,

NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,

WOBURN.

JOHN R. CARTER

Civil Engineer and Surveyor,

Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, leveling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.

CONVEYANCING.

OFFICE, NO. 168 MAIN STREET.

Monday and Thursday, 7 to 9 P. M., and at other times when not engaged on outside work.

G. F. HARTSHORNE,

Civil Engineer & Surveyor

Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, leveling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.

Also, attention given to Conveyancing.

Office, 159 Main Street, over a Bookman's Shop Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., except Wednesdays and Fridays.

C. P. JAYNE,

Real Estate Agent

and Auctioneer.

No. 2 Wade Block, Woburn.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,

GENEALOGIST

BANK BLOCK,

173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Genealogical research, pedigrees, family histories, and all other matters pertaining to genealogy, promptly and accurately made.

Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons. An Evening Session will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1874, at 7 o'clock, P. M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in bookkeeping and penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, \$2 for Penmanship, \$3 for Bookkeeping.

D. M. H. ALLEN,

DENTIST,

127 Main St., Woburn.

POULTRY AND EGGS.

B. F. COLEGATE,

is prepared to supply Eggs for setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, trills of Buff and Partridge Chickens, Dark and Light Bantams, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c.

HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE

Woburn Mass.

PLUMBING

T. J. KINNEY,

106 Main St., Woburn

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to.

PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

For Hardware or Tools

CALL AT BURL'S BLOCK IN MAIN ST. 15

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

W. P. B. Brooks & Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FURNITURE!

Carpetings,

STOVES, FEATHERS,

Mattresses, &c.

Goods Sold on Liberal Terms.

We would especially invite the people of Woburn to examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere. Our assortment is full and complete.

9 Marshall Street,

114 Blackstone Street,

AND

151 Hanover Street,

Corner of Marshall, Boston

Wm. P. B. Brooks, Levi Walbridge,

Fred. G. Walbridge.

AWNINGS

For Stores, Dwellings, &c.

Made by

Brewer & Wheeler,

SAIL MAKERS.

173 Atlantic Avenue, (near foot of Pearl St.)

Lawn Tennis, Yacht and Boat Sails, Flags, Banners, &c., made to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

Orders may be left at Post office, Winchester.

TOPPAN ROBIE,

Insurance Agent,

Liverpool and London & Globe,

ASSETS, \$14,000,000

Royal Ins. Co. of Liverpool,

ASSETS, \$14,000,000

Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Co. of Phila.

ASSETS, \$1,400,000

Dwelling House Ins. Co. of Boston.

ASSETS, \$302,000

Mutual Life Ins. Co. of N. Y.

ASSETS, \$65,000,000

Office Hours 8 to 9 a.m., 5 to 8 p.m.

168 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Boston Office, 85 Devonshire Street, in Banking House of Tower, Goldings & Co.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

ALSO

A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

This subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard.

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

For his customers, and deliver to them ready to

the store, at a slight advance upon the price of the

wood. Customers are invited to call and examine

the new improvement.

J. B. McDONALD.

93 Main St., Woburn.

J. E. MCCLURE & Co.

DEALERS IN

FANCY AND STAPLE

DRY GOODS,

123 Main St.,

WOBURN.

C. M. STROUT,

DEALER IN

STOVES AND FURNACES,

Agent for the sale of CHILSON'S CONE FURNACE and ARLINGTON RANGE.

Poetry.

AT MY ENEMY'S GATE.

BY J. T. THOMPSON.

As I passed my enemy's gate,

In the summer afternoon,

On my pathway, steadily as Fate,

Came a shadow, vague and chill,

The bright spirit, the rainbow grace

Of sweet, hovering thought, gave place

To a nameless feeling of loss,

A dark sense of something ill.

Whereupon I said in my scorn,

"There should grow before my door

Nothing but thistles and thorn;

Showered nettles, dogwood and dock;

Or the leaved tree that twines

A black ledge with poisonous vines,

And black lilies that loom

The scaly crest of a rock.

Then I looked I, and there on the ground

Two lovely children at play;

The door yard turf all around

Was spotted with daisies and pinks;

From his apple tree showered the notes

Of a dozen ecstatic thrushes.

And up from the grass below

Came the gossip of bobolinks.

And I thought of my foolish strife,

And I thought of my foolish strife,

And I thought of my foolish strife,

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man—that is to say, he was a "change-

less" man. He was thunderstruck, he

widened, amazed. He had lost his money,

lost his new prospects, lost his self-

conceit—lost everything but his new

clothes, and his old habit of talking to

himself. It is needless to say that he

was mad. Armstrong was very mad,—

but there was no one to be mad at but

Armstrong himself, so self number two

was in for a rough lecture.

"Now, Armstrong, you are a nice

specimen—your fool—you talk—you

beat—you in?" Well, I need not re-

peat all the hard things he said. Like

King Richard, he "found within himself

no pity for himself."

But mere words were not sufficient. It

was a time for action. But Armstrong

never once thought of shooting, drown-

ing, hanging, or any other form of self-

justice. He was altogether too original, as

well as too sensible for that. Yet he was

resolved upon something real and practi-

cal in the way of reformatory punish-

ment. He felt the need of a self-imposed

degree of bankruptcy, that should render

the present failure as complete as possi-

ble, and prevent a similar course of fail-

ure in the future.

So the broken rim of "Armstrong and

Self," went forth in meditation, long and

deep. Some of his thoughts were almost

too deep for utterance. But finally he

stood by the dusty road along which the

great freight wagons were hauling

supplies to the mining camps up the

Sacramento. One of these wagons drawn

by six oxen, was just passing.

Snap, snap, snap, in slow, irregular suc-

cession, came the keen, stinging reports

of the long, Missouri ox whip. "Glad!"

glad! he said, "I should the tail, dust-

beaten driver, as he swung his whip,

and cast a sidelong glance at the broken

rim, wondering "What a daisy!" that?

Now when Armstrong saw the long col-

umn of white dust, rising behind that

wagon, he was taken with an idea. So

he shouted to the driver to know if he

might be allowed to walk in the road be-

hind the wagon.

"Get in and ride," said the driver.

"No," said Armstrong, "I wish to

walk."

"Then walk, you crazy fool," was the

accommodating response, as the driver

swung his whip.

Then came the tug of war. Greek

never met Greek more fiercely than the

two contending spirits composing the

firm of Armstrong & Self, at that particu-

lar moment.

"Now, Armstrong," said the imperi-

ous head of the firm, "you get right in

the middle of that road, sir, and walk in

that dust behind that wagon, all the way

to the Packer's Roost, on the Yuba river.

He was an honest man, not a daffling mat-

terially from his fellows, excepting that he

had a curious habit of talking to himself.

For the simple reason that he departed

from common custom in this one particu-

lar, he was, of course, voted crazy by the

other miners. To call all persons "crazy,"

was a constant habit with all men; but

day after day, after day, Armstrong

worked away with his pick and shovel,

carrying nothing for the remarks of his

neighbors, and seeming to wish for no

other partner in his toil or his rest, save

his invisible partner whom he always

addressed in the second person singular,

and with whom he was almost constantly

in close and earnest conversation. The

common drift of his talk while at work

could be about as follows:

"Rather tough work, Armstrong—

ich dirt though—grab a dollar a pound

—no time to waste

# Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
Published every Saturday.  
At 804 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.  
Subscription \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies 5 cents.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Ordinary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscription name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If an error is observed, please notify the office at once.

Index to New Advertisements.

Page	Col.	No.
Extra Freshman Matter, Household Furniture, Auction, Lot of Mason's Jars, etc.	1	1
Notes, Salt Brine for sale, Selectmen's Office, Select Nightingale Excursion, Testament to Let.	1	1

**WINCHESTER ALARMS.**—The alarm of fire at Winchester, Thursday night, met with a very prompt response from the Woburn Department, and the ladder truck, two hose carriages and steamer were at the line in an incredibly short time. The Woburn engineers came along, and leaving Engineer Brown in charge of the department, proceeded to Winchester with an offer of services. Soon after, W. S. Whitford came up from Winchester, saying that Engineer Billings of Winchester wanted help. Brown declined to send him, but he was sent to see what he could do. The fire alarm was given, and the fire broke out in a building. The fire was extinguished, and the building was saved.

A very general regret was expressed, that the time was so limited, as the objects of interest might well occupy an entire day or more. Such associations and memories as cluster around the "Rock," and the "Hill," can be enjoyed nowhere else, and to one who reveres the Pilgrims, and values his descent from them, it seems wonderful that there is not ten fold more enthusiasm than there is in visiting such a spot, in preference to many others, which, though they have no historic interest, attract far greater crowds.

Leaving Plymouth at 3:15 P. M., our company enjoyed the homeward passage the more intensely for the enjoyable scenes that had preceded it. It would hardly be possible for the closing hours of day to be a more perfect gem of time, or for the prospect both seaward and landward to be more charming. The whole picture was one of those rare ones that linger long and pleasantly in the memory. In these days of excursions and journeyings to and fro, let a pilgrimage to Plymouth Rock receive an early and prominent attention from every descendant of the Pilgrims. It does one good to stand there, and intelligently study the suggestive lessons of the past.

**ON THE MOVE.**—The house of the Highland House Co., No. 5, was moved on Tuesday from its old place corner of Green and Prospect, to a position on the eastern extremity of J. Skinner & Co.'s land, on Green street. The grade of Green street having been lowered after the house was built, the entrance was too steep for the safety of those who took the carriage out when there was a fire. During the moving, the hose carriage was stored in the carriage room of Hon. J. G. Follard's barn.

**SIGN.**—We would suggest to the Library Committee that, during the recess they might do a good thing by having a sign painted and put on their outside door, which would indicate the entrance to the Library, and perhaps give the hours when the public can find it open. The expense would be small, and the convenience great.

**HANDS.**—John Lee, employed in Simmons' machine shop, smashed a finger by having a face plate of a lathe fall upon it. John Brady also had a finger smashed in a mauling machine.

**COSTS.**—At the close of the hearing before Judge Rockwell, last Friday, Mr. E. E. Thompson remarked to the District Attorney that he was ready to pay the costs. Mr. Goodrich replied that the case not having been tried, there were no costs.

**THUMB AND NUTT.**—Tom Thumb and Com. Nutt, with their ladies, made their first bow to a Woburn audience next Tuesday evening. They play in Winchester next Wednesday evening. Give them a full house, as their show will be worth the money.

**BROKEN ARM.**—Lewis K. Swan commenced to learn to run a spinning machine at Crane's last week, and on Thursday broke both bones of one of his arms. He is now daily initiated, and when his arm gets well, can go on without further trouble.

**FALL.**—Last Saturday, James A. West, at work for Corbett on a house in Chestnut street, fell from the roof where he was shingling, to the ground, a distance of 25 feet, breaking an arm, and seriously bruising him.

**NECTAR.**—The Rumford Strawberry Nectar manufactured on Union street, is a delicious summer drink and quite popular. The stores sell it, five cents buys it, and everybody drinks it.

**POISONOUS.**—The poisoner has confessed to killing the little Miller boy and Katey Curran. And yet some people don't want to see him hurt, only restrained.

**ILLUMINATION.**—Philip Teare was so happy at the termination of his legal difficulties that he illuminated his place on Friday and Saturday.

**PICNIC.**—The Methodist Society had a picnic on Thursday near Richardson Row. It was well attended, and all were happy.

**CONCERT.**—The North Woburn Band gave an open air concert at North Woburn last Friday evening.

**EXCURSION TO PLYMOUTH.**—A large party from Boston and vicinity, including between thirty and forty persons from Woburn, availed themselves, on the 18th inst., of an opportunity of making a pilgrimage by water to old Plymouth. The excursion was under the supervision of Mr. Perham, who did everything that could be done to make it agreeable. Leaving Boston a little past nine A. M., by the steamer *Ulysses*, the party followed the passage down the harbor and along the coast, so often and fully described, to be, it possible, more delightful than ever. The day was perfect, the company social and well behaved, and the music, made chiefly by the Woburn people, was attractive enough to draw crowds of applauding and evidently delighted listeners. A while, a seal or two, and many porpoises, as if in sympathy with the stirring melodies, rolled and sported near us in response.

After a brief delay in Plymouth harbor caused by running aground at very low tide upon the sand, we reached the wharf in Plymouth at half past one, P. M. The first sight sought for and craved with a wonderful unanimity, was that of something that might appease the gnawing of hunger, which the four hours of sea air had marvelously sharpened. Having gained this vision in the various eating houses and hotels of the place, the company scattered, some to see and stand upon the Rock, some to inspect the numerous and exceedingly interesting company enjoyed the homeward passage the more intensely for the enjoyable scenes that had preceded it.

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**FELL IN A WELL.**—On Tuesday last, Minnie Riley, four years old, daughter of Peter Riley, while playing about the mouth of a dry well, which is 21 feet deep, at her home on Bedford street, displaced some of the covering boards, and fell head first to the bottom. There were several other children with her at the time of the accident, and they raised an outcry which brought from a neighboring field Mr. C. E. Boutwell who went down the well on the stones and picked up the child. The child struck her head on the bottom of the well, and was partially stunned. On being brought to the surface she was found to have sustained a cut on the forehead extending from the corner of the left eye to the roots of her hair, and several bruises on the legs and body. When she fell, a piece of joist followed her, but fortunately did not strike her. Surgical aid was summoned and the wound in her forehead sewed up, and she is doing quite well. The child had a very narrow escape from death.

**TO CHELSEA.**—L. W. Perham Hove Co. No. 1, of Woburn, were the guests of Suffolk Hook & Ladder Co. No. 1, of Chelsea, on Thursday. The festivities consisted of a visit and dinner at the house, and a supper at Suffolk's house, gotten up by Tuffs. The company left town in the Gen. Sherman, with Davis at the wheel, about 9 o'clock, accompanied by their namesakes. The company appeared in a new uniform consisting of a red shirt with adjustable shield on the breast, on which is embroidered the figure "1." A neat Zouave cap, in blue with red trimmings, and a white leather name collar with the name "Suffolk" on it. They looked well, and without doubt had a good time.

**EXCURSION.**—There is to be a grand moonlight excursion down Boston harbor next Wednesday evening to which tickets for the round boat trip can be had for 50 cents, making 90 cents the expense from Woburn. The excursion will be under first class management, there will be a splendid band on board, and the probabilities are that every one who goes will have a good time.

**CARRIER.**—A son of J. H. Fister, the baggage master at the depot, caught a carrier pigeon last week. The bird had evidently flown a long distance, and was nearly exhausted. It had a message of love from some young man to his sweetheart, but as it was not dated, whence it came may not be ascertained. That bird's failure has doubtless caused great anxiety.

**TOO MUCH GAS.**—Friday night, two table girls employed at the Central House, retired for the night and turned off the gas. It is thought they hit the tube in some way and partly reopened it, so that gas escaped into the room all night. Their window was open and they escaped suffocation, but they inhaled so much gas as to feel its effects the following day.

**SEAL'EM.**—All who use weights and measures are reminded that mountessor S. Seeley is the man appointed to test them, and gives due notice in another column, of what is expected of the above named parties.

**PICNIC.**—The picnic of the A. O. H., No. 3, at Hiaiwatha Grove, was unattended by a storm, but was attended by a great throng of visitors, and was, of course, a great success, socially and financially.

**ACCIDENT.**—A hunter on one of the cars of the 9 o'clock train Wednesday, pulled out at East Cambridge, separating the train, and causing a brief delay.

**THANKS TO OUR TOWN CLERK.**—Mr. S. Seeley, Esq., for a copy of the Laws and Resolves passed by the last General Court.

**FIRE.**—A car on the 5 P. M. train was discovered on fire when the train reached Milk Row, last Wednesday. The train was extinguished.

**STATUTE TAX.**—The State Tax of Woburn is \$10,520.

## SANITARY SCIENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—If I have said it once I have fifty times that if any real comfort is to be had in this life it is in a clean, orderly, well kept home, hence there is no accomplishment that woman can possess that can be compared with the qualification necessary to such a consummation. I would not exchange the qualification of a good house keeper for high literary attainments, although both are a fulfillment for a useful character. It is really to be lamented that so few even in New England make good bread, the indispensable living in every household. Only four ingredients are necessary, viz: flour, yeast, water and salt, and I might add the fifth which is too often left out, labor.

Much attention has been given within a few years to the location of dwellings for the preservation of health. Houses ought not to be built on low or damp land or bordering on such places, nor should there be too many shade trees to shut out the sun and create dampness. So far as statistics have been developed by collecting data it has been shown there is about twenty five per cent. greater mortality on low places than on high and dry locations. Cellars on moist low lands should be dug out as far as possible, and water to be in them, and the bottoms should be cemented. It is much better to have large rooms as it affords better breathing space. All sleeping apartments where there is no grate or fireplace the funnel hole in the chimney should be left open. This affords some change of air and is better to be near the lower than the upper part of the room, as air is more likely to fall than rise when the equilibrium in temperature is restored.

It would be better to provide in the living rooms either fire places or grates for more thorough ventilation. Pure air is a very important agent in the economy of health and life, as no one can live hardly a minute without it, but may survive days without food. Houses are unfortunately situated when built near together surrounded by trees or what is still worse, high tight fences preventing free currents of air from doing its life-saving work by ventilation.

When air is taken from cellars instead of outside to supply the furnace heat, one cellar window should always be kept open except in the coldest and most windy weather. Although this is a better method and more frequently adopted, I believe taking the air from the outside most of the time would be better.

School houses should have a high and dry location and be small instead of large. The influence on both health and morals is unfavorable to large collections of children in one place. It is to be regretted that so many families have, and are almost daily settling on, or near low, damp places. Even if there is a hundred dollars saved, it is poor economy when the children are exposed to loss of health. Cellars should be dug deep, but have high underpinning, so that houses may stand quite elevated, giving opportunity for large cellar windows to let in light, sun and air, also it is much better to build houses two stories, as the upper part is more healthy for sleeping rooms, and I might add that there is no part of a house more necessary to be kept clean than the cellar.

Why, it may be asked, is it that people are not more generally sick who are exposed to the noxious emanations and malarial influences from causes that have been enumerated? It is certainly true that some families and some individuals of the same family are organized to resist and endure more than others. For instance let two young men of the same age and apparent physical qualities, one as soldiers and another side by side, partially exposed to the same and undergo the same exposures, one will sooner or later be found on the sick list, or perhaps dead. The vital forces were not equal to the occasion, while the other continues to march and fight until the end, and "Johnny comes marching home." In many cases where all the members of a family are exposed to the germs of disease, some are more resistant than others, and some are more susceptible, and some are more susceptible to the germs of disease, some are more resistant than others, and some are more susceptible.

**THE LABORATORY.**—B. B. Allen, Boston, has published in a tasty style the initial number of a new journal to be published monthly in the interests of chemistry, pharmacy, medicine, recreation, science, philosophy and the useful arts. Just such a work as this is needed at the present time to fill up an unoccupied space in our magazine world, and from the well known James F. B. Allen, who is to have edited and charge of the same, we expect a work worthy of the support of our city and country. Such a magazine we learn it is contemplated to place before the public, will at once take rank among our best magazines.

**PROF. CALVERT.**—By T. B. Allen, Boston, J. R. Osgood & Co. has published in a tasty style the initial number of a new journal to be published monthly in the interests of chemistry, pharmacy, medicine, recreation, science, philosophy and the useful arts. Just such a work as this is needed at the present time to fill up an unoccupied space in our magazine world, and from the well known James F. B. Allen, who is to have edited and charge of the same, we expect a work worthy of the support of our city and country. Such a magazine we learn it is contemplated to place before the public, will at once take rank among our best magazines.

**READER IN SEARCH OF A PLEASANT COMPANION IN THE CARS.**—By the seaside, or under the shade of trees, do not fail to get this pleasant volume of summer reading. Among the pleasant companions of the home, we have found none more pleasant. The plot, though not very unusual, is nevertheless well conceived. The plot is not pretentious, or the style is, in no way improved, and the language is sufficient life in this work, make the reader a willing and interested companion from the first to the last page of the book. He pleases his readers, for he has written a very clever and pleasant book.

**TECHNOLOGIST.**—The *Technologist*, or *Industrial Monthly* for July is at hand. It is profusely illustrated, and filled with information of great value to the practical mechanic. It may be obtained of the news agents.

**WARREN ACADEMY.**—A Preparatory School, to be known as the Warren Academy, is being organized in the thriving suburban city of Boston—Woburn. It was our privilege recently to make a trip to this place, being attracted by the new school, we were met by the old Warren Academy rejuvenated. Since the age has demanded science to be taught in our colleges, and schools of science to be founded, so those in turn have demanded that we should have a preparatory school to fit students especially for them. In New York City, Prof. A. C. Colby has established his Preparatory Scientific School, and now Warren Academy has come forward to meet the demand in Massachusetts. It is intended to be simply to teach from the book, but by actual laboratory practice, to take charge of this school, Prof. L. S. Burbank has been called, a man fully competent in every respect, and a man known among the educators and scientists, especially as an able educator and as an original investigator in his special field of labor.

One feature this academy possesses which is shared by no other, as far as we know. It is that it possesses a physical laboratory as well as a chemical. The University of Pennsylvania has just fitted up such for the use of its students, and has considered this in this respect in advance of other colleges. But Warren Academy has surpassed every other preparatory school in this respect, as it has placed five laboratories in the main building. At the recent examinations for admission to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the students from this institution were admitted; three of them to advanced standing.

We have the best authority for saying that no other preparatory school has ever sent to the Institute a larger or better fitted class. This is certainly a good beginning for the first year's work—*Yale College Courier*.

**STATUTE TAX.**—The State Tax of Woburn is \$10,520.

## WOBBURN OLD CEMETERIES.

BY W. H. CUTLER.

### THE FIRST AND OLDEST.

WE now leave the assemblage of grave-stones, and ascend the elevation surmounted by the Baldwin monument. From this high summit a fine view of the whole burying ground, with its principal plot, cedar, locust and other forest trees, is obtained. The evergreen trees, which contrast so gracefully with these are recent. The obelisk to the memory of the Hon. Loammi Baldwin, who died October 20, 1807, and "erected by his children," is about ten feet high, constructed of nine courses of granite ashlar, crowned by a pyramidal granite cap. Beneath the obelisk is a tomb, whose entrance is concealed with earth. Colonel Baldwin was distinguished for his military, civil, and professional services, and as the friend and correspondent of Count Rumford. His son, of the same name and profession, was the celebrated constructor of the dry dock at the Charles Town Navy Yard.

Passing up the outside path of all, on the side of the ground nearest the fence on the brow of the hill, we meet the stones of Jacob Rhodes, John Lamson, and Jacob Frothingham, all of Charles Town, who died in 1776 the year following the destruction of their former home in Charlestown by the British on the day of Bunker Hill Battle. Frothingham was a chaise-maker, Lamson had been a schoolmaster, and Rhodes came to Charlestown from Boston. Next we perceive the long range of stones to members of the Snow, Brooks, and Wyman families, and the stones of Mr. Nathan (1773) and Mrs. Huldah Wyman (1768), ancestors of Nathan Wyman, Esq., late the esteemed town clerk, and a diligent antiquary. The first Nathan Wyman was a wheelwright, and died February 4, 1773 in his seventy-eighth year. His wife, Huldah, died in her sixty-eighth year. His stone contains a long and elaborate epitaph.

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## A SHOWMAN'S GRATITUDE.

It must have been in or about the year 1850, that a peripatetic circus company pitched their tent in the village of Staunton, in the valley of Virginia, for the profit to be reaped from the patronage of country gentlemen, yokels and plantation hands, and gave such entertainment of light, fantastic equestrianism, athletic contortion and ground-and-lofty tumbling as has not yet lost its periodical vogue for rural neighborhoods. The small village inn and every other receptacle for transitory guests in the place were taxed to give temporary domicile to the small army of show people; but one there was of the cavalcade who, instead of billeting with his comrades, took the first opportunity to slip away from both tent and village, and follow a road winding afar among retired plantations.

This was a mere boy, haggard and precociously marked of glance and figure, escaping from a bondage in which frequent stripes had not been wanting to make him something lower than a horse in the night of the arena. Things had come to such a pitch in his maltreated young life, that he preferred a future of beggary on foot to the last countedinsel of the beggar on horseback, and upon reaching the stately Brighthelm plantation he began his new career by asking at the door for a glass of water. The sight of a white boy on the tramp was a novelty for that part of the country in those patriarchal days, and hence the whole household, with the planter at their head, were attracted to the scene. Upon being kindly questioned by old Mr. Brighthelm, the fugitive smile of the circus frankly revealed his story and situation, and that with a piteous earnestness of speech and manner which might have excited sympathy from the roughest phase of human nature. His response was an offer of immediate refuge and protection in the good old, hearty, hospitable style, and the whimper with which he accepted did him no harm in the estimation of his new friends.

Thenceforth the runaway of the ring was a privileged inmate of the fine house for a year, enjoying every kindness that benevolence could devise; but at the end of that period, when another circus was tented in neighboring Staunton, and he went there to see, the influence of the old habit proved stronger in his nature than the newer ambition, and the boy being naturally of a saucy, to the saddest returned; not, however, without something gained for the redemption of his whole future life, in a sentiment of ardent gratitude to his benefactor, and an ardent to excel in his natural lot for the honor of that beneficent emotion. Only a circus rider, was he again, to be sure; but the something of a better sphere of life when he went back to horses and clowns was a something potential to make him rise above the creatures of meaner experience.

By skill as a performer, sobriety of private character, and a shrewdness not the less effectual for its honesty, his progress through the remaining years of his minority was a continual ascent, and in his twenty-first year he had attained the dignities of manager and proprietor. Many times in those prosperous days he brought his thriving circus to Staunton, and always improved the opportunity to present himself at the hospitable door where a simple glass of water had been the lens through which his friendless boyhood had caught its first view of the world's clearer face. The same welcome was there still; the same disposition in his own heart to whisper; and "God bless you," sounded in it all. The desolation of war supplanted the tent of the showman with that of the soldier in the once happy valley at last, and Sheridan rode to slaughter where erst the peace-vaulting through hoops had urged his spangled steed in the merry round of the ring.

While the circus still gathered golden gain in distant, uninvaded States, and sword waved in tempests around the home of the Brighthelms, until smoke blackened chimneys marked the place where that home had been, and churchyard closed upon the aged eye the mournful for the desolation. Not until the spring of 1870 could the circus man now well advanced in years himself, hear sight of the surviving family, that, upon the destruction of their homestead and the death of their chief, had wandered away from the old plantation. At the time mentioned, when the now mammoth equestrian enterprise was giving entertainment in Kansas, a poorly dressed, hollow cheeked man applied for some unkind employment about the tents. "Your name," said the rich showman, is Brighthelm?"

There could be but one answer reluctantly given. With a strange look the rich proprietor grasped both hands of the other in his own. "Then," said he, "you are the son of the best man that ever lived, and I think God that you have come to share in his lot."

"Your father has a mortgage upon, for eternity. Take my money, my people, my horses, my bank book, and then you'll have just the interest of the one unpaid debt of my life."

There was good feeling and no mistake; the kind of feeling that tends toward a sort of unexpectedness of origin to make it perfectly sublime, and just enough of the commonness of common nature about it to excuse nature's common way of betraying its simplest effect. The two men cried over each other without the slightest regard to sex, and then the Southerner begged off as well as he could by finally consenting to accept a loan of—that of \$5000 for the purchase of a farm.

The Yankees would not let up on him to use his own words, a cent cheaper, and added a season ticket for the whole family. Two years later the aforesaid and-out, double and twisted, died in the wool. The Yankee was at Washington with his city tents, chronic poeas, unrivaled array of talent, and other epizotic synopses. One night after the performance, he was sitting in the room of his hotel, making merry with certain friends, when a card was brought to him by a waiter, followed by its immediate invited owner, Mr. Brighthelm of Kansas, now in a high state of agricultural alliance, had called to pay back that loan, on his way down to Virginia to see what could be done for the restoration of the old place.

"He wants to pay me back, gentlemen—pay me back!" ejaculated the showman, by way of general introduction to the company. "Why, heaven bless you, my boy, it was twenty-five thousand dollars I gave you as many years ago to make you keep it—and a hundred thousand more. You're the son of the best man that ever lived—and that made a man of me; and I'd like to see myself paid back."

## THE QUEEN ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

At the jubilee meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held in London on Monday, the chairman (Lord Harrowby) announced that the following letter had been received from Sir Thomas Biddulph on the part of the Queen—"My dear Lord, The Queen has commanded me to address you, as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on the occasion of the assembly in this country of the foreign delegates connected with your association and of the jubilee of the society, to request you to give expression, publicly to Her Majesty's warm interest in the success of the efforts which are being made at home and abroad for the purpose of diminishing the cruelties practiced on dumb animals. The Queen hears and reads with horror of the sufferings which the brute creation often undergo from the thoughtlessness of the ignorant, and she feels also sometimes from experiments in the pursuit of science. For the removal of the former the Queen trusts much to the progress of education, and in regard to the pursuit of science, she hopes that the entire advantages of those anaesthetic discoveries from which man has derived so much benefit himself in the alleviation of suffering may be fully extended to the lower animals. Her Majesty rejoices that the society awakens the interest of the young by the presentation of prizes for essays connected with the subject, and hears with gratification that her son and daughter-in-law have shown their interest by distributing the prizes. Her Majesty begs to announce a donation of £100 to the funds of the society." On the previous (Sunday) evening the Bishop of Manchester preached an eloquent and forcible sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral in connection with the jubilee. In the course of his sermon, which was on cruelty to animals, Dr. Fraser remarked, in slow, clear and scornful accents—"It may be difficult to persuade a costermonger, or an officer of a crack regiment playing at the noble game of polo, or a delicate lady of fashion looking on with unshaken equanimity at the little bits of so many pairs of old gloves, if she does not venture on deeper play, while the poor, fluttering, maimed pigeons are dropped on the aristocratic turf of Hurlingham, that of such sort,—tender, sympathizing, shrinking from the infliction of needless wanton pain—is the temper of Christianity, but the fact nevertheless remains so. Cruelty to animals, by whomsoever perpetrated, whether by peer or costermonger, is certainly not included in the right of dominion which is undoubtedly given to man, and must be displeasing to Him who heareth the young ravens when they call, and without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falleth to the ground." Subsequently Dr. Fraser said that by the efforts and watchfulness of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals much of the inhumanity had been stamped. But some were still perpetrating in the name of science, some in pursuit of sport, some in the mere wantonness of the spirit that needed excitement to kill time; some in ministering to the wants of great cities; some out of simple brutality of nature. Part of these evils they might hope in time to cure, or at least alleviate, by the force of public opinion; others might be mitigated by giving more prominence to the duty of kindness to animals in the education of the young, which might well be a third classification of duty in a revised Church Catechism; and others would be robbed of what was cruel and revolting in them when men and women had learned the simple Christian lesson that pleasure was not to be purchased at any price—certainly not at the price of the needless suffering of any creature that the Lord God had made. But as long as the present order of things lasted, they must be prepared to see some pain, some suffering, and, he feared, some cruelty; for they could not by congresses or acts of Parliament, or learned essays, or eloquent speeches or sermons, change human nature, in which what the witty Frenchman called la bete still lurked, even when it seemed to have been subdued.—*Leeds (Eng.) Times.*

THE STRUGGLE FOR WEALTH.—No one can settle down in a European city or village for a month, and observe the laboring classes, without noticing a great difference between their aspirations, ambitions, and habits, and those of corresponding classes in this country. He may see great poverty in a continental town, and men and women laboring severely and toiling meekly, and a hopeless gap existing between classes; he may see the poor virtually the slaves of the rich; but he will witness a measure of contentment and a daily participation in humble pleasures to which his eyes have been strangers at home. There is a sad side to this pleasant picture. Much of this apparent contentment and enjoyment undoubtedly come from the hopelessness of the struggle for anything better, and a gulf which they have recognized from their birth; and, having recognized this, they have recognized their own limitations, and adapted themselves to them. Seeing just what they can do and cannot do, they very rationally undertake to get out of life just what their condition renders attainable. There is no crowning good for them to aim at, so they try to get what they can on the way. They make much of life days, and social gatherings, and music, and do what they can to sweeten their daily toil, which they know must be continued while the power to labor lasts.

In America it is very different. A humble backwoodsman sits in the presidential chair, or did sit there but recently; a tailor takes the highest honors of the nation; a canal driver becomes a powerful millionaire; a humble clerk grows into a merchant prince, absorbing the labor and supplying the wants of tens of thousands. In city, state and national politics, hundreds and thousands may be counted of those who, by enterprise, and self culture, and self assertion, have raised themselves from the humblest positions to influence and place. There is no impassable gulf between the low and the high. Every man holds the ballot, and therefore, every man is a person of political power and importance. The ways of business enterprise are many, and the rewards of success are abundant. Not a year, nor indeed a month passes by, that does not illustrate the comparative ease with which poor men win wealth or acquire power.

The consequence is that all but the wholly brutal are after some great goal that lies beyond their years of toil. The European expects always to be a tenant,

the American intends before he dies to own the house he lives in. If city prices forbid this, he goes to the suburbs for a home. The European knows that life and labor are cheap, and that he cannot hope to win by them the wealth which will realize for him the dream of future ease; the American finds his labor dear, and his rewards comparatively bountiful; so that his dream of wealth is a rational one. He, therefore, denies himself works early and late, and bodes his energies, and directs those of his family into profitable channels, all for the great goal that beckons him on from the far-off golden future.

The typical American never lives in the present. If he indulges in a recreation interval, it is purely for health's sake, and in great emergencies he does not waste money on pleasure, and does not approve of those who do so. He lives in a constant fever of hope and expectation, or grows sour with hope deferred or bank disappointment. Out of all goes the worship of wealth and that demoralization which results in unscrupulousness concerning the methods of its acquisition. So America presents the anomaly of a laboring class with unprecedented prosperity and privileges, and unexampled discontent and discomfort.

There is surely something better than this. There is something better than a life long sacrifice of content and enjoyment for a possible wealth, which, however, may never be acquired, and which has not the power, when won, to yield its holder the boon which he expects it to purchase. To withhold from the frugal wife the gown she desires, to deny her the journey which would do so much to break up the monotony of the home, to rear children in mean ways, to shut away from the family life a thousand social pleasures, to relinquish all amusements that have a cost attached to them, for wealth which may or may not come when the family life is broken up forever—surely this is neither sound enterprise nor wise economy. We would not have the American laborer, farmer and mechanic become improvident, but we would very much like to see them happier than they are, by resort to the daily social enjoyments which are always ready to their hand. Nature is strong in the young, and they will have society and play of some sort. It should remain strong in the old, and does remain strong in them, until it is expelled by the absorbing and subordinating passion for gain. Something of the Old World fondness for play, and daily or weekly indulgence in it should become habitual among our workers.

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the American intends before he dies to own the house he lives in. If city prices forbid this, he goes to the suburbs for a home. The European knows that life and labor are cheap, and that he cannot hope to win by them the wealth which will realize for him the dream of future ease; the American finds his labor dear, and his rewards comparatively bountiful; so that his dream of wealth is a rational one. He, therefore, denies himself works early and late, and bodes his energies, and directs those of his family into profitable channels, all for the great goal that beckons him on from the far-off golden future.

The typical American never lives in the present. If he indulges in a recreation interval, it is purely for health's sake, and in great emergencies he does not waste money on pleasure, and does not approve of those who do so. He lives in a constant fever of hope and expectation, or grows sour with hope deferred or bank disappointment. Out of all goes the worship of wealth and that demoralization which results in unscrupulousness concerning the methods of its acquisition. So America presents the anomaly of a laboring class with unprecedented prosperity and privileges, and unexampled discontent and discomfort.

There is surely something better than this. There is something better than a life long sacrifice of content and enjoyment for a possible wealth, which, however, may never be acquired, and which has not the power, when won, to yield its holder the boon which he expects it to purchase. To withhold from the frugal wife the gown she desires, to deny her the journey which would do so much to break up the monotony of the home, to rear children in mean ways, to shut away from the family life a thousand social pleasures, to relinquish all amusements that have a cost attached to them, for wealth which may or may not come when the family life is broken up forever—surely this is neither sound enterprise nor wise economy. We would not have the American laborer, farmer and mechanic become improvident, but we would very much like to see them happier than they are, by resort to the daily social enjoyments which are always ready to their hand. Nature is strong in the young, and they will have society and play of some sort. It should remain strong in the old





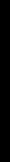
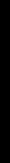










  
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# WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1874.

NO. 48.

G. R. Gage & Co.

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SPRING  
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AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,

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PUMPS AND WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

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L. THOMPSON, Jr.

## Poetry.

A SEA SONG.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The waves are glad in breeze and sun,  
The rocks are fringed with foam;  
I walk once more a haunted shore,  
A stranger, yet at home—  
A land of dreams I roam!

Is this the wind, the soft sea wind  
That stirred thy locks of brown?  
Are these the rocks whose mosses knew  
The trail of thy light gown,  
Where boy and girl sat down?

I see the gray frets of broken wall,  
The boats that rocked below;  
And, out at sea, the passing sails  
We saw so long ago,  
Rose-red in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time  
On every breeze is blown;  
As glad the sea, as blue the sky—  
The change is ours alone!  
The saddest is my own!

A stranger now, a world-worn man  
Is he who bears my name;  
But thou, methinks, whose mortal life  
Immortal youth became,  
Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not there,  
Thy place I cannot see;  
Only know that where thou art  
The blossoms of the sea,  
And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me, if the evil years  
Have left me old and gray;  
Wash out, O wind, my heart's stain,  
The many stains of mine,  
In tears of love divine!

Oh, turn to me that dearest face  
Of all the sea-born town,  
The wistful eyes of thy lids,  
Thy hair rippling down  
In waves of golden brown!

Look forth once more through space and time;  
And let thy sweet shade fall  
In tenderest grace of soul and form  
On memory's frescoed wall,  
A shadow, yet not all!

Draw near, more near, forever dear!  
Where'er I rest or roam,  
Or in the crowded city streets,  
Or by the blown sea-foam,  
The thought of thee is home!

## Selected.

### THE YOUNG VOYAGERS.

"Come Annie, come Jennie. Come

aboard my ship, and we'll have a jolly

ride this afternoon. I'll be a sea captain,

like my father, and show you how he

sails that great packet ship across the

ocean. Come, girls, get in—Annie, you

shall be my mate, and little Jennie shall

be my cook and steward."

The speaker was a handsome, fair haired

and blue-eyed boy, with bright, laughing

eyes, about ten years old, who, during his

address, was busily engaged in rigging

the mast and sail to a ship's launch, which

was made fast to the beach in one of those

coiled, picturesque little coves, or inlets, with

which the south shore of Long Island, between

Fire Island and Rockaway, is so plentifully

indented. The boy's companions were two little

girls of eight and six years, beautiful as

angels, and so exactly like their brother in

every feature, that they seemed as perfect

copies—all but the long, sunny ringlets—of

his exquisite face.

Annie, the elder girl, bounded lightly

into the boat at her brother's first invitation,

and began assisting him about the sail.

But little Jennie—who was tugging

along a great basket filled with pies, sweet

cakes and fruits, which they had brought

from a cottage not far off, for a little

picnic dinner—hesitated and held back in

silence, till her brother urged her again to

get into the boat, when she began to

argue with him thus—

"Oh, Willie, don't let us go in the boat

to-day! There is so much wind, and we

would be so wet."

"You are a little coward, Jenny, to be

afraid," interrupted the young captain,

impudently. "It is the pleasantest day

we've had this month; and it's so late in

the fall, that if we don't go to-day, I am

sure we shall not get another chance this

year. Come, Jennie, don't be frightened

—jump in!"

"Oh, I'm not at all afraid, brother."

And, clutching as she went, little Jennie's

cheeks glowing with a new courage, and

deeper vermilion tint, at the implied

question of her courage by her brother, I am

not in the least afraid, Willie. But you

know, mother has often told us that we

must not go in the boat when it blows

hard; all I'm afraid of is disobeying her."

"O, Willie, Willie! Let us go out there

and sail on that beautiful blue ocean.

Won't it be grand? So much prettier

than this little, dirty cove, with the bare

sand banks all about us."

Willie sprang to his feet, and, gazing

into the offing, his bright eyes lit up with

the enthusiasm caught from his sister's

words, and he instantly replied—

"We'll go out there and have a glorious

sail—just like the great ships and steam-

boats that we see go by."

"Oh, don't go out there, brother!" in-

terposed little Jennie, her cheek growing

pale as the delicate lily. "Don't go,

Willie! Mother will be angry with us."

"Mother will do no such thing, Jenny.

She will be proud of us to think we have

been out on the big ocean all alone. I

can very easily come back with the flood

tide that'll soon be setting in."

And without further argument the

reckless boy set his helm up, eased off

the sheet, and away out through the inlet

toward the line of blue water outside, went

the launch, hurried along before the strong

breeze, which, added to the strength of the

last quarter "ebb, bore away at a speed

that soon sunk the yellow sand ridge to a

mere line along the margin of the wide

ocean, and the white cottages with the

Venetian blinds into toy houses dotted

with bright, green specks. The colored

water—when appeared from the cove

only like a narrow strip dividing the white

surf from the azure of the ocean beyond—

expanded into a broad belt of several

miles in width. But with the fine breeze

and strong outlet of the tide, the boat

sped on, till the novelty of their posi-

tion and the natural excitement induced

by it, caused the time and space to fly

past unheeded by the young voyagers,

and a sudden dread came upon them, as

having gained the blue water, they looked

back towards the shore and saw hills,

fields, houses and orchards all blending,

growing indistinct, and fading away in

the blue distance.

There was a sense of lonely, utter help-

lessness suddenly showed their bright

visions; and there was a world of pathos

in little Jennie's sweet, low voice, as she

said her hand gently upon her brother's

arm, and looking up into his eyes, whis-

pered—

"O, Willie, let us go home. Mother

would feel very bad, if she knew we had

come away out here."

Willie bent down his head and kissed

his sister's fair, pale cheek, as he replied:

"We will go home, Jennie. I was

naughty to come off so far from the land.

But don't cry, sister. I am very sorry.

Don't blame me—I couldn't help it. I

love the sea so much."

"No, we won't blame you, Willie, only

let us hurry back; for, see, yonder is a

terrible black cloud coming up in the

west, and I am afraid if we do not—"

The child's speech was interrupted by

a groan of anguish from her brother,

whose eyes for the first time had been di-

rected towards a bank of dark, murky

clouds heaving up in the western border,

by his sister's remark; and at the very

instant that his vision first rested upon

the black pall, a chain of brilliant, zigzag

lightning rose quivering along its upper

edge, and a few minutes later, there came

to their ears the low, muttered roar of far

off thunder.

The young captain had heaved his little

vessel by the wind, but the clumsy thing

lay broad out under her little sail. Be-

sides the wind which she had scarcely

felt whirling off before it had nearly

increased so much that she keeled over

till there was great danger of her cap-

sizing, to prevent which, Willie, assisted

by his two sister set about reefing the sail.

This was soon accomplished, and again

the boat was steered as close as she would

go, which at best was little better than

eight points, so that with her great lee

way, Willie soon found that, in spite of

his utmost skill, his craft was drifting

rapidly out to sea.

Nearer and nearer rolled on the

embattled legions of black storm; louder

came the fearful thunders; more vivid

gleamed the red lightning's dash; wilder

the shrieking gale swept by, howling and

screaming dread notes of terror to the

young voyagers. The water—which in

the land was quite smooth—began to

heave up in huge, foam-crested waves,

which here and there, around them, curling

and breaking all feather-white long

lines of snowy, hissing spray. Great

round drops of rain came pattering down

in the water, and pelting on the thwart

and gunwales of the boat with a sharp

clicking noise that smote startlingly on

the ears of the three little ocean voyagers.

Young as he was, Willie retained in

his mind much of what he had heard his

father relate at various times, in regard

to the management of a ship in a gale;

and the knowledge which he had thus

gained in theory, now stood him in good

stead. He had heard of keeping a ship

before it in a squall, and of scudding in

a gale,—and the dull-sailing, clumsy boat

was his ship. The theory which he had

learned, he proceeded to put in practice;

and when the first mad gust of the yell-

ing tempest fell upon the launch, she was

going off dead before the wind—other-

wise her sail would have been swamped

in an instant. As it was, she went dash-

ing on through the wild storm and

screaming surges, scudding away, right

out into the mighty wilderness of waters.

Ten, fifteen minutes went by, and still

the war of elements went on in all its

terrible fury; and still the brave little

fleet stood there at the helm, bare-

headed, his cap blown away, his clothes

dripping with water, and steady to his

purpose, steered his tiny bark on and

away before the fierce, howling blast.

Once only he faltered, and that was

when the launch quivered for a moment

on the crest of a mighty surge, and then





**SEWARD AS A MEDIATOR.**—The following is a condensed sketch from L. B. Proctor's comprehensive work, "The Bench and Bar of New York."

Mr. Seward was a sort of standing mediator of church difficulties in this country. Contending parties in those disputes and troubles which destroy harmony and brotherly love in churches, would often mutually seek his mediation, and such was their confidence in him that each party would accept his advice, and settle amicably irreconcilable quarrels and difficulties.

An amusing incident was once the result of an appeal to him in one of these church difficulties, which had for a long time threatened the destruction of a Presbyterian church in a neighboring town. At last it was decided to submit all these difficulties to Mr. Seward, and that his decision should be entirely conclusive. He consented to become the umpire for the parties—gave them a patient hearing, and promised to send his decision in writing, and inclosed it in a letter to one of the leading members of the church.

At this time Mr. Seward was the owner of a farm in another part of the country which was occupied by a tenant to whom he wrote at the time he was about to mail the decision in the case of the church. In directing the letters, the one intended for the church was directed to his tenant, while the one intended for the tenant was sent to the church. It was duly received by the proper officer, and the members of the congregation assembled to hear the decision of Mr. Seward, which was to heal all the difficulties and dissensions.

After calling the congregation to order, the moderator, in appropriate language, explained the object of the meeting. "I hold in my hand," said he, "a paper which I am about to open and read to this assembly, which is, I have no doubt, the olive branch that is to restore harmony and prosperity to this church and congregation. It comes from one who, though a lawyer, loves the Lord and is a peacemaker." Then breaking open Mr. Seward's letter he read the following:

"You will take particular care of that old dangerous black bull, who often attacks people when unaware of his presence, and sometimes plunges at them openly. And you must carefully see to the repair of the fences, that they are built high and strong; and also see that the water in the spring is always kept pure."

There was a mystery about this advice that greatly puzzled the whole congregation, who for a long time sat in profound silence. The moderator stood like one bewildered. Presently, however, he recovered himself enough to remark:—"Brethren, I—I don't exactly—that is to say—I can hardly see how this applies to our case. Suppose we have a season of prayer over it and ask the Lord for instruction."

Accordingly the congregation knelt, and several of the leading members fervently addressed the Throne of Grace.

When the people had all resumed their seats one of the oldest, most esteemed and pious members of the church arose. "Brethren," said he, "nothing can exceed the wisdom of Mr. Seward's decision. I have no doubt that the Lord directed him when he wrote, for it is just what we need, and I know it will restore peace and harmony among us."

"Look at his great wisdom!" The direction to keep the fences in repair, is to admonish us to take good heed in the admission and government of the members of this church. We must see to it that only those who are regenerated are admitted into our fold. The direction to keep the spring open and pure, means that we must not let our faith, our love of God, and our love for each other, get clogged and cold, and our daily walk and conversation corrupted by the weak and beggarly elements of the world.

"And besides, we must in a particular manner, set a watchful guard over the devil—the old, dangerous black bull, who often attacks us when we are not aware of his presence, and who, with his long, horns, plunges at us openly, and who has made a great many savage plunges at this church in particular."

These remarks opened the eyes of all the people present to the wisdom and enlightened piety of Mr. Seward's decision.

It was soon unanimously resolved to abide by it, and peace, good will and prosperity were restored to the church, brotherly love took the place of hatred, and piety increased. Almost forty years have elapsed since this remarkable decision was received by that church. Its organization has been continued down to the present time with uninterrupted prosperity.

What effect Mr. Seward's letter had on his tenant has never been known.

**THE BACK SIDES OF HOUSES.**—Take the prettiest and best kept villages of New England and we doubt if a tenth part of even the most pretentious mansions and the most ornate cottages will bear examination in the rear. Instead of being nicely finished in all their petty domestic details and conveniences, and kept snug and trim with trim grass plots, with all the subordinate avenues and garden approaches well graveled, clean swept and free of refuse, and everything wholesome and orderly, there is apt to be a look of general untidiness, as if to all the residual rubbish of years had been dumped there. Not unfrequently a railroad runs its tracks in such a manner as to expose the rear of plenty of houses to the eye of the traveler over it—whose sense of neatness is offended by the square rods of back yard lumbered up with every conceivable variety of second hand, damaged and inviolable articles known to domestic use, from a horse cart disabled by broken shafts and wrecked wheels, to the ghost of the baby carriage which survives two generations of children; interspersed with smashed crockery, rusty and condemned tin ware, old boots, sardine boxes, disabled junk bottles, hoop skirts, which have outlived all usefulness if they had ever had any, chips, burdock, mullein, ashes, half burned lumps of wasted coal, and all imaginable litter, trash, debris and dirt. On the other hand, nothing is prettier than a cottage which is thoroughly well kept in rear as well as its more public portion. It seems inevitably redolent of a purer, sweeter, happier, domestic life than one with heaps of festering rubbish crowding hard upon it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

**MAKE IT TWO DOLLARS.**—Col. Orzo J. Dodds, late member of Congress from the first district of Ohio, tells a good story about a call he recently received at his office from a man who claimed to be an editor from Arkansas. He was a very seedy-looking chap, and appeared as though he had but recently come off from a six weeks' spree. Bowing profoundly, then striking an attitude, with one hand on his heart, and the other exclaiming with a dramatic air:—"Have I the honor of addressing the Hon. Orzo J. Dodds?"

"My name is Dodds, but I am no longer an honorable," said the colonel. "Not an honorable? Dodds not an honorable? Now, by St. Paul, when I see that honest face, on which all the gods at once seem to set their seal, (green seal), murmured Dodds to himself, I read nothing dishonorable."

"That's right," said Dodds; "never read anything dishonorable. But to business."

"Yes, as you say, to business. I am a printer—I might say with no unbecoming blush, an editor. I am from the noble State of Arkansas, the only state, by the way, able and willing to support two Governors at the same time. But I have been unfortunate. Much have I been tossed through the ire of cruel Juno, and—"

"Juno, how is it yourself?" broke in the colonel.

"Indicted by the world's rude storm, you see me here a stranded wreck. Scarce three moons past I left my office in charge of a worthy foreman, and sought the peaceful vales and the calm retreats of the Muskogum valley, where my childhood sported. Returning, I stopped in Cincinnati. I fell into evil company, and—why dwell on details? Enough that I am—that I am—disheartened, ruined, broke! A mark for scorn to point her slow, unerring finger at. As I was about to give up in despair, having given up everything else I had, I thought of you, Sir. I am here, but I have not sent for me, but I have come! Your name, sir, is honored from one end of this great republic to the other. It glows in the stars, refreshes the breeze, warms the sun, and blossoms on the trees."

When the national treasury was threatened by a horde of greedy Congressmen, you stood like a wall of adamant between the people and those infamous salary grabbers. Lend me a dollar!"

"My dear sir," the colonel hastened to explain, "you mistake the case entirely. I was one of the grabbers."

"You were?" (grasping the colonel's hand warmly) "so much the better!" Let me congratulate you that a parsimonious public could not frighten you out of what was a fair remuneration for your invaluable services. I am glad that your pecuniary circumstances are so much better than I supposed. Make it two dollars!"

And the colonel did. It was the only clean thing left for him to do.

"The delusions of drink are numberless, but there is one of them which stands in the way of reform so decidedly that it calls for decided treatment. We decide to the notion that it is a nice thing to drink nice liquors or wines at one's home, to offer them to one's friends, and to make them minister to good fellowship at every social gathering, while it is a very different thing to drink bad liquor, in bad places, and in large quantities. A man full of good wine feels that he has a right to look with contempt upon the Irishman who is full of bad whiskey. It is not a long time since the election of a professor in a British university was opposed solely on the ground that he neither drank wine nor offered it to his friends; and when by a small majority his election was effected, the other professors decided not to recognize him socially. There are thus two men whom these sicklers despise—viz: the man who gets drunk on bad liquor, and the man who drinks no liquor at all. Indeed they regard the latter with a hatred or contempt which they do not feel for the poor drunkard.—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

"The Japanese believe that the Milky Way is a river in the heavens, and they have this tradition: In the age when only duties occupied this earth, Shiojuku was the wife of Kenjin. They are now the stars which we call Castor and Pollux. He had a box which he commanded her never to open. She disobeyed, and as she took off the cover a cloud of five colors spread from it and rose up to heaven. Kenjin was exceedingly angry. He summoned the cloud to come to him, and having mounted on it he ascended to heaven. His wife followed after him. But he had already crossed the river. Knowing that she could not follow, she fell on her face and cried, confessing her disobedience to his command. Then he appeared on the opposite bank, and said they could not live together as before, but would be seen together in the evening of the sixth day of the seventh month in every year, and then the river would be in the condition to be crossed. Thus they always live on the opposite sides of the river, and can meet only once a year."

"When man begins life, heaven is like a picture on the ceiling of a cathedral. He has to bend his neck out of shape to see it, and don't like it after he has seen it. Before long it seems to him like a good place in which to get away from hell, a kind of insurance office. Then it becomes a matter of sentiment. But, at last, when the real lot of life comes, and God's love shows itself in his discipline, and the yoke is heavy on his neck, his suffering interprets heaven for him as he never saw it before. What a dry place heaven is to many until a sister goes there, and a mother and a sister! Then it becomes populous. To many a man the door of heaven is shut until his little child goes up to open it for him. I have five up there. So we build our own heaven out of our griefs and pleasures, and we know that everything will be far better than we have sketched it.—*Beecher.*

"A Mormon bridegroom was simultaneously married to three blushing brides in Salt Lake City recently. Some confusion was created after the ceremony by each bride persisting her individual right to the first kiss."

**THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.**—Geo. Cary Eggleston, who is writing "A Rebel's Recollections," in the Atlantic Monthly, says he has never yet known a thoroughly "reconstructed" woman. Having with their woman natures given themselves wholly to the cause, and loving it heartily when it gave promise of a sturdy life, the women of the South almost worship it now that they have strewn its bed with flowers. In illustration of their zeal and self-immolating devotion to the cause nearest their hearts, Mr. Eggleston gives numerous anecdotes some of which are of a striking character as to make one marvel that a principle thus adhered to and defended could have been inherently wrong and doomed to death. One elderly lady declared that she shouldn't want to go to heaven if she thought she should find any Yankees there. Another was convinced from the first that the South would fail, because they had permitted Yankees to build railroads through the South. "I tell you," she would say, "that's what they built the railroads for!" A federal colonel and his staff made a family the unwilling recipients of a call one morning. Seeing the piano open, the colonel asked a young lady of the house to play, but she declined. He then went to the instrument himself, but had hardly begun to play when the damsel raising the piano top, severed nearly all the strings with a hatchet, saying to the astonished performer, as she did so: "That piano belongs to me and it shall not give you a minute's pleasure." The colonel bowed, apologized, and replied: "If all your people are as ready to make costly sacrifices, we might as well go home." One lady of the writer's acquaintance knocked in the heads of a dozen cakes of choice wine rather than allow some federal officers to sip as many glasses of it. Another destroyed her own library, which was very precious to her, when that seemed the only way in which she could prevent the staff of a general officer, camped near her, from enjoying a few hours' reading in her parlor every morning. In New Orleans a young lady had elaborately framed and hung in the drawing room a letter from Gen. Butler, in which he had written, "That black-eyed Miss B. seems to me an incorrigible little devil whom even prison fare won't tame." Miss B. called it her "certificate of good behavior." When the hospitals of Richmond were filled with wounded men and the surgeons found it impossible to dress that city put their hands and hearts to the work and saved hundreds of lives. When nitre was found to be growing scarce, and the supply of gunpowder was consequently about to give out, women all over the land dug up the earth in their smoke houses and tobacco barns, and with their own hands faithfully extracted the desired salt, for use in the government laboratories. More than one household of women, from the moment that food began to grow scarce, refused to eat meat or drink coffee, living upon vegetables of a speedily perishable sort, in order that they might leave the more for the soldiers in the field. By depriving herself of nourishing food in this way one lady paid the penalty of her life, which she thus cheerfully gave to the precious cause. "God bless the Virginia women!" said a general officer from one of the cotton States, one day, "they're worth a regiment apiece!" and he spoke the thought of the rebel army, except that their blessing covered the whole South as well as Virginia.

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**QUAKER BITTERS**  
These celebrated Bitters are composed of choice Roots, Herbs, and Barks, among which are Gentian, Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, Juniper, and other purgative and tonic ingredients. They invariably cure or greatly relieve the following complaints: Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Bilious Attacks, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Ague, Cold Chills, Rheumatism, Summer Complaints, Piles, Kidney Diseases, Female Difficulties, Lassitude, Low Spirits, General Debility, and, in fact, everything caused by an impure state of the Blood or deranged condition of Stomach, Liver, or Kidneys. They are sold in the Quaker Bitters a gentle, soothing stimulant, so desirable in their declining years. No one can remain long unwell (unless afflicted with an incurable disease) after taking a few bottles of the Quaker Bitters.

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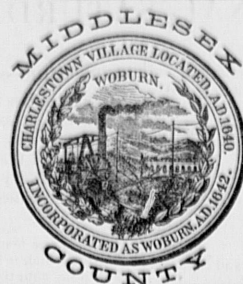
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# WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1874.

NO. 49.

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## Poetry.

### IN SLUMBEROUS SUMMER.

BY EARL MARBLE.

The hammock's nettings clasp me fast,  
In a slumberous swoon to an end,  
While the sea air steals with a cooling breath  
To disport the day to the fervid glow.

From the grass I hear the sunny chirp,  
Or the robin, hooting, hopping along;  
While above me the oriole thrills the air  
With a rich, melodious burst of song.

No more of the earth! my body sleeps;  
And my soul escapes its jail for a time—  
The body's senses, revelling free,  
In its native clime of song and rhyme.

Ah! how of what worth are the loves of earth?  
Did Titian's soul, or Raphael's  
Ever meet with a face of such rare grace,  
Or a crown like a bunch of asphodels;

Or their pencils paint an outline faint  
Of the glimmering soul as it shimmered through,  
To vie with the radiant vision of bliss  
That bursts on my soul's unhampered view?

Dreaming is life. After all, the strife  
And battle of earth are the "netting" of sleep;  
While the life of the soul, and the consciousness of  
That none may feel or hear or know.

Dreaming is life—where the fatter soul  
In reality lingers its bright ideal;  
And though its bright images dance around,  
Thou'gth's petty toys far more real.

And in dreams I lived for a pleasant hour,  
A life seeming sweet as real and rare,  
And floated along in a maze of song  
That seemed as a part of the ambient air.

But life's bright day, when in spirit we roam  
When the angel of dreams, for a moment too brief,  
Throws open the prison doors binding to earth  
The weary soul welcoming each glad relief.

Is also succeeded by night and sleep,  
Where the soul wanders back to the earth in its dreams,  
And hark and lingers for the loves and the songs  
That only are found where the future light gleams.

So in a maze fell asleep when the day's  
Effulgence on hill-top and cloud was aglow,  
And in dreams seemed to float in aerial boat,  
To a soft-breathing music so plaintive and low.

Ah! what a surprise when I opened my eyes!  
So I had been dreaming in heavenly spheres!  
The while my dull body had slumbered in hour,  
My spirit had breathed in its love-life for years.

Enveloped in fog that was chilling and dense,  
By earthly and material life I was bound;  
I looked once again—but, alas! all in vain—  
For the foretaste of bliss that made earth's sorrows flee.

Where now were the lips that were crimson with life,  
And cheeks that were rich with the sun's dying gleam?  
A rattle of wings and a glimmering breast,  
And again it would seem like a summer day's dream.

And where were the glory and wealth that fell down,  
From the radiant crown of the vision so fair?  
One sweetly trifled note from the oriole's throat,  
And a quick-flying gleam flashing through the dense air.

Ah! what is this but a vision of life?  
What is all this sweetest song and its tenderest love?  
Pursue in a maze the end of your days,  
And on at the last 'tis a will-o'-the-wisp.

—Adeline for August.

## Selected.

### AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

For five and forty years I have borne the name of Peter Smith. Though you have never heard of me, I flatter myself that my family name will be familiar to you. I am quiet in my habits, and I believe, not disposed to interfere with the rights of other men, yet even this did not avail to save me some ten years' exile from becoming involved in an affair of honor. Let me tell you how it happened.

At the time of which I speak I was an inmate of Mrs. Jones's family. I use the word inmate advisedly, since it was well known that Mrs. Jones never took boarders. In fact she expressly gave me to understand that her only inducement in taking me was the pleasure she expected to derive from my society; that she was far above mercenary considerations. Of course I felt flattered by the compliment thus insinuated, though I confess I was somewhat surprised, since all mercenary considerations were disclaimed, to be charged a higher rate for board than I had ever paid. Still I did not demur, feeling certain that I had at length found a home.

Let me describe Mrs. Jones, my hostess. Physically speaking, I should say that she came of a great family, her proportions being most aristocratic. In her demeanor towards me she was always very gracious and condescending, for which I felt properly grateful. She always came to the table arrayed in a stiff satin, the very rustic of which betrayed her consequence, and impressed me with my comparative insignificance.

Mrs. Jones had a daughter, by name Sophronia. In external appearance she was quite unlike her parent, being exceedingly tall and slender, while the other was short and plump. In a copy of verses she was kind enough to show me, some enthusiastic young man had the temerity to call her a sylph. I do not know much about sylphs, never having seen one to my knowledge; but I question much whether sylphs have red hair, or noses with an upward tendency. I have my doubts also as to whether sylphs equine. Still I am far from denying that Miss Sophronia Jones was a sylph, since that belief evidently afforded her satisfaction.

Early next morning, while in the momentary expectation of hearing the breakfast bell, I was startled by a knock at the door. Immediately afterwards entered a tall man, "bearded like a pard." He introduced himself to me as a cousin of Sophronia, and intimated that, having heard of my difficulty of the previous evening, he had come to offer his services as my second.

Thanking him for his kindness, I said I had not as yet decided to call out the gentleman in question.

"Not yet decided?" repeated my visitor, springing to his feet, causing me to conceive that he was to be given the same evening by Signora Fafaluna. I have a poor memory for Italian names but this is

the name to the best of my recollection.

"I wish I could go, ma," said the fair Sophronia.

"So you could, my dear," replied Mrs. Jones, "if you had a gentleman protector."

Thereupon she began to declaim against the customs of society which preclude a lady's attending a place of amusement without a gentleman, lamenting that Sophronia had on this account been more than once debarred from gratifying her exquisite taste in music.

Of course I could not in politeness refrain from offering my escort, although I would thereby be prevented from attending the weekly meeting of the club of which I was a member.

Sophronia, in great confusion, said she could not think of troubling me.

I began to hope that she would not, but her mother quickly silenced her scruples by saying that she was a silly girl (thirty-five she is a day), and that she must not think of refusing.

Sophronia made no further objection, and I had the pleasure of paying a high price for a couple of tickets.

Nature not having bestowed on me a musical ear, I could enter but indifferently into the rapture of my companion, who pronounced Signora Fafalini's singing divine, although she considered her quite devoid of personal attractions. The Signora being built after the same model as Sophronia I quite agreed with her in this bit of criticism.

"Do you know," whispered my companion, confidentially, "I have myself thought at times that I was designed by nature to be a prima donna or an opera singer like Signora Fafalini?"

"Then why did you not become one?" I inquired.

"Because ma had such an objection to anything of a public character. She felt that I should be dominated by so doing, and advised me to content myself with contributing to the gratification of my friends at home. You have never heard me sing, I think?"

I had at times heard a shrill voice, in a very high key, as I sat in my room, which had struck me as being far from agreeable. I thought it best, however, without mentioning this, to utter a simple negative.

"You must not expect much," continued Sophronia; "my voice is rough and unmelodious. Ma is always telling me that I ought to devote more attention to it; but I can never sleep except when the inspiration seizes me. If you will come in to-morrow evening I will sing to you, if you will like."

I expressed my thanks for this disinterested kindness, and as the concert was finished, I proceeded to escort the lady home.

As we were making our way through the crowd, it chanced that some one accidentally or otherwise, jostled my companion.

She immediately seized my arm convulsively, and informed me that she had been insulted.

"Who did it?" stammered I; for I confess that my courage is not of the highest order.

In reply Sophronia pointed out a tall gentleman with a fierce moustache, who standing at a little distance.

Mentally deciding that it might not be prudent to have an altercation with such a person, I hastened to assure my companion that it might have been an accident.

"No," said she, very decidedly. "It was not an accident. It was intentional. I wish you to demand an apology in my name."

"Don't you think it would be better," said I, in great embarrassment, to treat him with silent contempt?"

ended? But perhaps I do not understand you?"

I intimated, rather uncomfortably that I had conscientious scruples against the practice of the duello.

"Conscientious fiddlesticks!" interrupted my visitor. "Sir, you must fight. There is no alternative. A lady has been insulted while under your protection. You must see to it."

"But you have no quarrel with Captain Brown?" said I.

"You misunderstand me," said he, gravely. "Unless you challenge Captain Brown, I shall understand it as a personal disrespect to my cousin, and shall challenge you. Choose which of us you will fight."

This was said so resolutely that I succumbed at once. I reflected that, while there was equal danger to be incurred in a duel with my visitor, there would be less credit.

"Shall I write the missive?" inquired my companion, who called himself Lieutenant Eustace.

"Yes," said I, faintly.

He sat down at my desk, and in a few minutes produced the following:

"Sir, you grossly insulted a young lady while under my protection, last evening. As a man of honor I call upon you either for an ample apology, or for the usual satisfaction accorded in such cases. I send this by Lieutenant Eustace, who is to act as my friend."

Yours, etc., PETER SMITH.

"CAPTAIN ACHILLES BROWN."

Having signed this, with some misgivings I inquired as to the character of this Captain Brown.

"Don't know much about him," said my friend, "but I presume he is a regular fighter."

This was satisfactory—very.

"Suppose," said I, in a tremulous voice, "you cross the word 'ample' before 'apology.' I shall consider the apology sufficient."

"But I shall not," was the lieutenant's emphatic reply.

There was no more to be said. I departed with his missive; and I was left in no very enviable frame of mind; on his return, "has he apologized?" I inquired eagerly.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply; "he vows that he will shed the last drop of his blood first."

"What a sanguinary monster he must be," was my internal reflection.

The meeting is appointed for to-morrow morning, an hour before sunrise. I resumed the lieutenant. "It is to take place at Hoboken; weapons, pistols; distance, fifteen paces."

"To think you should risk your life for me," whispered the fair Sophronia.

"Miss Sophronia," said I, with suitable deference, "no one shall with impunity insult a lady while under my protection."

During a portion of the afternoon I practiced shooting at a mark, and was never more lively than at the tea table. Lieutenant Eustace, who was present, seemed considerably surprised at the change in my demeanor, and was evidently puzzled to account for it. After tea I invited the company to witness my will, which I had drawn up for the sake of producing an impression. It proved quite a master stroke. I noticed that Lieutenant Eustace treated me with increasing respect, while Sophronia repeated several times under her breath, but loud enough for me to hear,—"Brave man!"

All this I enjoyed, and took the opportunity to discourse severely upon the sacredness of honor, in defense of which, I asserted that any man ought to be willing to lay down his life.

In the course of the afternoon I had the pleasure of witnessing the sailing of the Ariel, with Captain Brown on board. Whether this slight circumstance had anything to do with inspiring in me the elevated sentiment, I leave the reader to judge.

It was morning at an early hour I proceeded to the field with my second.

Captain Achilles Brown was nowhere to be seen!

I professed a great deal of disappointment, and insisted on waiting three hours to allow him time to appear. Of course it was in vain. All, however, testified to the remarkable courage which I displayed under the circumstances, and tendered their congratulations. The affair even found its way into the papers, and I found myself all at once elevated into a hero. I could not walk Broadway without being fervently pointed out as the celebrated duelist. Among the ladies, particularly, I became an object of great attention—a circumstance that may well excite surprise, when it is considered that my only claims to their regard lay in my having been implicated in an affair which the moral sense of the community presumes to condemn.

Soon afterward I left my boarding place to the great regret of the fair Sophronia. I afterward learned that, had I shown the white feather, it was arranged that Lieutenant Eustace should force me into a marriage with his cousin, on pain of a duel with himself. The extraordinary show of courage which I exhibited, imposed upon him to such an extent that he did not think it advisable to offer the alternative, lest I should accept the duel.

I have heard nothing of Captain Achilles Brown since the memorable day on which he did me the service to sail for Cuba. Had he possessed a little more courage I should to think what might have been the result.

CHEAT LABOR—"I only wonder," said Phil to Uncle Clarence, "that an eastern king ever had money enough to build a pyramid. Just think of this statement of veridicality! One hundred thousand men worked on the great pyramid uninterruptedly for twenty years. How could one man keep such a number of workmen?"

"It would cost something in our country, to carry on such a work, it is true. Let us make a rough estimate at a dollar and a half a day, which is a low price for a laboring man."

Uncle Clarence and Phil each took up a scrap of paper, and ciphered away silently for a few minutes.

"Over one billion dollars for the men's wages," said Phil, "to say nothing of the other great expenses."

"Yet these poor Egyptian workmen probably got nothing for their labor but the most meagre supply of the coarsest food that would sustain life. They were worked by cruel taskmasters, who wrung from them the greatest amount of labor the human frame could sustain. However work or underfeeding, or pestilence swept them off by hundreds, it was of no consequence. A fresh company were immediately ordered to fill the ranks. Men and human life were so cheap in those days, that despots could perform any work on which their minds were bent."

"The Pasha of Egypt once desired to make a canal from the Nile to Alexandria. He sent out his commands, and swept up from the Delta, two hundred and fifty thousand men, women and children. They were commanded to dig the canal in one month. Their implements of labor were few, but there was only one month's provisions furnished them, and death by starvation was their outlook, if they failed to accomplish their task. They must work till the last man died at his post, unless the work was done. The men worked with the energy of despair. The children carried away the earth in their tiny hands. Mothers laid down their suffering babies to toil at the rough work. If they paused to quiet their aching, the scourge drew blood from their bare shoulders. The work was not done in time, and then the famine came. The graves of twenty-five thousand people were made on the line of the canal, which is only an avenue upon your map. Do you wonder now that the pyramids could be built up in such a hasty way?"

"A little canal of twenty-three miles was wanted in China in 1825. Time must be precious there, though life is so cheap. Only six weeks were given in which to dig it, though it went through great forests and over extensive marshes. Twenty thousand men worked upon it night and day, and over seven thousand died of fatigue."

## AUTUMN WORK IN THE GARDEN.

Vick's Floral Guide No. 4, for the present year is out. It opens as follows:—

Another season of buds and blossoms will soon be numbered among the past. A few weeks more and the early frost will despoil us of our choicest floral treasures. The ripening leaves are about putting on their gala dress of gold and crimson, previous to bidding us a long farewell. The lessons of the past season have been many and instructive. The education of the successful gardener is never completed. Every year adds to his stock of knowledge, and carefully he treasures up in memory every precious truth, every secret snatched from nature's guarded treasures. The inventor or mechanic may try a series of experiments in a month or week, and if he fails, try again. The gardener can make but one series of experiments in a year, and but few in all time. Hence, our work should be well done, and while we must wait let us also watch. The good gardener, too, must possess almost a boundless supply of forethought. In winter he must prepare for spring, and in summer for winter. It is difficult, in the midst of summer glories, to tear ourselves away from the garden and sit down and write of autumn and winter and their requirements. We will, however, endeavor to exercise the same forethought that we commend to others.

Early autumn is the best possible time for re-arranging beds of herbaceous plants, such as Hollyhocks, Delphiniums, Peonies, etc. Roots can be divided without injury, and generally with great benefit to the health of the plants. Lilacs, and all Hardy Bulbs, such as Hyacinths, Tulips, &c., should be made as early as the Bulbs can be procured, which is generally about the latter part of September.

Plants that are somewhat tender in the North, such as Trilliums, Pampas Grass, &c., and any other tender plants that it would be desirable to save over the winter, may be secured in pits, the construction of which we have decided in the last number of the "Guide." Hollyhocks winter well in a pit, and so will young Pansy plants, if they have plenty of air.

There is no season so favorable as autumn for making general improvements in the garden. The American autumn weather is superb. Our springs are short, and yet quite long enough, for our spring weather is miserable; cold winds, rain and snow and mud and sleet. All important changes in the garden, should therefore, be made in the pleasant dry weather of autumn. Dig up and put in order every vacant bed, and as it will not only facilitate spring work, but do the soil good and have a neater appearance than if left rough and weedy. Above all things do not make a manure heap or a barrow of the front lawn. Way people think it necessary to cover their lawns with rotting, unsightly manure six months in the year is more than we can imagine. A well made lawn will not need enriching in a century, for there is nothing taken from it, and it becomes richer and richer every year. The fact is, our old lawns become too rich and humid, and need, if anything a dressing of lime or ash. Then grass needs no protection in winter, and even if it did, how very sensible it is to rake off every bit that falls from the trees, just the protection and manure that nature provides—and put in their place the odious and odiferous manure that causes every passer to imitate the Levite in the parable.

Most people have observed, no doubt that seed sown in the autumn, will produce a crop of the most healthy plants that bloom the most freely. This is true of several kinds, and particularly of those that suffer under exposure to our mid-summer suns. The reason is, that self-sown seeds get a very healthy growth in the spring, vegetating as soon as frost is gone, and are good sized plants at the time we usually put seeds in the ground. They thus mature and flower during the cool weather of spring. The Clarkias and Nemophilas and Annual Larkspur are noted examples. There are also several varieties of Hardy Annuals that do well with spring sowing that will bear autumn sowing in the open ground, and reward us with early spring flowers. Sweet Alyssum, and White Candytuft, will give us abundance of white for early cutting, if sown in the autumn. In a sandy soil the Portulaca may be sown in autumn with good success. Seeds of Biennials and Perennials, if sown early enough to produce strong little plants, will flower the next summer, and Pansies, Chinese Pinks, though they bloom the first summer if sown in the spring, will make much stronger plants and flower more freely and earlier if young plants are grown in the autumn. The Pansies sometimes suffers in the winter, but if the young plants are put in a frame and covered with a few loose boards or a little matting, being always sure to give air, they will pass the winter in safety. In another place we shall give a list of seeds suitable for autumn sowing.

All bulbs and plants that die down to the ground in the autumn may be protected by covering the surface of the earth with leaves or manure or straw, but plants that retain their leaves during winter will not bear this kind of protection. A few evergreen hedges between the plants, or some light open covering of this kind, is all they will bear without injury. We have seen some plants smothered and rotted by heavy covering that saved.

One reason why salt codfish are such dry eating is that they weep all the moisture out of their bodies. Along the wharves of Gloucester are seen thousands of them in tiers.

## PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY.—Some

time in July a farmer living in Warren County, New Jersey, offered through the columns of a New York paper to give some poor working girl of New York, free board at his house for ten or twenty days, and to send to the St. John's Guild the necessary amount to pay her fare to and from the city, if the officers of the institution would select a proper person to receive the intended privilege. He thought there were thousands of farmers within a radius of one hundred miles of New York, who might do likewise, and he made his offer publicly to "start the ball." Doubtless this practical philanthropist has before now fulfilled his promise, and some sewing woman is bending over her needle with an unwonted hush on her cheek and sparkle in her eye, caught from the fields and streams.

The suggestion of the New Jersey farmer is as good for his brethren in New England as for those to whom he addressed it. Our friends of the country, however, need not go abroad for an example. Early in July Miss Jennie Collins received from a family in Brookfield an offer to take for a few weeks some worthy shop girl to be selected by her. They did not feel able to make an absolute gift to the girl, but expected her to assist in the household duties a few hours each day; but a letter received from the beneficiary by Miss Collins, is enough to show that she was not only contented and happy, but thoroughly delighted. There are very few farmers within fifty miles of Boston who would not gladly give a summer vacation home to a city sewing girl if they could afford it, and they might try the Brookfield plan, and there would be no lack of girls willing to assist the farmer's wives in the extra house work which having time and summer boarders will bring for the sake of a fortnight's escape from brick walls and heated pavements.

There is no time in the year when work in the shops is duller, and when more sewing girls are idle than in midsummer. Then is the time when the farmer's wives most need the assistance these girls would be glad to give. Here are the conditions of supply and demand, and only a philanthropic mediator is needed to secure a rich profit.—Boston Advertiser.

A WESTERN CASABIANCA.—A friend sends us the following. It reminds one of Casabianca, but two points of difference are noticed: Casabianca would not take water, but the Washington youngster did; Casabianca got "blowed up" this one did not.

There is nowadays a good deal of complaint about the want of obedience to parental authority on the part of the rising generation, especially on the part of the boys. A case was heard of the other day which proves that there are noble exceptions to the average boy of the period. A young son of one of the principal examiners in the recent office at Washington went to pass his school vacation at an uncle's in Kentucky, near the Ohio river. There was but one restriction on the scope of his amusements. Horses, dogs, rifles, shot guns, etc., were freely allowed as companions of his amusement, but as his cousins were as fond of the water as so many ducks, he was requested to swim the boat which his cousins were wont to use in their aquatic excursions. He promised faithfully, like the dutiful lad he is, and departed rejoicing. A recent letter to his father graphically describes various excursions and the good times he has enjoyed, among the very last one in which the cousins had desired to visit the Ohio shore. "They went over in the boat," writes the boy, "but I remembered your wishes in that respect, and so swam the river!" It is understood that the next mail announced to the youngster that the embargo upon the boat had been removed.—Editor's Drawer in Harper's for September.

CAR MANNERS.—The English ideas are prevailing that a man's fare entitles him to a seat, and that railroad companies, and not passengers, must furnish sittings to their customers. For this change in public sentiment the ladies have only to thank themselves. It is the rarest thing for a New York woman to thank a gentleman for yielding his seat. It is accepted with an air of impudence that seems to marvel at the impudence of a man in sitting down at all. Two women will occupy three seats, though the man is standing who yielded his sitting to the new comers. If a lady come into a car with an associate, and a gentleman gets up to make room for her, she will watch her chances and smuggle in her male friend, leaving the polite gentleman to hold on by the car strap. Men tire of this, and, tired with their work, and anxious to read their papers, the great majority of them keep their seats to the end. It is a common thing for mothers to take a four-year old in their arms and enter the cars, confidently expecting that no man will be brute enough to see a woman standing up with a child. The seat yielded, the child is clapped down in it, and the woman looks around for some body to give her a seat. These little tricks are well understood, and, after standing a few blocks the mother will sit down and take the child on her lap. No body yields a seat in an omnibus nor at a stage. Gentlemen don't give up their state rooms because ladies have to sit up—and there is a growing feeling that if passengers cannot find seats in one car, they must take the next.

"Papa, do you think that Beech—" "Hash, Johnnie!" "But, papa, don't you think Beech—" "Didn't you hear me tell you to stop your noise? I won't have you talking about such things. Go in and get your face washed." And Johnnie, with tears in his eyes, wonders why his father won't tell him whether Beechouts are ripe.

## THE BLIND DUELLIST.

A Major Buford was one of the champions of honor, who in the palm days of "the code," enjoyed a proud eminence for his accuracy of aim, and it was his boast that only on one occasion in his popular and useful life had he failed to kill his man on the spot. On a certain day he was explaining to divers choice spirits at the hotel, how it was that the one exception in his practice had occurred through a defect in the bullet, when, to his vast astonishment, one of the gentlemen who was standing within hearing, suddenly advanced and slapped him in the face.

"Liar!" said the smiter, who was a gray haired man of peculiar but by no means truculent expression of countenance. "Is the provocation sufficient—or must I repeat the blow?"

For an instant the insulted, infuriated duelist was inclined to return the seemingly inexplicable assault; but recovering self-possession quickly enough to understand that the affront was a deliberate challenge to mortal combat, he answered—

"You've done more than enough. Name your friend—I don't care what your name is—and a friend of mine shall confer with him at once."

Such was the style in which little affairs of the kind were reduced to practical business in those honorable days. The aged face slapper curtly introduced the gentleman beside whom he had been standing, as the "friend" required, and with the understanding that the "friendly" conference should take place in an hour from thence, insulted and insulted took a temporary leave of each other.

At daybreak on the following morning the inevitable "meeting" occurred, in a retired place which had been selected for the purpose, and it was agreed by the seconds that the firing should continue until one or both the antagonists had fallen. Indignant was the dash on Major Buford's cheeks when the stranger made it a condition that both himself and his foe should be searched before fighting, to make sure that neither had adopted any secret protective device; but he submitted with what grace he could

## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
At 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies 5 cents.

SATURDAY, AUG. 22, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Ordinary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscription on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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## COL. GRAMMER DECLINES.

The interest in the candidacy for Representative from the 5th District is kept to be as great as in any of the eleven. Mr. Gooch's friends in Charlestown have formed a club. The Bailey men are wide awake. We also hear that J. N. Buffum of Lynn is on the war path, and S. P. Potter of Arlington is not indifferent to his chances, while Banks is sure to be heard from. The name of Col. Grammer has been well received, but unfortunately, he does not favor it himself, and we have received the following letter:-

Woburn, Aug. 20, 1874.  
To the Editor of the Woburn Journal:-  
My Dear Sir:-For the compliment you paid in suggesting my name as a candidate for Congress, and for the kind wishes of many friends, I am under deep obligations. On reflection I cannot consent to its further use, but must insist on its being withdrawn, or withheld from the canvass. Many reasons force me to this decision. I am your obedient servant.

W. T. Grammer.

A correspondent in to-day's paper suggests the names of John Cummings, Hon. Charles Choate and Hon. J. G. Pollard. We are of opinion that the name of some Woburn man would be favorably received in the convention. Under last year's rule there would be 98 delegates. We shall observe the coming weeks, our readers may expect to hear how the fortunes of the candidates wax and wane.

WATER SHUT OFF.-The Horn Pond Water will be shut off this Saturday at 11 P. M., for the purpose of putting in a new T at the corner of Pond and Main streets. The T has been made some time, and is believed to be hard enough if properly backed to stand the strain. The question is sometimes asked why not put in a cast iron one, but we understand that the contractor who is to keep the pipe for five years still believes in the cement-lined pipe, and if we put in iron it is taking the matter from him and throwing it on the town. It is hoped that the piece to be put in to-night will prove satisfactory.

WHO IS HE?-The investigation into the affairs of Middlesex County goes on, and as it is in the hands of a committee that will be thorough, we may be sure of the death of many abuses. We understand that one Trial Justice remarked that an exposure of his accounts would be the death of him, and if it was to come, he would as soon die as live. We are assured that our own Justice comes out of the trial unscathed, a result that would be expected by all who know him.

PASSING AWAY.-Meeting House Hill is gradually melting away, and if the Town would get a stone crusher and go at its rocky contents, they would have better material for roads than fine gravel, and at the time of the hills' departure would sooner come. L. H. Allen has extended his back yard, and is putting up a carriage house 22x28. The attacks of the gravel seekers on that side have made a considerable hole there.

NUT OFF.-As Miss Kitty Smith was driving past the depot Tuesday evening her attention was called to the fact that the wheel of her carriage was nearly off the axle, the nut being gone. Search was made for it, and it was found near the Common. She had a narrow escape, as in a moment more the carriage would have dropped.

WELL DONE.-Wednesday morning a market wagon driven by two boys came running up the street, the occupants calling for help as the horse was beyond control. A young man named Clark, seeing the danger to which the boys were exposed, sprang into the wagon and stopped the frightened animal without injury to any one.

RUNAWAYS.-There were three runaways last Monday. Colmore's horse ran down Park and up Winn, clearing from the wagon near the blacksmith shop. Strout's horse was frightened by the care and ran. Dodge and Faden's horse also galloped up the street.

GRIECLAN.-Last Sunday evening, Elia Yovoch, a Bulgarian, now studying at Hamilton College, spoke at the Orthodox Vestry on the subject of the Greek Church.

MUSTER.-The orders are out for the 2nd Brigade Muster, which will begin on 25th instant. The camp will be known as "Camp Talbot." The muster will continue five days.

STATE CONVENTION.-The Republican State Convention is to be held at Worcester on the 7th of October. The call will be issued three weeks previous, or about the middle of September.

DAMAGES.-A gentleman from Melrose, driving down Main near Charles, on Tuesday evening, got into the horse car track, and lost a wheel. It is a dangerous crossing.

DENTAL.-Dr. R. M. Gage, read a paper before the American Dental Convention at Saratoga, last week.

The Adversary draws a curtain now, while engaged in Sunday editorial labor.

## THE PHALANX NEW ARMY.

The Town Hall has been fitted up as an armory for the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, and on Wednesday it was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The partition wall of the old room used some time as an armory, and then for the town library and after an evening school has been extended down to the floor. A wide hall way leads from the front door into the armory proper. Around the walls are cushioned seats, on which the wearied soldiers may find rest, after a fatiguing drill. Opposite the entrance against the south wall is a roomy gun rack of black walnut, with chestnut window frames. Over this the legend

## WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX.

1835.

Organized October 1st.

The ceiling is tastefully frescoed, and over the windows are heavy walnut cupboards supporting rich damask drapery. Over the entrance is the portrait of Major Burbank, flanked on either side by Capt. Thompson and Sergt. Merriam. Around the walls are hung portraits of the pictures, mementoes of the history of the company, many of them tokens of friendly regard from thoughtful friends.

On the right of the main entrance are the officers' reception room. The walls are nicely frescoed, Brussels carpet on the floor, marble table and mantle, pier glass, camp chairs, uniform and water closets. The walls are adorned with pictures, and the room is as cosy and pleasant as could be wished.

Across the entrance hall is the armory, a room, which will probably also serve as a smoking room. Stairs lead from this to the room above, where meetings of the company will occur. In this room are 31 double closets, two soldiers having keys to a closet, in these will be kept the uniforms and equipments. The room is neatly fitted with table, chairs and dressing room. The comfort of the soldiers seems to have been considered throughout the fitting up, and Col. G. must feel proud of its present quarters.

Wednesday afternoon the Phalanx assembled at the Armory and marched with the North Woburn Band to Lyceum Hall, where they received the Associates and invited guests under command of Capt. Walter Wyman. Resuming the march, they moved through Pleasant, Warren, Fowle, Mt. Pleasant, Green and Main streets to the armory, where at six o'clock they sat down to a substantial collation prepared by Hammond of the Central House. Capt. Richardson welcomed the company to the hospitalities of his new home, and invited Rev. H. S. Kelsey to invoke the Divine blessing, after which a lively attack was made upon the viands. At the close of these exercises, Lieut. A. T. Young was introduced as toast master who proceeded with his duty and proposed as the first regular toast

1.-The Commonwealth.-With the sword she seeks

gold, poverty she conquers.

Col. Grammer was called upon to respond. He did so with some reluctance as he is only connected with the civil arm of the State. He compared the present quarters to those occupied in the past. Spoke of the labor of keeping up the organization. The time and money he had spent for similar purposes was the best investment in many ways he ever made. The present militia is composed of younger men, but they are better sustained than we were. In 1859 I was chairman of the Home military committee in the Legislature, we recommended a bill for a new state uniform and it was adopted. We recommended that a diploma be given to the soldiers of the last war, and they have been furnished. The State has furnished a muster field with out expense to the soldiers. In 1862 I was in the Legislature when it was proposed to abolish the militia on account of the rendition of Anthony Burns and I was on the committee who heard the petitioners. We presented a minority report recommending leave to withdraw. The debate lasted several days, and at its close our report was adopted. The militia, however, decayed, and when Gov. Banks came in he exerted himself to revive it, and succeeded to a degree. Gov. Andrew, though an opponent to the militia, smelled the battle air, and prepared the way to save the capital and so save the country. He closed by advising the company to go on as it had done, and they will always find friends to sustain them.

2.-The Band played "Hail to the Chief."

3.-The Clergy.-Advocate of peace, even though

they have to fight to maintain it.

Rev. Mr. Kelsey responded and said there were some sorts of peace he would fight to maintain. In the long battle with slavery the clergy nearly all came to believe that slavery was opposed to the gospel, and in the war they were the best creators of public sentiment. He congratulated the company on its present circumstances, and hoped that if they should ever be ordered to attack an enemy they would show as much vigor as they had displayed in the attack on the supper.

Keller's "American Hymn" was rendered by the Band. The third toast was

4.-Our First Commander.-Chosen of a future

generation, we honor him for the work he so nobly

performed.

Three cheers were given for Lieut. Col. L. B. White. He felt proud of the fact that he was the first commander. It was the height of his ambition to be so chosen. He referred to some of the difficulties that the founders of the company were obliged to meet. He was glad to be with the company again, and hoped the present members would always keep up the standard of excellence to which it had attained.

The Band played "Departed Days."

5.-The Phalanx in the War.-At Newbury, Goshen,

Mass., it was here that the flag of the late war, the following note was read from William White Esq., of Jersey City:-

JERSEY CITY, Aug. 17th, 1874.

To the Officers and members of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx:-

GENTLEMEN:-I have received an invitation to be present at the dedication of your new armory on the 19th; but not having received the invitation until the 17th, inst., find it impossible to leave my

business at so short a notice. Having been one of the original members of the Phalanx, anything relating to them fills my heart with pleasure. If there is any one thing I cherish, it is that I was a member of the Phalanx. There are but few of the originals left; some are gone to that bourne from which none return; some are scattered over the globe; but the old band boys (of whom I am proud to say, I am one) will, I have no doubt, feel their breasts swell with pride and pleasure on beholding the progress of the present generation of members of the Phalanx. I should like to see my old chums, Wm. Woodbury, Walter Wyman, Dean John Wyman, Wm. Winn, W. T. Grammer, S. A. Grammer, C. S. Converse and a host of others of the boys that went to Nashua, stare when they compare your new armory to the old quarters we called an armory in the Town House. It would have given me the greatest pleasure to have met you all this evening, and to have clasped the hands of my old comrades; but to wish prosperity and happiness to all the members (past and present) is all I can do. I give you all a Phalanx grip.

Yours respectfully,

WM. WHITE.

6.-The Phalanx Associates.-Our veterans, ever

ready to encourage the boys in camp, held, at the

festiveboard.

Capt. Walter Wyman responded for his

command, and remarked that he was glad

to meet the Phalanx under so favorable

auspices, and said he as much pride

in the company as in the days gone by. He

closed with a tribute to the memory

of Capt. J. B. and Timothy Winn.

7.-The Phalanx Past and Present Members.-

The former made the Phalanx what it is; ours be

the task to maintain it.

Capt. E. F. Wyer was received with

prolonged cheers. He was glad to be

present, and grateful that there were 50

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## WARREN ACADEMY.-Improvements

are in progress about the building of this institution. A complete dressing room is being added. A substantial fence is being erected on Myrtle and Warren streets. On the latter street the Trustees have given in three feet to the sidewalk, an attention which if adopted by the abutments on the same side of the street all the way through would add greatly to the convenience and appearance of this beautiful thoroughfare. Steam is also being introduced. The apparatus is on a new principle and very much cheaper than the ordinary forms. It is needless to allude to the high character of this school has already attained. The reputation of the principal as a thorough teacher and physicist is amply sufficient to satisfy the most critical patron. He is ably seconded by his assistants. Every thing in the corps of instructors is satisfactory to the management of the Institute of Technology.

It is probable that few are fully aware of the unusual opening this school offers for talented and studious youth of both sexes. It is thoroughly in sympathy with the most advanced physical education of the day. A fine and very complete chemical laboratory, a physical laboratory partly fitted but soon to be complete, an important feature of which is a microscopical department, a drawing room specially designed and fitted up. These are features which are now put within the reach of students, and as the time is rapidly coming when our public schools will be brought up to the standard here laid down, it is very evident that the demand for teachers in these special departments will be great. So that if future employment is regarded, no more promising outlook can be had. We understand that teachers of graduates of our High School desiring instruction will find special arrangements for them, as there will be a class of advanced pupils, designing to enter the Institute of Technology one year ahead.

We noticed in the reports of the meeting of the American Association at Hartford, that our town was represented. Professor L. S. Burbank, of the Warren Academy read a paper on "The True Character of the so-called Eozoon Canadense." These were at one time called the oldest fossil in the world, but Prof. Burbank demonstrates that they are no fossil at all, but of a purely mineral character.

Our readers will be glad to know that the indefatigable Perham is to have a splendid moonlight excursion down Boston Harbor, on Wednesday evening next, August 26th, for accommodation of the Woburn and Winchester people and others in the line of the Railroad to Boston. Full particulars in bills in good season.

ACCIDENT.-The half past seven train from Boston, Thursday night, struck a man near the Brooks' estate, named John Kneeland, crushing his skull. He was taken aboard the train by Conductor Carlton, and left at Winchester. Kneeland was employed on the Brooks' farm. No blame can be attached to the railroad, for the whistle was blown, but he paid no attention.

THROWNS.-Henry Cowdrey started for Waketon last Wednesday with a risky horse, and was twice thrown from his carriage. He stuck to business, however, and succeeded in driving the unruly beast to the place at first decided upon.

FALL.-A man named Fitzgerald fell from the staging at the new gas holder last Wednesday. He escaped with some bruises.

COLLIDED.-Two carriages collided near the Orthodox church, Thursday morning, and one of them lost a wheel.

We understand that Mr. James

Burman has made an engagement with

Burman's Miniature Troupe.

[Letter from the Sewallians.]

MR. EDITOR:-Sixty-five miles from the City of Notions, lies this delightful seashore town, and should any of our denizens of our cities of New York or Boston, desire to spend a few weeks at one of the most delightful as well as cheapest seaside resorts, they have only to put themselves on route for the south-west corner of Cape Cod, easily reached by the Old Colony R. R., and you will soon find yourself at the place we have chosen for our summer resort.-Falmouth is the name of this hospitable town, and once you find yourself here for a single season, you will never be able to come again and recommend your friends to do the same.

Here you find all the variety of incident you desire, all the quiet of your own country homes. Here are quiet, shady woods for the lover of sylvan quiet; numerous botanical plants of rare species and great value carpet the woods with a delightful mosaic fresh from the hands of him who made the woods, the mountains and all the varied and beautiful plants to adorn the same. To lovers of marvellous beauty and cool sandy walks or drives, the southern shore of Falmouth, like a huge crescent, gives ample space for these and many other aquatic recreations. No finer scene can unfold itself to the view of an afternoon than one obtains from many points of the irregular paths of this old promontory with its uncutivated arm which embraces within the distance of a few minutes, and gives you one of the finest possible views of Woods Hole.

The geological formation as far as I have examined, consists of drift and alluvium, over which immense quantities of boulders of all sizes have been strewn, with all the delightful irregularity of nature. Here we find upon a careful examination, a sail much like that found upon Cape Cod. Nobskia Hill, containing a lighthouse near the entrance to Woods Hole, commands one of the finest views of the Sound. The Vineyard Sound is seen from this place. Here are Tubney and Elizabeth Islands, and the far reaching shores of Buzzard's Bay, of which we speak at some length in another paper, but for want of space we must defer a description of Oak Bluffs, the camp meetings, &c., to a future paper.

DRAGGED.-At a picnic in Melrose last Saturday, J. B. Davis stopped some runaway horses attached to the "Challenge" barge. He was dragged some distance, and was bruised considerably.

SAVED.-A man employed at A. J. Parker's saw mill, saved his thumb on Monday. It had poked him, but was found on examination to be only a flesh wound.

## OUR CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

We find a letter in the N. Y. Times, from his Boston Correspondent, in which he speaks of some of the elements of discord in the 5th District. Speaking of the Charlestown Navy Yard and its influence in the politics of the District, he says:-

There is one feature about this district, however, which it sincerely hoped to see in the country, possesses in such a well developed "cussedness," and that is the Navy Yard. The gentleman who represents this district must make up his mind that one-half his time must be devoted to the Navy Yard, or his representation will be deemed a signal failure, in Charlestown, at least. There are enough forwardness and elevations and quartermasterships and various other kinds of ships which indicate positions with salaries attached, in that yard, to sink any man in the world, if they could be so devoted to the Navy Yard, as to be a perpetual wrangle from January 1 to January 1, and the "outs" are perpetually anxious to get in, and the "ins" are equally determined that they shall stay out, and that they shall remain in. Added to this natural state of affairs, there are two rival factions in the Republican party of that place and they are exceedingly lively, as the members of each are perpetually endeavoring to make a point on each other, and a "point" in Navy Yard matters, means that somebody's neck must be twisted, and a new official invested with his crown. In other words, it means that an "in" has fallen, and an "out" has been gloriously raised to the dignity and eminence of the post of a disappointed winner. Then the disappointed go to work on all the friends he knows, and no matter how much better position and salary he receives outside the yard, he does not forget the hearted man if he never gets reinstated in the vacated position, or one as good. General Banks, in all probability, got over his difficulty in this way. Mr. G



















## "HOW DID IT HAPPEN?"

The sweetest, most fragile blossoms are often found growing on the bleak mountain side, and Alpine flowers bloom under the very shadow of the icy glacier. This thought came into the mind of a young man who saw Myra Minton. A fair flower she was, truly, reminding one of the alpine flowers of her native woods, with its wax like pink buds, peeping from the russet setting of dead leaves which surrounded it in early spring.

In that old time in New England, everything seemed honest, rigid and uncompromising. Its people dived deeply into metaphysics, and, with their feet planted firmly on the "Cambridge platform" set themselves to work to suppress all outcroppings of the aesthetic nature. Of this class was Miss Priscilla, Myra's aunt, with whom the orphan made her home. And it would have been hard to imagine a greater contrast than the upright and severe spinster, and her shrinking niece, with her soft brown hair and eyes, and ever-changing glow on her cheek.

We are apt to find in almost every small village one youth in particular, whose pranks, misdeeds, generosity and daring, form a general topic of conversation; about whom the village gossips shake their heads over their tea cups; one regarded with trembling by the old ladies and adored by the young.

Mr. John Chester occupied this enviable position in Baxter. He was a young man of twenty-three, handsome, kind-hearted, and accomplished, with no relatives living. The kind villagers seemed to have adopted him, and there was no house in Baxter to which he was not heartily welcomed by some members of the family at least.

However, I don't think that Jack's love of fun and adventure ever carried him too far, especially as he remembered a certain little maiden whose cheeks flushed rosy red if he heard of any new dangerous, or lawless freak.

Myra never dared even think that Jack Chester was anything to her, but still she knew that no quelling party or corn husking was complete unless he was present.

One of these gatherings was about to take place. It was an "apple paring" for which New England was so celebrated. The harvest of red and golden apples had just been gathered in, and the farmer's daughter had invited her friends to assist the household in preparing them for winter use.

Aunt Priscilla beheld in ominous silence her niece making her preparations. She considered apple paring a light and frivolous amusement; but when Myra was arrayed in her sprigged muslin and blue ribbons, she looked so sweet and happy that even her stern aunt relented and wished her a pleasant time.

The time seemed long to Myra till she caught a glimpse of Jack's graceful figure entering the door. He did not come to her immediately, but at length he crossed the room and she welcomed him with a bright smile. He did not return it, but gazed at her, till suddenly his rather critical expression changed to one of sorrow and disappointment. The tide of life seemed to rush from his face, and leave it ashy pale. He turned abruptly and left the room. You may imagine Myra's surprise. To have a friend come and contemplate you, very much as if you were a Bengal tiger on exhibition in a menagerie, and then rush away without speaking a word, is enough to fill any young lady with astonishment.

Myra kept expecting him to return, but the evening passed on, and she went home sad and dispirited, without her expectations being realized. The next morning Jack's landlady electrified the whole village by informing them that "Mr. Chester had gone away in the night, and left all his property behind him."

It was a nine day's wonder in Baxter. Of course different surmises were made as to the cause of his sudden disappearance, some said "suicide" others "creditors," but as the young man owed no man anything, and all the neighboring trees and ponds were ransacked without finding anything, no reason could be assigned for his departure. Finally the curiosity of the villagers was partially gratified by a curt note which arrived from Mr. Chester, saying that he had gone on board the Sea Wolf as midshipman, and telling his landlady to keep his effects till he returned. He might be gone ten years or twenty.

Poor Myra! It was all so incomprehensible. Her pillow was wet with tears every night, and visions of a gallant midshipman with blue eyes and yellow curls exposed to the greatest danger, disturbed her slumbers.

Well, the reason of Jack's and Myra's misunderstanding was the same one that drove our first parents from Paradise—feminine curiosity!

I fear that our hero was somewhat inclined to be sentimental, and that he passed by the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Shorter Catechism" on his landlady's lower bookshelf, and perused some old romances lying in an obscure upper corner; such as "The Love Lorn," &c. At any rate, after he had decided that life was nothing to him without Myra Minton, instead of telling her his love like a sensible man, he went to the village and purchased a handsome scarlet sash and ribbons. These were placed in a box with a most impassioned note, begging her if she would become his wife to wear these ribbons to the party and to accept him with his fate. Then he looked about him for a suitable messenger. The Mercury chosen on this occasion was Philis the colored "help."

Jack's landlady. The box was given to her with strict injunctions to deliver it to Miss Myra alone.

Philis started forth, but as she passed out of sight of the house, she turned the box over, peeped at the corners, and finally, the temptation being too strong, stopped, hidden by the shade of a large tree, and opened the box. Of course she was delighted with the ribbons (I never saw a negro yet who did not love red and yellow) turned them over, then tried them on, and beheld with delight the contrast between her dark life and white teeth, and the bright ribbon, all faithfully reflected in a brook which ran near by. Philis could not resist the temptation to keep them for herself, so she tore up the note and threw the fragments into the

water, then rushed away to conceal her treasure in the little garret room which was her home.

Philis did not dream of the harm she was doing. "Miss Myra" she got so many ribbons, and she didn't know none. Thus she quieted her conscience, and it happened that she was not detected; and Jack, thinking that Myra had rejected him, rushed away without an explanation to bury his sorrow in the rough communion of a sailor's life.

Autumn faded into winter, and each month seemed to take with it some of Myra's life. She grew very quiet and feeble as time passed on, till even Aunt Priscilla wished to rouse Myra by insisting on her taking part in the village festivities, which were now more wearisome to her.

There was to be a "coasting party," an amusement which is rapidly passing away with the "good old times." Then, not only in the daytime did the hills resound with the shouts of the school boys and school girls with their sleds, but in the moonlight evenings the rosy maidens and young men assembled to glide over the snowy surface, and laugh over the falls occasioned by some treacherous sled or various other snowy mishaps incident to a coasting party.

Aunt Priscilla said Myra must go, and she assented passively (as she always did now) and went.

It was a bright moonlight evening, and the scene was beautiful.

The hillside was a smooth, white slope, glittering in the moonbeams. At the summit of the hill was a cluster of dark pines rustling under their icy burden; and in the distance could be seen the village church, its spire clearly defined, and seeming to point to a brilliant planet, which shed its mellow lustre above it.

From beneath the shadow of these pines the sleds would start forth, and glide down the slope like lightning, and the merry cries of the coasters rang out on the frosty air as one and another passed on.

In the foremost group was Myra. Swiftly and swiftly they went over the crackling snow, prismatic snowflakes, detached from the masses, flying over her; swifter—past the pines—past the church—on!

The sound of approaching sleighbells was drowned by their merry exclamations, and as a horse and sleigh came from the darkness it was too late to stop. The horse swerved, the sled was overturned, and all sank into the mantling snow.

Myra was conscious of a sharp pain, and then nothing more. She did not see that the traveler, who was passing through the village to catch one glimpse of his native village before he rejoined his ship, had leaped from the sleigh, that he had drawn back her little red hood, and seemed to have recognized her, as he was lavishing tender caresses upon her.

But at length she gazed up into the face that bent over her, and with a shuddering sigh, said, "At last! Oh, Jack!" and a peaceful look spread over her face.

I think it was all settled then, though there were days of suffering to come, for Myra's tender arm was broken in the crash, and it took a long time to heal. But while Myra lay on the sofa she had plenty of time to hear Jack's explanation. And as Aunt Priscilla remarked sentimentally,

"Broken bones is a long sight better'n broken hearts."

How CARL ROSA GOT MARRIED—Carl and Parepa, antipodes as they were in complexion, stature and avocations, were supremely harmonious, excellently adapted to associated enterprise. He had never undertaken management until after his marriage, and he is indebted to her, it is said, for the inspiration. He is so modest and retiring a little fellow that many persons have wondered how he could have summoned courage to propose to a woman so much larger than himself.

The manner of his proposal is thus related: The musical twin were en route to Hartford by rail, seated side by side—Rosa seeming to be unusually depressed. Parepa, a close observer, and always sympathetic, noticing his melancholy, inquired the cause. He answered—

"I have been unlucky in this country. For some reason or other I have not been able to keep my friends in America. With the best of feeling and intentions, I appear to lose as rapidly as I make them. I think I have not to day a single friend."

"Oh, I am sure you have," responded she brightly.

"Alas!" he exclaimed sighing, "I fear I have not."

"Indeed you are mistaken, my good Carl. If you have not so regarded me, here, I promise you now that I will always be your friend."

Rosa's boyish face kindled with delight. He took her gloved hand, and with chivalrous instinct lifted it to his lips.

"And," she added, with charming ingenuousness, "I will be your wife also if you like."

A fortnight later they were married. She had long been very fond of him, and he of her, and she knew it. But he was so sensitive and self-deprecating that she felt that he would not reveal his affection unless he was liberally encouraged.

Few men or women have been better partners, sentimentally or financially, than Parepa and Rosa. They gave English and Italian opera at the Academy in better style than it had ever been given, and notwithstanding the great expense to which they had gone, they realized handsomely from the endeavor. Rosa and his wife cleared here over \$250,000.

—Chicago Times.

A few summers since Mr. William M. Everts, at the urgent request of one of his youngest daughters, sent up to his country place in Vermont a donkey for her use.

She had read about donkeys, but was not familiar with their peculiar vocalism. The animal's strange noises inspired her with the profoundest pity for his evident distress. So she wrote to her father: "Dear papa—I do wish you would come up here soon, my donkey is so lonesome."

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" said a Yankee to a negro. "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean had interference anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, dey was boi drunk."

A wicked fellow couldn't or wouldn't pay his bill at one of the summer resort hotels last week in Pennsylvania, whereupon the caravansary proprietor sent him from office to law, a distance of thirty feet, with a rapidity suggestive only of an air gun. And what does the impecunious youth do in the revenge line but tell the nurses there were two cases of whooping cough in the house.

The nurses told the mistresses, the mistresses told the bell (to send for their bills), and in ten hours only fifty out of one hundred and fifty people remained. A chronicle is now offered for that young man.

ALCOHOL IN BITTERS.—Within a few years past many quack medicines in the form of Bitters, have been put upon the market, and it is a notorious fact that nearly, if not quite all of them contain more or less alcohol, some of them to the extent of more than fifty per cent., and not a few of them we believe, are designed and used as beverages. In a recent number of the Druggist appears the following official report from the State Assayer of Rhode Island on thirty-five specimens of Bitters sent to him for analysis:

DEAR SIR:—I herewith submit to you my report on the various Bitters sold in this market, giving, as you desired, their percentage of alcohol, and forming of them three classes.

Class First. Those apparently manufactured for a beverage.

Class Second. Those occupying a middle place between a medicine and a beverage. These are not as palatable as No. 1, though they may be drunk as a beverage, and like No. 1 they are intoxicating.

Class Third. Those whose medicinal properties or bitter taste render them unfit for a beverage.

FIRST CLASS.

This class contains alcohol as follows:

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, 42.20  
Baker's Stomach Bitters, 40.57  
Drake's Plantain Bitters, 30.24  
Sol Frank's Panacea Bitters, 37.20  
Mishler's Herb Bitters, 36.80  
Dr. H. F. Hibberd's Wild Cherry Bitters, 35.89  
Rush's Bitters for the Stomach, 34.30  
"Sake," 34.30  
Doctor Fisch's Bitters, 33.16  
Baker's Orange Grove Bitters, 25.70  
Speer's Standard Wine Bitters, 22.40  
Dr. Clarke's Sherry Wine Bitters, 22.40  
California Wine Bitters, 18.20  
Doctor Wheeler's Tonic Sherry Wine Bitters, 14.66

SECOND CLASS.

This class contains alcohol as follows:

Altwood's Quinine Tonic Bitters, 40.10  
Dr. H. F. Hibberd's Gold Seal Bitters, 34.24  
Dr. Job Sweet's Strengthening Bitters, 31.41  
Webber's Strengthening Bitters, 26.88  
Finlin's Quaker Bitters, 23.99  
Restorative Bitters, 20.54  
Luthe's Temperance Bitters, 16.68

THIRD CLASS.

This class contains alcohol as follows:

Richardson's Bitters, 59.14  
Armington's Bitters, 33.20  
Davis' Bitters, 30.50  
Colton's Nervine Bitters, 29.73  
Dr. Warren Bitters, 29.60  
Hartshorn's Bitters, 25.35  
Altwood's Jaundice Bitters, 25.60  
Paritan Bitters, 25.60  
Dr. Langley's Bitters, 25.41  
Dr. Hoodland's German Bitters, 20.50  
Oxygenated Bitters, 19.28  
Walker's Vinmar Bitters, 7.85  
Dr. Pierce's Bitters, 6.36  
Planett's Bitters, (Sample sent.)

Dr. H. F. Hibberd, State Assayer.

By comparison with Mr. Brande's table it will be seen that some of these bitters are stronger than Irish whiskey, and the weakest contain as much alcohol as porter and ale.

A REGULAR HABIT.—Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day, after dinner, with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham and several others, one of the party reproached him with his drowsiness. He denied having been asleep, and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so.

Doddington repeated a story, and Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because that I knew about this time of the day you would tell that story."

"NOT A DAY FOR WHISTLING!"—The late Dr. Macadam used to tell of a tipsy Scotchman making his way home upon a bright Sunday morning, when the good people were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled the ribbon from the hand of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran away from her she appealed to the first passerby, asking him to retrieve it for her. "Woman," he retorted with a solemnity of visage which only a drunken man can assume, "woman, this is no day for whistling!"

The Indian papers mention a singular case of going to school in late life. It seems that the Rajah of Bussahir, whose income is \$500,000 per annum, began attending school when he was twenty-five years old, and in the five years which have since elapsed, he has become quite Anglicized. He is described as being good natured, and as making it a point to compare his watch with every European traveler, in order that he may know with absolute certainty what o'clock it is.

A gentleman was walking down Nassau street behind two English swells when he overheard the following conversation: "Arry, my boy," said one, "what's o'clock?" The other felt for his watch and exclaimed, "By Jove! I've left it at home!" Then, turning to a bootblack standing near by, he said, "My lad, what's a clock?" Says the lad, "Why, you darned fool, it's a thing as big as your head with hands on it."

The affection of an engineer for his engine was recently shown by engineer Allen, at the time of the recent accident on the Connecticut Valley road. He crawled out from under the tender, and as soon as he could speak said: "Don't let her burn; put on the water!" after which he asked if any other persons were hurt.

A soldier of a cavalry regiment was brought up for stealing his comrade's liquor ration. He was an Irishman, and his defence was unique. "I'd be sorry to be called a thief," he said, "but the liquor in the same bottle, and mine was at the bottom, and sure, I was obliged to drink his to get at my own."

"Sam, why don't you talk to your master and let him to lay up treasure in Heaven?" What's the use of laying up treasures up dar? he seber se um gain."

Tin and Sheet Iron Work, made to order, or repaired, at No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

L. THOMPSON, JR. 85

A. B. COFFIN ATTORNEY AT LAW OFFICE, 204 N. 4TH STREET, BOSTON, near Court Street and 33 School St.

WOOLEN CARPETS As low as they can be bought anywhere, at W. M. WOODBERRY'S, 88 Opposite Common, Woburn.

W. H. FOSTER, Has removed to his residence on Salem, opposite Bow St., where he will continue to Make, Repair & Upholster Furniture IN ALL STYLES.

New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash prices. Order Boxes at G. H. Mann's, 213 Main Street and Porter's Cigar Store, 129 Main Street.

A. BUCKMAN, DEALER IN Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. 160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand.

IMPORTANT! The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is,

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Business, and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN, who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

First-Class Tailoring Establishment, Call on

A. GRANT, 169 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF Spring & Summer Styles, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c. AT J. W. HAMMOND'S.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

Dr. S. D. HOWE'S ARABIAN MILK-CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

And all diseases of the THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (Throat) Medicine of the kind in the world. A Sufferer from Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, or any other disease of the Throat, Chest, or Lungs, will find relief in the use of this medicine. It is a new discovery, and is a great benefit to the human race. It is a new discovery, and is a great benefit to the human race. It is a new discovery, and is a great benefit to the human race.

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RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA AND Franklin Coal, Hard and Soft WOOD.

All that will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at 96 Main Street.

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

First-Class Tailoring Establishment, Call on

A. GRANT, 169 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF Spring & Summer Styles, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c. AT J. W. HAMMOND'S.

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WM. WOODBERRY.

taken no hold of the address, but had a vague notion that it was a woman's name. "I must write to Michael," I thought, "one of these days," and I walked on. I walked on and on, and was returning, tired and sleepy, to the hotel, when a fly, driven rapidly along the road by which I had come, was pulled up near to me, and a man jumped out and took his way up the street. He was a tall man, flashily dressed, with that peculiar jerky tightness about his gait characteristic of third-rate sporting men. The fly remained, and as I passed it I perceived it had still a tenant—a lady, evidently young and, as even the brief opportunity I had of looking at her showed me, handsome. I looked back once or twice before I reached my hotel, and on the second occasion the lady's bonnet was protruding

gone, and I'm accountable. I don't know what to do. I did not tell her, because I thought if you could not help me to trace it, it would be time enough to acquaint her with the facts when it was discovered that we were ruined." "Certainly," said I, "quite time enough. Sit down and tell me all the particulars." There were no remarkable features about the Tabber branch of the Universal Bank of Ireland. The two rooms which formed the bank premises, supplemented by a kind of den in which the messenger passed his time, opened on one side on a rather broad hall, with an inner swing door. On the other side were the two sitting-rooms occupied by Michael Quinlan's family, and the small apartment in which our conference was being held. The "bank parlor" as the outer an inner

I met Mrs. Quinlan, who looked pale and sad. We exchanged a few sentences, and I passed on to the manager's room, where Quinlan awaited me. The other office were the cashier and a clerk, busy in their respective places with preparations for the day's work. I could see them through the Judas window in the wall, which I have described, but without moving from their respective places they could not see me. While Michael Quinlan was getting out the books, and making the usual preparations for my official inspection, I occupied myself in observing Mr. Duggan. He was tall, slightly-built young man, in whose appearance I detected health and thoughtfulness. I could easily discern the utter dissimilarity which made him unsympathetic to Michael Quinlan and his athletic

As a police inspector, of whose intelligence I had some former experience, sent a letter to Dublin by the night mail, which I expected would be responded to by procuring me an unsuspected aid; and went out for a second lonely and uninteresting walk, this time by moonlight. I returned to mine inn through the dingy street in which Mr. Dugan lived; and I observed the house closely. I noticed an open window, with the blind down, and reflected upon it the figure of a man, evidently writing. A glance at the other side of the street satisfied me that certain precautions which I had sketched had been observed. Very sharp and practised eyes were upon Mr. Dugan, and could not be removed from him until I should give the word. With the following morning I resumed my proceedings.

He came in, looking more easy and unconcerned than I had thought possible. You sent for me, sir," he began, in a ready voice. "I sent for you, Mr. Dugan. You are aware that I have been engaged for several days in the investigation of an error in Mr. Quinlan's accounts." "I am, of course, aware of that, sir, but I believe you found mine all right?" "It is none of my unpleasant duty to inform you," I concluded, passing over his observation, "that because of this error is a very serious matter. The missing money has been stolen and I am here to detect the thief." "Indeed, sir?" I saw that he squeezed the toes of his feet tightly against the ground,

And you carried it out well. Day after day Quinlan was falling more and more into your power, and you were accustomed to him to your coming, slipping in for an hour or so while he was away from his work, or the evening, and to the sleep which came upon him as he lay down, the just after he had left him. And when the time came, when all was ready, and the night was dark, then you were doing all this gave you the signal, then you hid yourself in the house and poured the drug into the water which Quinlan carried into the manager's room to mix his whiskey with. I have learned all the habits of the household, and know that the kitchen is empty at that evening hour, and a small kettle is left on the hob, which Quinlan brings upon himself. On the night when you stole the money one of the children was there was confusion in the house, and

and during the latter portion of narrative he covered his face with hands and shivered. When I had to be concluded, he looked up, and said, "a very humble quiet voice," "Would be so good as to describe her to me,?" "Some one might have found out?" "I was to get such a letter, and might have persuaded her—though I felt hardly any hope of that," "I like as to himself; but if you will describe her, I shall be sure," "I described her, the beautiful bold woman," "I had so impressed my memory by her beauty and her boldness. At each time Dugan nodded his head with a quick involuntary movement; and when and done, he said, "You have described her, and it is enough; she has gone away;

*Continued on fourth page.*

# Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
At 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies 5 cents.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office.

## Index to New Advertisements.

The Song Maker,  
A Stitch in Time,  
Woburn Bank House,  
Special Advertisements,  
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Morgan's Sale,  
Highland Market,  
Jal Cohen,  
Assessors Notice,  
Tuition Commis-  
sioners,  
Autism, 1874,  
County Commissioners.

## THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The Democrats opened the ball at Worcester on Wednesday, nominating Wm. Gaston of Boston, for Governor, and William L. Smith of Springfield, Good men, but Massachusetts is not quite ready to take Democratic Bills. The platform declares "unwavering devotion to the Federal Constitution of the United States as the only guarantee of safety and tranquility to the Union," which no one can object to; demands equal political rights for all, white and black, which is good Republican doctrine; denounces Federal interference with popular elections in every State, as every-body does; condemns lawless acts against the colored people of the South, and who could do less; demands a speedy resumption of specie payments as the only sound and healthy basis of currency, which is the popular doctrine in the East; declares firm and unswerving opposition to summary laws; denounces the prohibitory law and calls for a "stringent, judicious and efficacious license law" to be impartially and faithfully enforced, which is just what was expected they would do; declares for a proper respect for the will of the people as expressed through their representatives as opposed to executive interference and arbitrary power; demands a vigorous reform in State affairs, reduction of expenses and strict economy, and the "abolition of all useless and unnecessary rings and commissions, including the State constabulary," and winds up with commending its candidates to the cordial support of the voters of the Commonwealth. It is a very fair platform, and with the exception of the rum plank, as good as one could ask for. Whether the Republicans will put a temperance plank in theirs remains to be seen. But the probabilities that Mr. Talbot will be the nominee are very strong. His independence as well as his integrity commend him to the conservative men of his party, and in this section of his district no other man stands so good a chance. Last year Gaston carried Woburn by nearly a hundred plurality, while the previous year Washburn was nearly two hundred ahead. This year there will be a larger vote, and it is not unlikely that the tables will take another turn. Party lines are not very strong in Woburn, and the voters bestow their suffrages by favor. All Democrats are not rum men, neither are all Republicans temperance men, and we fancy the division will be on the temperance issue rather than on the glittering generalities of platforms.

Since Col. Grammer's declaration, people have settled into the conviction that Mr. Gooch will be returned. He is not a popular man, nor yet is he disliked, but is regarded with an indifference which public men may not always safely rely upon. We have no doubt, however, that a Gooch delegation will be selected.

The politics of Middlesex County were never more mixed than at present. The revelations last winter were so startling that the feeling against the man who produced them was such that he was not only likely to work disaster to his party, but also to the State. He was not only a cold blooded assassin, but a cold blooded assassin. We are to elect a District Attorney, Sheriff and County Commissioner. It is said that the former will not be a candidate for re-election, so that if he comes out of the ordeal which the Legislative investigating committee is subjecting office holders to, his constituents will be content. Sheriff Charles Kimball was first elected in 1859, and has during his somewhat extended term of service raised up a host of friends in all parts of the County. Personally he has performed the somewhat delicate duties of his position in a satisfactory manner. Some of his appointments are the subject of adverse criticism, but there can be little doubt that when a high charge can be made against any of his appointees, he will not hesitate to purify his department. His continuance in office would accord with his feelings, and from all parts of the County come words of encouragement to his friends. Perhaps Cambridge should be excepted. Hon. Isaac Bradford, the mayor of that city is in the field, and will contest Mr. Kimball's right to the Sheriff's cockade. The Bradford men do not love Kimball less but his office more. With Kimball out, there would be nineteen deputies, two jailors, and quite a number of smaller positions to be appointed, and those who with Sheriff Kimball in cannot hope for anything, with Sheriff Bradford in might hope for the reward of well doing. But Charles Kimball has strong friends and numerous, and unless the investigation should destroy him, which his friends do not fear, he will probably be re-elected.

The County Commission is under a cloud. The revelations of last winter were bad for them, and to expect the re-election of any of them would be evidence of great credulity. Mr. Harwood's term expires this year and his successor is being heard from all over the county. Hardly a town but can name a good man, and whoever can rally such a team as supported Mr. Walton last year has very fair prospect of success. The probabilities are in favor of an inferior man slipping in between the strong candidates. The interests entrusted to the Commissioners are very heavy, and it is of the greatest importance that our best men should be chosen to fill the position. The proper discharge of their duties calls for a clear judgment, a calm discrimination, and a fair knowledge of the relative wants of the towns.

In the Sixth Senatorial District it has

long been the custom to send Senators for two terms. Following this precedent, Mr. B. T. Batchelder, of Lexington, will doubtless be the choice of the Republicans, and his election would not be a matter of much doubt.

Our people have hardly got warmed up to the work of the campaign, but the coming two months will see some pretty lively engineering. Already the subject of representative is being discussed, and the exciting contest of last year will make the struggle for the position one of no ordinary interest.

**CHINESE LECTURE.**—Mr. Wong Chin Foo, at the request of some of his Woburn friends will lecture in Lyceum Hall, next Thursday evening, at quarter of eight, on "Confucius and the Civilization of the East." Mr. Wong will treat his subject from the Chinese standpoint. A native of the Flowery Kingdom, he was educated in this country, and afterwards became Imperial Linguist to the Emperor of China. At present he is an exile, and has been lecturing in this country, endeavoring to dispel some of the prejudice which his countrymen had so long borne. He called at our office on Thursday, and we feel assured from what we learned at the interview that his lecture will be interesting. He will visit the Sunday School concert at the Orthodox Church at half past six Sunday evening, and at half-past seven will speak at the prayer meeting of the Baptist Church.

**FOUR MILES OF STOVE POLISH.**—Morse Bros., proprietors of the Rising Sun Stove Polish, Canton, Mass., received orders for and shipped thirteen and one half tons of their product August 31st. This sale of stove polish, placing one cake of the Rising Sun Stove Polish, four inches long, in line, directly after and touching the other, would extend four miles, two hundred and forty-seven rods and nine feet, which gives an idea of the enormous demand for and consumption of this justly celebrated article. No good housewife can afford to be without it.

**"New Railroad Regulations."** Mr. Editor:—In your last week's paper is an article under the above heading, making some very pertinent suggestions and inquiries in regard to the arrangements that take effect October first, upon the Lowell railroad and branches. With your permission I will state what are the views of some of the railroad men upon the subject. Of course they are not official, but are thought to be the correct answers to some of the points raised. The extra fifteen cents as you call it, only makes the regular fare when paid in the cars, but ticket sellers can make a discount of fifteen cents from the regular rates and it will be the passenger's duty to secure his ticket at the reduced price where there are tickets sold, or pay the regular fare. As to the season ticket regulation, it is supposed that they are sold with certain conditions which are printed upon them, and also bought with the same understanding, and it is intended to hold all concerned to that agreement, and stop the practice of riding several times when one ride is the agreement, and also to find out those who cheat the conductors, by pretending to be a "Season" without having the pasteboard. If the holder of a season ticket wishes to ride on every train, each way, and use his ticket in one month or less, he can do so, and purchase another at the same rate for the balance of the quarter, or pay the regular fares. A season ticket will be good for as many round trips as regular trains as there are week days in the quarter, and no more, but will not be good for rides in any other quarter whether punched or not. The R. R. Company agree to give so many rides only, during the quarter specified on the ticket, and a new ticket must be purchased at the commencement of every quarter, as has been the rule.

**Yours Respectfully**  
X. Y. Z.

**New Publications.**  
**THE GAZETTEER OF RAILWAY STATIONS**, published by the National Railway Publication Company, is before us. It is a volume of 440 pages, of dimensions most convenient for use, and contains much valuable information. The first pages after the general index are devoted to a "List of the Railroads of the United States and the Dominion of Canada," with the names of the Express Companies delivering and receiving on the several roads, and also showing the gauges of the several roads, and a "List of Old and New Names of Roads," naming over 600 titles by which certain roads were formerly known, with their proper designation at the present time. This is a feature of no little importance. Following the main body of the book is a list of all the "Railway Stations of the United States and the Dominion of Canada," giving their location as to County and State, and line of railway, and designating such as have past, money order, express, and telegraph offices attached to them. Not the least important feature of this portion of the book is a very full statement of the population of the several towns, much fuller than can be obtained from the census of 1870. Following this is an "Express Directory" of Wells, Fargo & Co., showing how to ship to all points on the Pacific Coast, and several tables of river distances, towns, &c., with the same detailed information that is given in the list of railway towns. Several pages are devoted to the "Location of Piers in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore." Also a "List of Counties, County Towns, and the towns which the several Terms of Court are held." This information having been obtained directly from the State officials, is very valuable and may be relied upon. There are many other valuable tables in various parts of the book. The cheapness of the book, only \$1.00 in paper, and \$1.50 in cloth, places it within reach of every one, and few can afford to be without it. National Railway Publication Company, 233 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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**ACCIDENT.**—Last Saturday James Doherty sprained his ankle jumping from a fence.

**NO. 199** is taken by Jul. Cohen, for a hat and cap store. See advertisement.

## THE EIGHTIETH CATTLE SHOW.

The season for Cattle Shows has arrived, and the announcement is out that the old Middlesex Agricultural Society will hold its 80th Cattle Show on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 28th and 30th of September. About \$2,000 are offered in premiums, for everything that interests the agricultural or rural mind. John Cummings, Esq., of Woburn, is President, and also chairman of the committee of seedling fruit and vegetables. Woburn is still further represented on the committees by J. R. Kendall and Stephen Dow; Winchester by Henry A. Emerson, S. A. Twombly and wife, and Wm. Adams; Arlington by Albert Winn and wife, Warren E. Lewis, and wife, R. L. Hodgdon, Walter Russell, John Ellsworth, J. W. Pierce and James M. Chase; Lexington by Webster Smith, W. S. Simonds, J. S. Munroe, R. D. Blinn; Burlington by Wm. Winn, Edward Reed and Nathan Blanchard; Wilmington by Henry Sheldon; Bedford by Jonas E. Munroe, Henry Wood, W. A. Lane, Augusta Wood, Aaron H. May. The season has not been so favorable for some kinds of products as usual, but the inducements to exhibitors are considerable, and we shall expect a fine show. If the weather is fair on the 29th and 30th old Concord will be full of people. The races are not announced in the bulletin we have before us, but they will receive their due share of attention. Woburn and Lexington and Winchester generally name some of the prize animals, and we hope to see them do so again. We call the attention of our readers to the premiums for good breed. Here is a field in which the wife of the mechanic may shine beside the farmer's wife. The premiums for home made fine flour, yeast, wheat bread, not less than two pounds, baked the day of the exhibition, are \$10 for best, \$5 for second, \$3 for third. The committee will decide on the excellence of the bread is Mrs. S. W. Twombly of Winchester, Mrs. Albert Winn of Arlington, Mrs. G. M. Brooks of Concord.

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## The Financial Condition of Our Country in Its Moral View.

No one theme has engrossed the minds of all classes more than this for the past few years. The causes and remedies offered for the evils we are now suffering, are almost numberless, and one thing is certain, none of the antidotes prescribed have thus far removed the difficulty. We believe the whole cause and cure lies in its moral condition, and that no other view of it will reach the case. In this belief we take the ground that the majority of the community are to-day insolvent. This assertion may startle some, but in investigation will afford them ample proof.

If the question is asked, Why all this long continued and crushing stagnation of business in a country whose products, skill, ingenuity and enterprise are boundless and inexhaustible? We point to the princely fortunes made too often at the sacrifice of all the nobler instincts of true manhood, with their certain unhalloved influence on the morals of the whole community, inducing many formerly seeking by industry and frugality to accumulate though slowly, by honest effort a fortune or at least competency to abandon old and tried paths, and enter the arena of wild and reckless speculation in the hazardous contest for the golden prize. The war cloud, and times of no prosperity at all on the stock market.

Fictitious values on all the commodities of trade, reckless extravagance and a rapid decline in the moral sense of the large majority of those who controlled financial affairs, paved the way for the untold evils sure to follow.

Mercantile and financial honor were fearfully shattered, confidence, the key stone of all success, was shaken to its very foundation, liabilities incurred without the remotest idea of being cancelled, and contracts made only to be broken; all were sure precursors of the ruin we now find on all sides, attested by the darkest record of ruined fortunes, blighted hopes, misery and suffering, robberies, murders, suicides, and crimes of every name and grade that ever marked the pages of history, and damned the lustre of a people possessing that ability to gain a higher position in the temple of fame, for all that is pure and good, than any other nation on which the sun shines.

The pulpits, the press, the rostrum, the notes of warning have been sounded, but the deluded devotees at the shrine of mammon have given no heed, and thousands who have striven to stem the tide, and roll back the waves, are found engulfed in the ruins, or stranded on the rocks which a too extended credit, false ideas of moral honesty, and overtrading have placed in the pathway of commercial life.

The only remedy able to remove these evils, and bring our whole land back to the high standard once held, lies in the will of the people. Let honesty be the rule of all, let virtue and integrity be the guiding star, let contentment, industry and frugality mark our onward course, and the ills of the present will disappear like the dew beneath the warm rays of the sun, and fortunes lost or badly shaken will be regained, confidence, though of slow growth, take the place of distrust and fear, and a dotted and happy nation may well exclaim, "See what changes time hath wrought."

**TRAVELLER.**

**Winchester.**  
**REBUILDING.**—J. B. McDonald has commenced rebuilding his coal sheds to be occupied by F. H. Gould & Co.

**ROBBERY.**—H. E. G. Andrews informs us that last Monday night two canvas wagon covers were stolen from him.

**V. P.**—At the Democratic State Convention last Wednesday, D. N. Skillings, Esq. was one of the Vice Presidents.

**WIDENED.**—Last Friday the County Commissioners were here, and will widen Main street from Woburn line to Symmes' Corner.

**RUNAWAY.**—Thursday evening Varum Locke's team was frightened by the cars at the depot, and the horse ran away with some children in the carriage. They escaped unhurt, however.

**SCHOOL BOOKS.**—A change in school books having been ordered, our citizens are providing themselves with the books with more or less patience. A change in text books should not be made except for very good reasons.

**WATER LET ON.**—Last Wednesday the water from the Highland Works was let into the pipes to test them. The pipes stood the strain well, a few joints started slightly, but they were soon put right. The water will be formally let on about the first of October.

**FISH.**—Some of our citizens have been quite successful in their search for fish among the lakes and streams of Maine. One of our generous friends made a score of his neighbors happy by presents of large salmon trout, which he had coaxed out of the water during his eastern tour.

**CARELESS.**—Thursday afternoon, as the steamer was being tested on the bridge on Main street, a carriage containing three ladies and three children from Woburn came along. Their horse was frightened, but the person in charge of the steamer was indifferent to their danger and continued to work the engine. The horse backed the carriage top, and the ladies were struck with the branches and all narrowly escaped being thrown into the pond.

**INDUSTRIAL FIRE.**—Last Tuesday morning about two o'clock, the building on Lake street, owned by Leonard Nutter, and occupied by his carrier shop, together with C. F. Jordan, carrier, and William Matton, shoe stock maker, was set on fire, and entirely consumed. The steamer turned out and set on the stone bridge, but became clogged with grass, and in the effort to clear it one side of the engine was disabled. The engineer continued to run it with one side, but the steam was light. The chemical engine was on hand, and took position on the lumber house of the adjoining mill, and saved much valuable property. The shop was entirely consumed, and only a small portion of the stock or machinery was got out. Mr. Nutter's loss is, on building, \$3,000, machinery, \$2,800, stock, \$2,500. He is insured on building \$2,100, on machinery, \$1,500, stock, \$1,500. Mr. Jordan's loss is \$1,000, insured for \$700. Mr. Matton's loss is \$1,200, insured for \$1,000.

**Arithmetic.**  
**OUR CHURCHES.**—Rev. G. W. Cutler, pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) church, has returned to his labors among his people. He preached last Sunday morning, having for his subject "The Head and the Heart in Religion." A notice of the service shipped from our batch of copy sent for last week's issue.

**THE SELECTMEN.** At once offered a reward of \$500 for the detection of the incendiaries who set this fire and the one at Hutchinson's. The fire was set in the shed. Mr. Nutter proposes to rebuild as soon as possible.

## THEFTS.

**THEFTS.**—Since the burglaries at the stores of Messrs. Whitaker & Saville, and Locke & Goldard, the thieves have not been quiet. A short time since the billiard hall was broken into and property valued at \$45 was taken. We abstained from mentioning the fact as the officers thought it might interfere with their plans. Cannot some plan be devised by which the criminals can be brought where they may feel the force of the law. We do not think that the parties who committed one of the above robberies live outside the town limits. Experienced burglars were not connected with them. This position is proved by many facts known to the authorities. It is the work of some one to whom it is not possible, it is not the duty of some one, to ferret out the rascals and bring them to justice.

However low the perpetrators of the above robberies may be, we think there is honor even in their conduct compared with some other thieves we have amongst us. Sunday night, a party of some description made a raid upon the meadow of Mr. H. B. Brigham, Hancock street, and stripped it. This bed was the special pride of its owner inasmuch as it contained some very fine specimens of melons and had received extra care. These low, despicable thieves, under cover of night, stripped the bed and then not being able to eat all the plunder, scattered the surplus after breaking it up, along the street.

Monday night a bushel of very nice peaches was stolen from Mr. Edward Spaulding's (the Harrington place), East Lexington.

Such conduct is expected only from the lowest of the low, and the actors should feel that they forfeit the respect and esteem of every good citizen, when they stoop to such things. There is nothing of smartness in it.

**HEARING.**—The County Commissioners had a hearing on Thursday last, Sept. 11, on the widening of Main street, and the removal of the obstructions at the estate of Asa Cottrell, Esq. Mr. J. W. Gould conducted the case for the petitioner, and Mr. C. Hudson opposed the latter clause of the petition, on the ground that it was too expensive a measure, and also that the petition was not drawn in compliance with the statute. After the examining of sundry witnesses, who testified in favor of removal, it was agreed that the widening be ordered, and that the question of removal of obstructions be referred directly to a vote of the town, at a regular meeting.

**THE SEASON.**—The winter season approaches and what shall we do for amusement and instruction, has been asked by a number. Are there to be any dramatics, lectures, concerts or anything else of a public nature. Is the Statue fund to be increased or the Centennial fund enlarged by any series of entertainments. These are questions concerning which all should evince a lively interest. Let us hear from those of our readers who have any plan to suggest.

**STATISTICS.**—The Town Clerk has furnished us with the following items. The number of dwellings houses in Arlington in 1873 was 547. The returns for 1874 give the number as 599. In 1873 there were in town 447 horses, but this year there are only 430, and about the same proportion in regard to cows, there being now only 133 against 199 in 1873. There are no sheep in town. The area of the town is 2875.368 acres.

**RUNAWAY.**—Last Sunday morning, a horse belonging to Mr. Horatio Locke, broke loose from his fastenings in the sheds of the Universalist church, and started to run down the Avenue. When opposed by a tree, clearing himself, and turning up the Avenue and down Mill street, was secured. The carriage was considerably damaged, and the harness was also badly broken.

**SENTENCED.**—Mr. Charles L. Steinberg was among the number who pleaded guilty of violation of the liquor laws before the Superior Court, at Boston, on Friday, and was fined \$75 and costs. Harvey D. Parker, of the Parker House, Boston, and several others who stood trial, escaped, the jury failing to agree; they stood ten for acquittal, and two for conviction.

**FOR THE FAIR.**—Mr. Vinton, who spent his vacation from his banking duties this summer, in sketching, has prepared three pictures for the Mechanic's Fair in Boston, of real merit. Two of them are landscapes, and one a pleasing sketch which he has named "A halt holiday." When they are assigned positions and hung, we shall speak of them at length.

**REBUILDING.**—Last Monday, Mr. C. L. Steinberg, of the Spy Pond House, commenced re-building his barn, destroyed by fire a short time ago. The new structure will be 40x80, French roof, and containing all modern conveniences. The horse sheds will also be rebuilt, and will embrace accommodations for about twenty teams.

**CONCERT.**—The regular monthly Sabbath school concert at the Orthodox Congregational church, takes place to-morrow evening. In addition to the usual Bible exercises and singing, an interesting address is expected from W. H. Jones, Esq., of Boston, a prominent worker in the Sabbath school concert.

**S. B. Krognan, P. G. master** and representative at the next session of the grand lodge, I. O. O. F. of the United States, has been presented with a magnificent collar and jewel.

**MR. EDITOR.**—The suit of Town of Arlington vs. Cyrus Cutler, has at last taken another step in the court. This was a suit brought by the town for the breach of a contract made between the defendant and the Selectmen of 1872, with reference to the construction of a dike leading to the defendants mill beneath Mill street. Objections were made by the defendant's counsel to the legality of the town's claim against Cutler in the September term of 1873. The case was carried up to the Supreme Court, and there argued last winter. This week the Supreme Court sent down their decision in the case, stating that the town had a good cause of action against Cutler, and that the town had set forth a good cause of action. John H. Hardy, for the town, Henry J. Wells, for the defendant.

**Justice.**

## Chess Department.

### CHES PROBLEM, No. 19.

White to play and win in four moves.

White. Black.  
1 Q to QK4 K to R7  
2 Q to QK7 K to R6  
3 Q to KR7 (mate)

Or,  
1 Q to QK4 K to R7  
2 Q to QK7 K to R6  
3 Q to KR7 (mate)

Or,  
1 Q to QK4 K to R7  
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# WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIV.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874.

NO. 1.

## G. R. Gage & Co.

Are showing

## FALL STYLES

in great variety.

Coatings,

Pants Goods,

Vestings,

AND

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!

171 Main Street,

43

WOBURN.

THOMAS S. BANKS.

FLORIST,

Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a full supply of Greenhouse Plants, Bouquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice.

E. K. Willoughby,

HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,

Walnut St., Woburn, Mass.

Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

WARREN CUTLER,

JOE WAGON

Stand at the Woburn Centre Depot.

TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND

PIANO MOVING, &c.

Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co.,

J. B. McDonald, H. C. Carter, or at his residence, 25

house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention.

JOHN C. BUCK,

TEACHER OF

PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN

AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,

NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,

WOBURN.

JOHN R. CARTER

Civil Engineer and Surveyor,

Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c.

Also attention given to

CONVEYANCING.

OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.

Monday and Thursday, 7 to 9 P. M., and at

other times when not engaged on outside work.

G. F. HARTSHORNE,

Civil Engineer & Surveyor

Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Grading, Levelling, and Public and

Private Grounds accurately laid out.

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Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buck-

man's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., except

Wednesdays and Fridays.

C. P. JAYNE,

Real Estate Agent

and Auctioneer.

No. 2 Wade Block, Woburn.

Dr. M. H. ALLEN,

DENTIST,

127 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,

Watchmakers & Jewelers,

DEALERS IN

Watches and Jewelry,

No. 187 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry from 15 to 25 per

cent and satisfaction guaranteed.

PLUMBING

T. J. KINNEY,

106 Main St., Woburn.

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses

with Water Pipes, Jobbing in all its branches

promptly attended to.

PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

or Hardware Too I

CALL AT BURL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 15

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings, just received and

or sale at the lowest prices, by

WM. WOODBERRY.

## Poetry.

### SOMETIME.

Well, either you or I,  
After whatever is to say,  
Must see the other die,  
Or hear, through distance, of the other dead,  
Sometime.

And you or I must hide  
Poor empty eyes and faces, wan and wet,  
With life's great grief beside  
The others' coffin, sealed with silence, yet  
Sometime.

And you or I must look  
Into the other's grave, or far or near  
And read, as in a book  
Writ in the dust, words we made bitter here,  
Sometime.

Then through what path of dew  
What flush of flowers, what glory in the grass,  
Only one of us,  
Even as a shadow walking blind may pass  
Sometime.

For both must lose the way  
Wherein we walk together, very soon—  
One in the dark shall wait,  
The other first shall see the rising moon,  
Sometime.

Oh, fast, fast, 'friend of mine!  
Lift up the voice I love so much, and warn;  
To wing faint hands, and pine,  
Tell me I may be left forlorn, forlorn,  
Sometime!

Say I may kiss through tears  
Forever falling, yet forever cold,  
One relic from sweet years,  
One dear, dead leaf, one precious ring of gold,  
Sometime!

Say you may think with pain  
Of some slight grace, some timid wish to please  
Some eager look half vain  
Into your heart, some broken smile like these,  
Sometime!

## Selected.

### Those Awful Pants.

Hercules was seven; a small boy of his age and shockingly freckled. He was the eldest of four, all small of their ages, and shockingly freckled; moreover, and very much moreover, Mrs. Gump thought they were terribly hard on their hats, shoes and clothes.

Hercules knew they were pitifully poor, and did his very best, and always examined his rents with a weebone given to him by his mother, and he would not let his mother find out that he had a weebone.

"What I shall do for another pair of pants for that Hercules I don't know," said Mr. Gump one night, after putting in a large patch on the right knee of the old trousers.

"Them ones won't hear any more patches, I'm sure. The stitches 'll hardly hold now."

Mr. Gump was a mild man, with a pale, blue eye and an inquiring expression of countenance, not calculated to inspire much confidence.

He looked at Mrs. Gump—he had a profound respect for Mrs. Gump—and sighed.

"How's yours now?" said his wife. Mr. Gump shook his head and answered mysteriously:

"No use, my dear. They're very good yet."

"If you could get a new pair, I could get a pair for Hercules, and one for Alexander, out of yours."

Mr. Gump said nothing, but shook his head, and smoothed down a crease in his well-worn trousers, as if they had realized that they had been in danger.

Mrs. Gump took up a sock, a very small one, and fanned up with cotton an immense hole in the heel. Meanwhile she taxed her brain. She went over in her own mind every piece of woolen cloth, large or small, good, bad or indifferent, that she had in the house, and questioned whether it would or would not cut Hercules a pair of pants.

Her husband patted his leg, and watched her. He didn't tax his brain; he was confident that she would think of something.

After a while the clock struck twelve as she was doing it. She folded up the socks and put away the basket.

"Going to bed?" suggested Mr. Gump. "Yes; it's about time, I guess, seeing I've got to wash to-morrow," was the tart reply.

"Thought of anything?" pursued he meekly.

"No, I haven't!"—this was somewhat tart—"leastwise of nothing that does any good. I wish you'd think of something."

Mr. Gump sighed heavily and nothing more was said.

He was somewhat astonished, therefore, when he came home the next evening, to be told with a triumphant air that "them pants of Hercules were entire cut out and most done."

"What did you get them out of, dear?" he asked, thinking for the hundredth time what a manager Mrs. G. was.

"Guess!"

"Well, you never would, 'n' that's a fact. I cut 'em out of that old green table-cloth. Just got 'em out as pretty as you please and only had to piece 'em in three places."

Upon this she brought them out for Mr. Gump to see.

A awful pair of pants they were for a poor little seven-year-old to be victimized with.

Some faint idea of this kind crept through Mr. Gump's mind as he looked at them, and he almost wished that he had "managed" some way to buy new ones for himself; they were such an awfully vivid green, with such a preposterous back figure.

"You could not, don't you know, have 'em dyed or something, I suppose?" he suggested, mildly.

"No, I could not!" she answered, knowing better than he did how ridiculous they were, but determined not to ac-

knowledge it even to herself. "Besides, green is a very fashionable color, just now, so it just happens lucky."

The next morning Hercules was prepared for school with unaccustomed care. He usually washed his face and hands and brushed his hair himself, but this morning, "seeing as his pants was new," his mother said, she did it all herself, and a dreadfully clean, polished, uncomfortable-looking boy he was when he started.

"Run as fast as anything, or you'll be late. Here, stop! give mother a kiss. Good-bye."

Hercules ran "as fast as anything" for a couple of blocks, when he slowed up, and wiping the perspiration from his face he opened a white gate, walked up a pretty garden, and rang the bell of a pretty cottage.

A servant girl with very red arms came to the door. She smiled very broadly when she saw him, but Hercules was in too much of a hurry to notice anything.

"Has Bessie gone yet?" he asked.

"Yes, she went with the Linden boy a good half-hour ago; and sure and you must be late."

"Good morning, marm," said Hercules—he always tried to be polite—and he rushed down through the gate and up the street like the wind.

The red armed girl went back into the sitting-room. Mrs. Lane was laughing by the window, as she watched the green pants fly up the road.

"An' shure, marm," said the girl, "and did you ever see such looking things in your life?"

"Never!" laughed pretty Mrs. Lane. "I can't tell Bessie go with him any more; he looks too ridiculous; ask Harry to call for her every morning after this."

"Very well, marm," said the red-armed girl, laughing again as she went back to the kitchen.

In spite of his hurrying, poor Hercules was late, and had to run the gauntlet of sixty pair of eyes and sixty giggling mouths. The teacher didn't like tardy scholars, but she couldn't look cross when she saw the green pants.

Hercules was astonished to find himself greeted with the very broadest of smiles when he reached her desk, instead of the very severe frown which he expected.

He reproached with the most innocent little smile on his freckled face, whereupon the teacher had to laugh a little, and the sixty giggling children laughed a great deal.

"You may take your seat," she said, unable to say more; and he did so, wholly mystified.

At recess time, however, poor Hercules was enlightened, for he was tormented as only boys can torment a helpless and defenceless creature.

After school, Bessie Lane, whom he loved, and had cared for to and from school for nearly a year, ran away from him, and the boys ran after him, and laughed at him, and he arrived home in tears.

"What's the matter, Herky?" said his mother, for in this preposterous way did she shorten his preposterous name.

Mr. Gump was sitting in a corner with the baby in his arms.

"Yes," he piped. "What is the matter, my son?"

"Nothing," said Hercules, wiping off the tears.

He noticed that his mother had been crying, and he knew something must be going wrong, or his father would not be at home at that time.

"Yes, there is," persisted Mrs. Gump. "Nothing, only the boys ran after me, and Bessie Lane went home alone."

"Laws!" said Mrs. Gump, who was not so quick at seeking as she might have been; "that ain't nothing cry for. Take Alexander and Romulus, now, and go down and play in the sand-heap. Mind you take good care of 'em, and don't let Rommy wander off."

"Yes," replied Hercules, meekly, and away he went with one on each side.

It was quite true that there was something wrong with the Gumps—so very much wrong that Mrs. Gump couldn't keep back the tears from her eyes as she went to and fro about the kitchen, just finishing up the week's ironing.

"I met Dean when I was coming up the street," said Mr. Gump, by way of changing the subject. He did not like to see Mrs. Gump cry—it made him feel as if he depended on a broken reed.

"Did you ask him to pay you the money he owes?" she said, turning quickly around.

"No—no," he stammered. "I thought of it, but—"

"But what?" said his wife.

"I—the truth is, dear, I suppose I hate to ask people for money."

"And I suppose that I would hate to see my children starve a great deal more."

"We are not going to starve, dear," he said, trotting the baby, who was beginning to whimper a little. "We must sell a few things, and worry along somehow till I get another place."

A great tear dropped from Mrs. Gump's eye, and fell hissing on to the hot iron.

"I've always worried about," she said; "and how we can sell anything to live by, I don't see; we can't spare anything, that's certain. Besides, what will they give for our traps? They would think fifty dollars too much for the whole lot."

"We must try to manage some way," said he.

"You are a great good, or you'd never have lost your place; had to be told the same thing over and over fifty times, and then forgot it, I suppose."

Mrs. Gump's hand went up to her eyes.

"Don't dear," he said entreatingly.

So she sighed, and finished her ironing without another word.

When Bessie Lane went home from school that afternoon she felt in a very

different frame of mind from Hercules. She danced into the parlor where her pretty Aunt Lilly sat sewing, and laughed until the tears fairly started down her cheeks.

"Oh, auntie!" she cried, "you ought to have seen Herky Gump today. He looked so funny—oh, so funny! All the scholars laughed and laughed, and even teacher had to too. Oh, dear! how funny he did look!"

Mrs. Lane had not forgotten how "funny" he looked as he dashed up the street in his green pants; but she wanted to hear Bessie's account; so she made her face as straight as she could, and said:

"Why, dear, what made him look funny?"

"Guess!" said Bessie, in a voice so full of giggling laughter that her foot aunt had to stop right there and kiss her.

"Hair cut short?" she suggested.

"No," answered the little girl. "Oh, you can never guess, I know. He had on just the funniest green pants you ever did see in all your life—just as green as the grass in the fields; and everybody laughed like anything, Aunt Lilly; and I wouldn't come home with him—I ran on ahead."

"I saw him this morning, dear," said Aunt Lilly. "He does look too comical for anything. I can't think of letting you go with him any more. I told Mary to tell Harry to call for you, though he is not half so careful as that ridiculous child. What was his mother thinking of when she made such a garment as that?"

Mrs. Lane did not know, and did not take the trouble to think that perhaps his mother was thinking how wretchedly poor they were when she made those awful pants.

"I had a letter from your mother to-day, Bessie," she said, after a while, and she is coming after you in about two weeks. I shall be very lonely without you, little Bessie."

"Never mind, auntie, I'll come again," said pretty, careless Bessie. "I wonder what mamma will bring me. I hope she will bring me a little rat, white dog."

"What nonsense!" laughed her aunt; but that very evening she wrote to her sister to be sure to bring their petted darling a little dog, as fat and white as she could find.

She was very fond of Bessie, yet, somehow, people are sometimes so selfish in their love, she did not think to pity little Hercules with his freckles and his green pants.

He wore them to school the next day, and the next, and many days after that, with a patient sense of enduring and never complaining which sensitive children sometimes have.

It was a poor time, indeed, to complain at home, for his father had as yet no steady work, only an odd job now and then, which barely kept them from the poorhouse; and his mother, "managing" her best, grew thinner and gaunter day by day.

It was some little comfort that the children at school at last became tired of laughing at and tormenting him, and with the exception of a few attacks from street-boys he wore his pants in peace, though never without a crushing sense of their conspicuous ugliness.

One day, walking home behind Bessie and Harry Linden—Hercules would have envied Harry had he known how—he heard Bessie telling, in gleeful tones, that her mother was coming home soon, and she did hope that she would bring her a little white dog, "nice and clean and fat."

Hercules had a heart as forgiving as an angel's, without being in the least conscious of it, and he hoped Bessie would not be disappointed.

Bessie was so pretty and dainty, so like a perfect little lady, that his boyish heart was warm and loyal to her.

"What's your mother coming Bessie?" asked Harry.

"Tomorrow night, I guess. Auntie and I are going down to the railroad station to meet her. If she don't come to-morrow night, she's just sure and certain to come the next night."

"I'd rather have a black cat and tan than a white dog," said Harry, "or," he added, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb, "a green one, like Herky Gump's pants."

Bessie laughed loudly and merrily, and Harry joined, while Hercules dashed across the street, up an alley and arrived home in tears.

"Mother," he cried, "can't I wear my old pants? I wouldn't care how ragged they were, if I could only take these off. People all laugh at me."

"Poor child!" said his mother, thin and worried with overmuch managing to do; "when father gets another place, you shall have another pair; I suppose they do look odd."

She was beginning to realize that green was not a "fashionable color," for pants, anyway.

The next afternoon Hercules had an errand to do on Kearney street. The thoroughfare was a little more crowded than usual, but Hercules had sharp eyes, and he spied Bessie and her Aunt Lilly and another lady, who he guessed was her mother walking just in front of him; and Bessie, he saw, led by a blue ribbon round its neck, a fat little white dog.

"His name shall be Snow, because we never have snow in San Francisco," Bessie had said; and her mother and aunt had both merrily declared it an excellent reason, and agreed that its name must be Snow.

Hercules walked along quietly behind them, admiring the spotless Snow, and Bessie and her mother. Her Aunt Lilly he didn't admire very greatly; perhaps he couldn't help feeling that she was not very friendly to him.

Suddenly Snow, by a vicious, unexpected pull of the ribbon, broke loose from Bessie's hands, and disappeared in the labyrinth of horses and carriages which filled the busy street; and the

little girl, before any one could look or speak, dropped her aunt's hand and dashed after it.

Hercules didn't stop to think—he was only seven—how could he stop to think? He said afterward that it seemed to him that some other boy was inside of him, doing everything that he did, and that he couldn't help it.

It was all a whirl for a few minutes. Aunt Lilly's face rivalled the gentle-eyed mother's in pallor. A stout policeman caught a great cart-horse by the bit, and stopped him so short that he fell back on his haunches; somebody screamed and somebody swore, and then Hercules came creeping out from the wheels and the horse's feet and the danger, with Bessie on his hand, a dreadfully tumbled and bewildered little Bessie, and Snow, looking more like coal, under his arm, and nobody hurt.

"I've scratched my knee," said Hercules, in answer to Bessie's mother's inquiries, "and I've torn my pants a little."

Aunt Lilly smiled, but Bessie's mother said:

"That will be easily mended."

Mrs. Gump and Mr. Gump, and Hercules and Alexander, Romulus and the baby, all stared, wide open-eyed, in astonishment that evening when Mrs. Lane came with Bessie to their poor little house, "to see how Hercules' knee was."

"Your pants will have to be mended with a new pair," said the gentle-eyed woman, as she put a bundle on the table. Imagine Hercules' eyes! "Lilly has told me how kind you have been to my little girl, dear, and I will never forget you. It is a great wonder that one of you was not hurt yesterday; and Bessie putting you and herself in danger for so silly a thing as a dog!"

"I'll never run in among horses or Snow again. Will you Herky?" said Bessie.

"I didn't go after Snow; I went after you," said Hercules.

Mrs. Lane came many times to see them while she staid, and did many kindnesses for them in her quiet way.

She asked about Mr. Gump, and where he had been working and why he had lost his place.

"Why," she said, "this employer is a cousin of my husband's. I must try to get him back."

She did try, and after much teasing and promising, poor, mild Mr. Gump was taken back; and whether he tries harder to remember, or Mrs. Lane leaves when they threaten to discharge him, I know not; but he has ever since kept his place, and Mrs. Gump is getting fat, and say the world is kinder to them now.

"All along," she says, "of Herky thinking so much of that Bessie Lane, and Mrs. Lane being so sweet a lady."

And, will you believe, in the lowest drawer of the big chest, wrapped in brown paper and scented with camphor, Mrs. Gump still preserves those awful pants, which Hercules wore until the knees were thin!

"I keeps 'em," says Mrs. Gump, "to remind me how poor I was, and keep me thankful. They were our darkest days, and Hercules was as patient as a lamb."

EATING AND LAUGHING.—Life is a serious business to an American, man or woman; and eating being an important part of it, though it occupies very little time, it is a serious business too. No one can accuse the average man of eating as if he liked it. He grumbles if breakfast or dinner is not ready at the precise moment; but it is not because he is anxious for it, but only because he wants to be thorough with it. He sits down with an abstracted expression, he throws a hurried glance over the table, his wife and children take their seats silently and he begins to eat with as much instruction as is entertaining, and forms a home education for children which they highly appreciate in after life. Laughing is good for digestion, and jokes which have hardly begun to go down with the dinner findly give it additional flavor.

Some people would willingly make themselves agreeable if they knew how. They cannot think of anything to say, but it is not because they do not think or do not know anything, but because they have not been accustomed to express their thoughts. One way to break the ice which seems to have formed round the domestic life of so many families is for each member to tell what he or she has been doing in the interval since they met.

This of itself will suggest questions, funny and otherwise, for discussion; but it must be borne in mind that the object is additional pleasure, and not the furnishing of subjects for controversy or fault-finding.—*Heath & Home.*

History says that when St. Patrick landed near Wicklow, to convert the Irish in 433, the pagan inhabitants were ready to stone him; he requested to be heard, and undertook to explain to them that the Trinity in Unity, but they could not understand him; till, placing a trefoil from the ground him, said, "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as these three leaves, to grow upon a single stalk?" Then the Irish were immediately convinced. This is the origin of the Shamrock or trefoil being the national emblem of Ireland.

## A MEMORABLE RIDE.

BY A CAN

# Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
At 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies 10 cents a line.  
SPECIAL NOTICES 10 cents a line.  
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SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1874.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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## VOLUME TWENTY-FOUR.

We herewith present No. 1 of volume 24 of the Journal. For twenty-three years it has been a welcome visitor to the households of Woburn, and nearly all of the survivors of the original subscribers are still readers of its columns. The past year has not been a prosperous one for the town, but the people now-a-days must read, and the newspaper from being a luxury has come to be regarded as a necessity. Our list has been increased more than a hundred the past year, and still they come. We shall in the future as in the past give our readers all the news, faithfully discuss current topics, heartily advocate local improvements, and encourage home enterprise. We believe no one patronizes this paper through fear of our displeasure, as we mean to treat every one with fairness. Holding strong opinions, we accede the same right to others, and are willing to accept, as all should, the consequences of their expression. The bond of union which now unites the Journal and its readers is a strong one—may it grow stronger as the years glide by.

**THE TICKET QUESTION.**—Our correspondent last week semi-officially stated that "A season ticket will be good for as many round trips on regular trains as there are week days in the quarter, and no more, but will not be good for rides in any other quarter without being punched or not." This may be the way the Railroad looks at it, but it seems to us that this class of ticket will be subject to the same legal construction as others. Some railroad prints on their ticket "good for this day only" but the courts have decided that notwithstanding this announcement the ticket is good until used. And such a decision is equitable. The annoyance of having to show a season ticket every time should be compensated for, and if every square will command a ride, the holder has an equivalent for his money which is no more than his right. If the railroad would take this view, they would sell a great many more tickets, as persons who are in the habit of buying packages would secure the commutation tickets because of the saving in cost.

**SHOT THE WRONG MAN.**—We are credibly informed that the editor of the Adversary keeps a loaded shot gun in his office, full cocked, and ready for use. Whether in the event of an attempt to coerce him by any of the victims of his libellous pen, he would be able to so far overcome his natural timidity as to discharge the piece, may well be doubted. But Mark has an apprentice named Daniel Lynch, whom he is instructing in the business of sweeping out the office. While engaged in his peaceful task, the other day, the boy took the gun to move it, when the charge went off, shooting poor Dan in the hand. We are glad to learn that the damage was slight.

**"ROUSING RECEPTION"** to General Kilpatrick. We would call attention to the opening lecture in the G. A. R. course at Winchester, on Monday evening, Sept. 22nd, by General Kilpatrick. An invitation has been extended to the G. A. R. Post of this town, to co-operate with that of Winchester, in giving the General a "rousing reception." By reference to the Winchester items it will be seen that ample arrangements have been made for a grand time. We hope that our town will be well represented on that occasion, as the object is a most worthy one, viz: the erection of a suitable monument to our soldiers' lot in the cemetery.

**FRUIT.**—The orchard of our friend William Winn, Esq., appears to have brought forth bountifully, and he has shown the finest peaches seen in this market. He carried some to Boston on Saturday, where they sold readily for 75 cents a dozen at wholesale. His Bartlett pears have also turned out well, they not only look well but taste well. Mr. Winn knows how to raise good fruit.

**HALF A CENTURY.**—The friends and neighbors of B. Brooks Richardson met at his house on Powell street, last Tuesday evening to celebrate his 50th birthday. It was a pleasant gathering and the greeting of old acquaintance and renewing former friendships afforded a great deal of enjoyment.

**RACE.**—The great stallion race at Mystic Park, Tuesday, was witnessed by nearly 30,000 people. It was won by Snuggler, owned by Colonel H. S. Russell, of Milton; Phil Sheridan second, H. W. Genet third and Commonwealth fourth. Best time, 2:29—made in the third heat. Woburn contributed several hundred spectators.

**BEECHER IN WOBURN.**—Rev. H. W. Beecher is announced to lecture in the First Congregational Church, Oct. 12. The whole house is reserved and the tickets placed at one dollar. They will be for sale by Fossick & Buss on Monday next.

**SELECTMEN.**—At the meeting of the Selectmen, the bill of G. L. Hunt for \$284 for the use of his house in the small pox panic, was received and referred to E. E. Thompson. The use of the engine house hall on Railroad street was granted for a sewing school.

**THE Boston North Baptist Association met with the Boston Baptist Church, on Hanover street, Wednesday and Thursday. This is the first time the association ever met with the Baptist Church. The opening sermon was by Rev. L. G. Barrett.**

**RUNAWAYS.**—On Tuesday evening a horse belonging to Chester W. Smith, of Winchester, standing in C. P. Pollard's yard, from some unknown cause started and being but partially fastened to the wagon, left the same slightly intermixed with a ladder truck that was standing near by, and run over two children, one the son of Michael Ferrin, the other of Martin Shields. The injuries sustained were but slight. The same evening as James Little was driving down Main street, Lizzie Dever, daughter of Hugh Dever, in attempting to cross the street, fell and was run over by his wagon. Fortunately no bones were broken. A slight wound upon the cheek was the extent of the injury.

**OUT AGAIN.**—About 3 o'clock Wednesday morning, an alarm whistle sounded the Fire Department from their slumbers, but as nothing in town could be seen, they turned in again. It afterwards transpired that the noise came from the round house, making the fourth alarm from this source. It must be a satisfaction to our citizens to know that the firemen are on the alert, and so keenly alive to the faintest signal that their services are needed.

**SEIZURE.**—Chief Mann attempted to seize a small quantity of liquor in transit from the team of B. F. Bellows & Co., in the rear of Dever's Block on Tuesday evening. Julian Smith, the driver, resisted the officer and drove away. The Chief not to be out done, immediately repaired to the stables of B. F. Bellows and ordered the liquor taken to the lockup, which after some argument was complied with. The "forbidden fruit" was intended for "The Mutuals," at least so it was claimed.

**SLIGHT FIRES.**—On Saturday morning last, the chimney of Shaw & Taylor's tannery caught fire and the sparks from the same ignited the roof of the tan yard. It was extinguished without sounding an alarm. About five o'clock the same morning the key to one of the pulleys on the main shaft in S. Simond's grist mill became loosened and the pulley worked along the shaft until it came in contact with the floor timber, and would have caused quite an extensive fire but for the timely discovery by the watchman.

**WARREN ACADEMY.**—The Fall term of this institution opened this week quite satisfactorily. More than twice the number of students desirous of fitting for the Institute of Technology, which entered last year, have entered this year. While the whole number of the students is double that who presented themselves at the beginning of the Fall term 1873, although the present is the fall of small things, still the friends of the institution feel much encouraged.

**BATH ROOM.**—We are glad to know that the wish for a bath room in Woburn is met, and all who desire to enjoy the luxury can do so at Mr. William Leath's rooms, in Sole's Building, Railroad St., three doors from Main street. Mr. Leath has two rooms neatly fitted up with bathing tubs, in which hot or cold baths may be taken. We hope his enterprise will receive a good support.

**LOST.**—Watson D. Alexander, of Billerica, came to town on Wednesday last, after purchasing a quantity of lumber at Littlefield's hardware at L. Thompson's, started for home, and when opposite Burke & Mondy's shop on Main street, missed his pocket book, which contained quite a sum of money.

**FALSE ALARM.**—Sunday morning the humming of escaping steam at the Railroad round house sounded so much like a distant fire whistle that part of the Fire Department turned out. This is the third time that such an alarm has been given, and the inquiry is suggested, is due caution used at the round house.

**S. S. CONFERENCE.**—On Tuesday the 28th inst., there is to be the Ninth Annual Meeting of the Woburn Sabbath School Conference, in the Orthodox Church, Woburn. In addition to the usual exercises there will be a Sunday School Convention in the evening.

**WONG CHIN FO.**—This gentleman gave his promised lecture in Lyceum Hall, to a small audience, but those who heard him were well repaid. He exhibited a calculating machine by which he was able to give the sum of a column of figures as soon as they were stated. Mr. James Redpath was among his auditors.

**G. A. R.—**Post 33 has voted to accept the invitation of the Winchester Post to attend the lecture of General Sheridan, one week from next Monday. They also voted to attend the camp fire at Wyoming Grove, at which all the Posts in this vicinity are expected to light up.

**ACCIDENT.**—As C. A. McDonald was setting up his patent "Grease Jacks" last Saturday afternoon, at P. W. Kinney's shop on Main street, the thumb of his left hand was severely crushed by the shaft, which had not been fully adjusted.

**MECHANICS FAIR.**—The twelfth exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association opened Wednesday morning. The departments are all full, and the show as a whole, and in every particular, surpasses any previously held.

**FALL.**—Dr. R. M. Gage fell into a trench dug for water pipes at Rufus Pickering's house a few evenings ago, and sprained the muscles of his left arm so as to render the use of it quite painful for several days.

**CORONER.**—L. G. Richardson, Esq., of this town has been appointed by the Governor and Council, Coroner for Middlesex County.

**BOWEN BUCKNAM'S** fruit will compare favorably with any in town, and Clarence Littlefield's garden is beyond impeachment.

## New Publications.

SEVEN DAUGHTERS. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.50, pp. 269.

This is a story of a clergyman's home and family, which consisted of the mother (a lady in every sense of the word, who brought her children up to love goodness and made herself one of them), and seven daughters. The principal characters are the two older girls, Rose, one of the domestic, stay-at-home-kind, and Fannie, a bright, attractive, one. The father, Mr. Edgcomb, and Stephen Duncan, have been appointed guardians of two of Duncan's younger brothers. Stephen Duncan, who is obliged to go to Europe, wishes to leave the boys at Mr. Edgcomb's home. After a family consultation it is decided that they shall come. The life of the Seven Daughters has been very uneventful until disturbed by the boys, but it all comes out very pleasantly. At a picnic Fannie receives two offers of marriage, one from a neighbor's son, and the other from a city gentleman. The first she does not love, and the other she thinks is trifling with her. At last she finds out that the latter is in earnest, when there is joy. Rose thinks it is rendered unhappy for a time. But all ends well with the marriage of Rose and Stephen Duncan, and Fannie and Winthrop Ogden. It is the story of a true home, and true girls, who made and will make true women. The story is well written, and all who read it will be sure and gain some good.

HOW MARJORIE HELPED. By M. Carroll. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 355. Price \$1.50.

This is a book for girls. The heroine of the story is Marjorie Dana, a doctor's daughter, who lives in the country until she is fifteen years old, when she goes to Boston to school and stays a year. Boston is a good many miles away, and she is obliged to make the journey alone. Before she goes her aunt gives her for her guidance this verse, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." While on her way, the cars are detained, and she makes (what after the event proved to be) a long and tedious journey. She meets a lame girl about one her age. It tells of the ups and downs of her school life, of all the good she did, and friends that she made, by doing as her motto taught her. The story ends with her at her own home, still trying to make every one happy. It is very interesting, and will benefit any boy or girl who reads it. It will teach them how to do much good if they follow Marjorie's example.

*Harper's Magazine* for October is as magnificent a Number for its illustrations, as rich in the variety and interest of its reading matter, as was ever published. It opens with "The Emigrant's Story," by J. T. Trowbridge—a poem of characteristic force and pathos, illustrated by Sol Eytinge. The first of an admirable series of illustrated papers on "Decorative Art and Architecture in England," is contributed by Moncure D. Conway. T. B. Aldrich contributes a graceful and exceedingly interesting paper, profusely and beautifully illustrated, on Portsmouth, entitled "An Old Town by the Sea." Happily supplemented this article is one on "The Isles of Shoals," by John W. Chadwick, beautifully illustrated. Under the title of "The Huntsmen of the Sea," is given a curious and thrilling chapter of American whaling adventure, with graphic and effective illustrations. Three stories of unusual power, poems by John G. Saxe and Margaret E. Sangster, and the five editorial departments make up, with other articles an ideally perfect Number.

*Peterson's Magazine* for October is at hand filled with good reading, illustrations and full fashions. The contents for this month consist of the usual number of short stories and poetry, the second part of the new continued story, another installment of "The Marriage Certificate," which increases in interest as it nears the end, a piece of music, receipts for the sick room, and cooking, a floral department, and a variety of dresses, bonnets, &c., &c., with descriptions. This is the first magazine to come and the cheapest fashion book published, only \$2.00 a year. Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., Publisher.

**THE TRUE AND CORRECT EDITION OF "MOTTER GOOSE."**—Messrs. Tilton & Co., Boston, will publish in September, Mr. Partington's edition of Motter Goose's Melodies, edited by Uncle Willis, containing all of the original Motter Goose besides many other Rhymes of a similar character, examined by Mrs. Partington, and illustrated with one hundred line engravings. Every baby in the country will want a copy, and it can be had for sixty cents they will probably have it. Be sure and inquire for Mrs. Partington's edition, with its hundred line pictures.

**DIRECTORY.**—We have received from Adkins Brothers a neatly printed Directory of New Britain, Conn., where they are engaged in business. It seems they have a Mrs. Hen there, who is all sew a nurse, and a Cornelius Hen who is a packer, but whether of eggs or not, does not tell its advertisers.

**ADULTERY.**—Our citizens should not forget the Grand Entertainment to come off on the 30th of this month, one week from next Wednesday evening. Where ever the Adelphi Quartette have sung they have been received with great favor. Miss Carrie E. Barr the soprano engaged for the occasion, closed a very successful engagement last spring with the People's Quartette, having sung in most of the large cities of the Union. Mr. Jones is well known to our citizens as a reader and needs no introduction. His selections are new and the finest he has ever read. Tickets may be obtained of S. Horton and John Parker, on and after this Saturday morning.

**POLICE RECORD.**—Sept. 12, Margaret Fitzgerald kept for keeping liquor with intent to sell, fined \$10 and costs and sentenced to imprisonment in the House of Correction for 20 days, appealed. Sept. 14, John Kelly single drunk \$3 and costs. Anne Flaherty single drunk, \$3 and costs. Sept. 17, Julian Smith for assault on Chief Mann \$3 and costs.

**North Woburn.** **ACCIDENT.**—On Wednesday last as Frank Dearborn was rolling leather through a rolling machine he caught the fore finger of his left hand between the rollers and crushed it severely.

**TELEGRAPHIC.**—The Western Union have opened telegraph offices in Wilmington and North Billerica.

## PRactical Education.

While ever willing to admit the vast benefit to pupils from the rapid advance made in the comfort and attractive appearance of modern school houses, compared with those occupied by such of us as show by our whitened locks that our school days have long since passed, and freely conceding the value of mechanical appliances to aid the aspiring youth up the rugged hill of science, and appreciating the liberal education and capabilities of the successful teacher of the period, and joining with pleasure in the commendable pride of parents in viewing the rapid progress made by thousands of the pupils under what is termed by some the Hot Bed system of teaching. I still on Wednesday to what the progressive school man may call foggyism, strong enough to believe that the best system of instruction to fit our youth for the varied situations they will occupy in future life has not yet been tried to any extent. Look over for as many years as you please the list of graduates from the numerous institutions which require a three or four years course and see how small a portion of those who pass through those halls wearing and fully entitled to wreaths of honor for their successful mastery of the difficult studies to find of a former time were strangers, ever take positions where they can use to advantage any large portion of the knowledge there acquired.

Many of the male graduates go from their studies to learn some mechanical trade with no knowledge of the use of tools. They must commence with the first rudiments and slowly work their way up. Had there been connected with the institution where they graduated a mechanical department, they might in the years spent gained all the book learning needed for their vocation, and had an opportunity to test their adaptation to their intended employment, and if natural mechanics would have become so far advanced as to make their change nothing more than going from one location to another in the same branch of industry. The same argument applies with equal force to young ladies. The years of school life have so fully engaged their time that home duties and labors have found little or no attention from them, and in very many cases they soon leave the paternal roof to assume the cares and labors of married life. This question then comes before us, how far will even a thorough course in the higher branches prepare the wife of any man for matters what his position in life may be for duties the responsibility of which may never rest on her shoulders, as was ever the labor of not. In view then of the fact that so few are placed where their learning acquired through long years of hard study is called into actual use, would not a portion of that time devoted to practical experience in becoming familiar with many of the things which will now demand their attention prove of more real value to them. Objections may be raised to the way of a successful department of this kind, but the credit awarded to Holyoke and other kindred institutions shows that the plan is by no means a visionary one.

Let the time come when the lady graduates from those founts of knowledge, the pride and glory of our country shall be so educated as to answer the description given of the good wife by the wise man of old, and then we may expect that the homes of such will be as far in advance of the rest of the land as the actual labor of not. In view then of the fact that so few are placed where their learning acquired through long years of hard study is called into actual use, would not a portion of that time devoted to practical experience in becoming familiar with many of the things which will now demand their attention prove of more real value to them. Objections may be raised to the way of a successful department of this kind, but the credit awarded to Holyoke and other kindred institutions shows that the plan is by no means a visionary one.

**TRAVELLER.** **POLITICS.**—The Boston Globe is giving considerable attention to politics, and publishes correspondence from all quarters from which an opinion may be formed of the state of the public feeling. Last Saturday appeared the following:—A Woburn correspondent speaks thus of town politics: "As the time approaches of the gubernatorial campaign, the two political parties in Woburn begin to cast about for a man to represent the town in the coming General Court. With the Republican name of John Cummings, Esq., is most popular; in fact no other person has been mentioned as a possible candidate. Cummings is as strong a man as the party can run, since he will, in accordance with his past record, represent the interests of the town to the best advantage. He is, we are rightly informed, in favor of a license law, and as the coming issue will be between license and prohibition, it is probable that the temperance men can consistently give him their support. The Democrats are very quiet. John L. Munroe, Esq., the defeated candidate of last fall, will not run again, but the party will try an "old substantial" Democrat, whose name at present writing we are not at liberty to make known. The chances in the coming contest seem in favor of the Republicans, as regards town representation. Some of the leading Democrats have, however, indicated the temperance men can consistently give him their support. The Democrats are very quiet. John L. Munroe, Esq., the defeated candidate of last fall, will not run again, but the party will try an "old substantial" Democrat, whose name at present writing we are not at liberty to make known. The chances in the coming contest seem in favor of the Republicans, as regards town representation. Some of the leading Democrats have, however, indicated the temperance men can consistently give him their support. The Democrats are very quiet. John L. 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**THE DUMB PRINCESS.**—A CRYSTAL BALL. Long ago, a king—or, as some say, a very wealthy man, but it does not matter which, though a king sounds better—had an only child, a daughter, the heirless of all his wealth, who could not or would not speak. He tried all means to cure her, but in vain. At last he sent forth a proclamation that whoever, being in fitting degree, could restore speech to his daughter, should marry her and eventually be lord of all her father's wealth. Many tried, but all failed. At last a prince who had a magic gift, that of causing things inanimate to talk with him, came forward, and was admitted to the hall where the princess was. Life spoke to her and tried to induce her to speak, but answer he got none!

Now a lamp was hanging in the hall, and it to the prince good humoredly addressed himself. "Lamp," said he, "I will tell you a story."

"Say on," replied the lamp.

"Well," went on the prince, four travelers—a carpenter, a painter, a cloth merchant and a jeweler—set out on a journey. By-and-by they came to a rest house, halted there and prepared their food. The keeper of the rest house had laid on the floor a log of wood, very suitable for carving. The carpenter, seeing this, pulled out his carving gear and carved the log into the shape of a woman, life size, and exquisitely beautiful. The painter next took his brushes and colors and painted the figure till it shone as brilliantly fair as a goddess! Then the cloth merchant opened his packages, chose the finest silks and embroidered, and dressed the figure in his choicest bravery. The jeweler took gems, earrings, necklaces and bangles, and all such things, and bedecked the figure with them. Last of all the figure was endowed with life. I do not take upon me to explain how that came about, but it was the fact!

"No more do I," said the lamp; "but pray go on. I have digressions!"

"When," continued the prince "that, exquisitely beautiful being burst into life, all the four fell violently in love with her, and each wished to make her his wife."

"Why," I shaped the matchless figure," said the carpenter.

"And I bestowed on her that beautiful complexion," retorted the painter.

"And I robed her," exclaimed the merchant.

"But what are your choicest robes to the costly gems, which were my gifts? A woman is of little account without jewels!" cried the jeweler.

"Thus they went on clamoring and disputing. Now, O lamp! who was to declare the rightful owner?"

First, the lamp said one, then another, giving reasons—and whatever the lamp said the prince contradicted. The dispute waxed hot and furious, but seemed never to come nearer to the end. The princess heard all the dispute, and held her peace a long time. At last she could bear to keep silent no longer. So she cried: "You are both silly! The true owner was none of the four, but the keeper of the rest-house, for to him the wood she was made of belonged!"

"Ah, yes," said the prince who are in the right my princess. And now that you have spoken, let me claim my reward, and take you for my wife!" So they went before the king, who was enchanted with the cure; and they were married straightway, and lived happy ever after—at least, it is said, the princess never gave her husband any cause, after marriage, to reproach her for too persistently holding her peace!"

**DECIDEDLY COOL.**—Quite late on Saturday evening, a tramp, seeing a light shine through a window in a dwelling near the railroad station, made bold to enter the house, and finding none of the family stirring, deliberately disrobed and retired to a chamber, where he found an unoccupied bed, and quietly "turned in" for the rest of the night. It appears that a regular lodger was expected, and the door was left unfastened for his accommodation. So, when this stranger entered, the people residing in the house supposed it was his boarder returned, and as he proceeded directly to the boarder's lodging room, and they heard nothing more from him. But when the man of the house arose the following morning he noticed certain irregularities that induced him to call his boarder's name, but the tramp coolly responded that there was no such person in the sleeping room. The strange voice attracted the attention of the family, and upon investigation it was found that the regular boarder did not come, but the stranger did. The fellow accepted an invitation to take breakfast, and left quite well suited with his entertainment.

**KEEF IT FROM THEM.**—Don't give liquor to children. Possibly you can do it with safety, but the chances are against it. One of the first literary men in the United States said to the writer: "There is one thing, which as you visit different places, I wish you to do everywhere—that is, entreat every mother never to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight as for my life, all my days to keep from giving a drunkard, because I was fed with spirits when a child and acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine to take a drop of liquor for anything. Warn every parent wherever you go, never to give a drop to a child, as they value its future happiness."

The question is often asked by careful mothers, "What will remove grass stains from children's clothing?" An exchange says that simply wetting and rubbing the stained cloth in cold water will remove all traces of the grass. Fruit stains will disappear on the application of boiling hot water. No soap should be used in either case.

**A St. Louis reporter** has got a happy "sack" in this direction. Says he, concluding a recent tour of duty: "As the darkness of night gradually usurped the light of day, and the stars, the bright empyrean of God, began to glitter in the heavens, the assemblage began to disperse, and each turned his face homeward, at peace, it is hoped, with the world."

**A minister once prayed:** "O Lord we thank Thee for the goodly number here to-night, and that thou also art here, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather."

**J. E. McCURE & Co.**  
DEALERS IN  
FANCY AND STAPLE  
DRY GOODS,  
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WOBURN.

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THIS School is designed to prepare pupils of either sex for the COMMERCIAL PURSUITS, and affords an opportunity for acquiring a complete Commercial Education.

The course of study for Pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the common English language, embraces the following named studies:—

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**COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC**  
(Designed for Practical Application in Business);  
**COMMERCIAL WRITING**  
(with special reference to Legibility and Rapidity);  
**COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE**  
(in a manner answering to the requirements of business letter writing);  
**COMMERCIAL LAW**,  
(relating to negotiable paper contracts, partnership, etc.).

**Preparatory Department.**  
Pupils will be received into this department, and prepared to enter the COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT of the School, for an examination previous to entering some Institute or University. Pupils are admitted at any time if there are vacancies. Catalogue of teachers and pupils, and prospectus of studies, post free, on application to the Principal.

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Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in  
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Elliptic Spring-Bed,

Patented Feb. 11, 1873.  
Manufactured at Whitney's Mill,  
WINCHESTER, MASS.

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Orders by Mail Solicited.

**JUST RECEIVED**  
And for Sale.

1 Extension Table, 1 Parlor Desk, with drawers each side and Book Case on top, 1 Sink, 1 Cupboard with wire doors, 1-2 doz. nice Office Chairs, 1 Weed Sewing Machine, One Lounge, 1 Baby Carriage, &c.

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DEALER IN

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WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

ALSO  
A Large Assortment  
OF ALL KINDS OF  
**STEAM COAL**  
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

**Wood Sawing**  
By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation  
At his Wood and Coal Yard,  
No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to  
**SAW WOOD,**

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to  
the store, at a slight advance upon the price of the  
wood. Customers are invited to call and examine  
the new improvement.

**J. B. McDONALD,**  
93 Main St., Woburn.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts,**  
MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Martha Ella Knapp, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, (DECEASED),

WHEREAS, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Origen B. Darling, who prays that let said testamentary may be proved to him the executor therein named, and that he may be exempted from giving a surety or securities on his bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of September instant, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any have against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, the first publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Register, Judge of said Court, this first day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

**JOHN L. WYMAN,**  
Magnetic Physician.  
Residence in J. W. Manning's Photograph Establishment,  
Main Street, Woburn.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Other hours will visit the sick at their homes.  
Residence on Pleasant Street, fourth door from Main on the left.

**MEAT AND PROVISION STORE**  
For Sale at a Bargain.

Nicely fitted up with all the conveniences for doing a successful business. There is a large Ice Chest for Meat, a smaller one for Butter. Marble Counter with convenient Meat Rack over it, every thing being NEW and FIRST-CLASS. Success is all that brings the chances into the market. It is disposed of at private sale will be sold at public auction on MONDAY, August 2nd, at 10 o'clock, A. M. For further information call on THOMAS BALDWIN, Nos. 44 and 46 Main Street, or corner Fennie and Prospect Streets, Woburn, Mass.

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James Partridge, Proprietor.  
Painting, Graining, Gilding,  
—AND—  
PAPER HANGING.  
Also—Whitening and Tinting.  
Sign of the Eagle, Walnut Street, Woburn, Mass.  
NEAR POST OFFICE. 185  
Sign Writing and Lettering a specialty.

**Shingles, Shingles, Shingles.**  
A LARGE LOT OF No. 1  
Shingles for sale  
CHEAP FOR CASH.

Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.  
**J. B. McDONALD,**  
93 Main St., Woburn.

**HOME FIRE Insurance Co.,**  
OF NEW YORK.

Abstract of the 42d Semi-Annual Statement, showing the condition of the company on the first day of July, 1874.

CASH CAPITAL, \$2,500,000.00  
Reserve for Re-insurance, 1,019,971.53  
Reserve for unpaid Losses & Dividends, 242,238.82  
Net Surplus, 549,171.64  
Total Assets, \$5,212,381.49

**SUMMARY OF ASSETS.**  
Cash, in Bank, \$387,831.27  
Bonds and mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate, worth \$2,322,000 1,969,239.41  
United States Stocks, (market value), 2,692,125.00  
State and City Bonds, " " 26,200.00  
Bank Stocks, " " 134,750.00  
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand (market value of Securities, \$42,285), 315,000.00  
Interest due on 1st July, 1874, 60,273.19  
Balance in hand of Agents, 144,511.65  
Bills Receivable, 16,691.59  
Premiums due and uncollected on policies issued at this office, 14,122.47  
Total, \$5,212,381.49

**LIABILITIES.**  
Claims for Losses outstanding on July 1st, 1874, \$241,622.83  
Dividends unpaid, 1,615.00  
Total, \$243,238.83

**ONLY \$2.00 A YEAR.**

**Look out for Volume Twenty-Four of the JOURNAL.**

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who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

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So if you want to get suited in any department of a

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These celebrated Bitters are composed of choice Roots, Herbs, and Barks, among which are Gentian, Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, Juniper, and other berries, and are so prepared as to retain all their medicinal qualities. They invariably cure or greatly relieve the following complaints: Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Bilious Attacks, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Ague, Cold Chills, Rheumatism, Summer Complaints, Piles, Kidney Diseases, Female Difficulties, Lassitude, Low Spirits, General Debility, and, in fact, everything caused by an impure state of the blood or deranged condition of the Stomach, Liver, or Kidneys. They speedily and gently stimulate, so desirable in their declining years. No one can remain long unwell (unless afflicted with an incurable disease) after taking a few bottles of the Quaker Bitters.

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FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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T. De Witt Talmace is editor of The Christian at Woburn; C. H. Spurgeon, Special Contributor. They write for no other paper in America. Three magnificent Chromes, Pay larger commission than any other paper.

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FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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**AGENTS Wanted.**  
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Corner of Walnut and Main Streets  
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## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
Published Every Saturday.  
At 204 State Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies 10 cents.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Ordinary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

## Index to New Advertisements.

Buckley's Serenaders,  
Overseers,  
Parker's Amusements,  
Visiting Cards,  
Yarns and Organs,  
Middlesex Agricultural Society,  
For Sale Church,  
Boston Daily Globe,  
Columbia's Service,  
Republican Caucus,  
C. A. R.

## From Woburn to Portland Direct.

Last Tuesday we visited Wilmington, where a gang of men are at work upon a new railroad. From the Boston & Lowell track, just above the Wilmington station, the old road bed of the Boston & Maine may be seen, and following a nearly straight course, the Boston & Maine is reached in three miles and a half. The bed is being used by the Lawrence & Boston Railroad, and the track will run as above, and striking the Maine a little south of the Wilmington Junction, go along parallel with it until it makes a junction with the Lowell and Salem, and then to the Lowell and Lawrence. Workmen had already commenced laying the rails on the Lowell railroad end, the bed was cleared nearly to the Maine road, sleepers were laid about one-half the distance, and the prospect of having the road in running order by the first of November, was quite good. It is some twenty odd years since the rails were taken up. The bed is in very fair condition, about all that is necessary is to cut away the growth of wood. The sleepers are laid on the ground, and rails will be placed on them, and the filling done with gravel trains. There are three grade crossings, one bridge, and several small culverts. This road will give us direct communication with Lawrence and the Maine road. It is claimed that Portland is 14 miles nearer Boston by this route than any other. When it is completed passengers for Portland, who now must either go to Reading, four miles, or to Boston, ten miles, can now take cars at the Watering Station in Woburn, and save an hour's riding. Whether there will be a saving of fares remains to be seen. The opening of this new route cannot fail to benefit us, both as to freight and passenger business.

The Lawrence American, speaking of this matter, says:—

"The Boston & Lowell is contemplating an early day the formation of a line to Portland. The last legislature of New Hampshire gave a charter to a company known as the Spicket River Railroad. Building under the charter of this road from Lawrence through Methuen to Hampstead, N. H., the Lowell railroad men claim they then have, by using roads now running to Portland, a continuous line from Boston to Portland, which it is claimed by them is shorter than the Boston & Maine by fourteen miles. It may be regarded as certain that, for mutual advantage, the Lowell and Eastern companies have concluded to join forces here, and that they will at once undertake operations which cannot fail to be of great public advantage."

JONES.—A pedestrian party at the White Mountains contained one from Woburn, one from Chelsea, one from Lowell, and one from Manchester. A gentleman met them in Conway, and after a little preliminary conversation, asked a little of Woburn what his name was. "My name is Jones," said he. Then spoke up Chelsea, "And my name is Jones." The stranger glanced toward Lowell, who said "My name is Jones." "And what may your name be my Manchester friend?" "Jones," was the amusing reply. "Well, cousins," remarked the genial stranger, "my name is also Jones," and then they took a bowl of mush and milk.

THE GOOD SHEPARD.—A few days ago a mother whose patience was well exhausted with the conduct of her little daughter, said with some bitterness, "I declare, Sophronia, you are the worst child I ever saw in my life." The little miss repeated in a low tone as if talking to herself, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

TRAINING SCHOOL.—Miss Sabra J. Jaquith has returned and resumed her place at the head of the Training School. It began this week Tuesday, and is open to graduates of our High School.

CATTLE SHOW.—The Middlesex Cattle Show at old Concord next Tuesday and Wednesday will undoubtedly be a grand affair. There will be considerable material from this part of the county. Probably Mr. Cummings, Mr. Soles and Mr. Twombly will exhibit horses, and perhaps others. We advise all to go who can.

CEMETERY LOTS.—Our attention was called the other day to the lot of W. D. Warren, in the Cemetery, situated not far from the receiving tomb. It has been curbed by Andrew James, with Milford Granite, and presents a very tasteful appearance. The curbing is cut to represent a T rail of railroad iron. The letters of the owner's name are cut raised and the surface polished, producing a fine effect. The lot of W. S. York also fitted up by Capt. James, looks very well. His lots compare favorably with any in the Cemetery.

CAUCUS.—The Republican caucus is called for next Thursday evening, at quarter of eight. There are five delegations of five each to choose, viz: State, Congressional, County, Councillor and Senatorial, and voters are requested to prepare themselves with ballots. Let there be a full attendance.

REPORTS.—Any one who may have copies of our Town Reports prior to 1869, and for 1865, 1866 and 1867, will confer a favor by leaving them with Nathan Wyman. They are wanted for the Town Library, and for the Boston Public Library.

SWEET.—The largest assortment of choice Confectionery to be found in Woburn, is at Dodge's Drug Store, No. 165 Main Street.

## THE SOMERVILLE FIRE ALARM.

Last Wednesday afternoon the Somerville Fire Department entertained a party of gentlemen from Woburn and Arlington who were interested in fire matters, and more especially in telegraphic fire alarms. The Woburn party comprised the committee chosen by the town to investigate the subject of a fire alarm, Messrs. Conn, Gilchrist, Perkins, Page and Parker. The Arlington party consisted of Chief John Schouler, H. J. Wells, Esq., Chief Engineer Hobbs, Asst. Eng. Sinclair, Warren Rawson and M. Rowe. They were met at the Somerville steamer house by Chief Hopkins and Asst. Assistants Bean, Caswell and Ring, Esquires Vinal and Sanborn, and Mr. J. W. Stover. The latter gentlemen represent Gamewell & Co., who put in the fire alarm telegraph now generally in use. The battery and principal apparatus are at the steamer house, which is the towering brick structure that can be seen from the cars just below Winter Hill station. The battery was exhibited, also the beautiful mechanism for which Gamewell & Co. are so famous. The system consists of three circuits, each independent of the other, and quite simple. Their adaptation to the work, the manner of working, and the impossibility of interference of one box with another, were explained by Mr. Stover, and the party received much valuable information concerning telegraphs in general and electric fire alarms in particular. By this system, a fire alarm is given from a box simply pulling a lever, and the alarm is then given and repeated three times, and until that work is completed, the pulling of the lever of another box will have no effect on the bells.

Somerville has 1 steamer, 5 horse boats, 1 steamer, 1 ladder truck. Woburn has 1 steamer, 2 horse boats, 4 hand hose carriages, and 1 ladder truck. There are 10 men to a horse company, one of them permanent, who sleeps in the house, and drives the horse to fires. The hook and ladder company has 20. There are four permanent men in the steamer company. The steamer's horse carriage has a foot board behind to carry hosemen. All the carriages are drawn by horses. The fire alarm consists of three circuits, 17 boxes, 3 bell strikers, 10 gongs. In the City's house is a gong, and in the assistants' houses are tappers. They have 17 miles of telegraph.

After examining what was to be seen at the steamer house, the party took carriages and rode to Broadway or Union St. where box 18 is situated, about half-way between the Old Nursery and the Eastern and Maine railroad bridge. No alarm had ever been struck from this box, and it was not certain that it would work satisfactorily. It worked splendidly, the response being heard instantly. We timed the appearance of the department, but as we are not aware of the distance the teams had to come, we cannot speak of the merits of the performance. The time was as follows:

Box No.	5 minutes.	45 seconds.
Steamer No. 1	5	45
Steamer No. 2	5	45
Steamer No. 3	5	45
Hook & Ladder	7	42

The truck got nearly in when the pole chain broke and they stopped to fasten it. The truck is too heavy for two horses, and the city should have a lighter one or more motive power. After the trial we visited the tower of the First Unitarian Church, and inspected the striking apparatus, and tested its capability. The machinery was ingenious yet simple, showing that the chances for it to be deranged were small. The expense of keeping it in order is slight. Mr. Burns, one of the permanent men of the Department having entire charge of it. Our next point was Union Square, where the party were welcomed to a generous Somerville collation. Here various matters concerning fire business were discussed and the company separated with pleasant remembrances of the day and the Somerville gentlemen who exerted themselves to make the visit an agreeable one. The Somerville department is well organized, the men and material being all excellent, and the exhibition of their efficiency was very satisfactory. In Chief Engineer Hopkins they have a man in love with, and thoroughly posted in, his business, and the city may safely confide in his management of the Department.

MILE IN 4:53.—James W. Horner, of Woburn, went to the Scotch games at Lowell, on Thursday of last week, and entered in the mile running race, and won four entries. The Lowell Times says:—At the start Horner took the lead, going at a rattling pace, with McCready in the second place, McCarthy next and Boyie in the rear. These positions were maintained to the half mile, which was made in 2:21. At the three quarters, McCready led to the rear, and finally dropped out. Boyie then passed McCarthy, and went for Horner, gaining steadily on him to the last part of the home stretch, but Horner had got too long a lead, and came home a winner by several yards. Time 4:53. Horner got first money, \$10, and Boyie second, \$5. The result was quite a surprise to Boyie's friends, though it is stated that he was in poor condition for running.

On Tuesday Horner went again to Lowell and entered in the walking and running races. The former was for a half mile, and was won by Horner in 3:08. The running match of one mile was also won by Horner in 5:30. The walking prize was \$8 and the running prize \$10.

POLICE COURT.—Sept. 15, Chas. Leighton, larceny of fruit, put on probation to Oct. 9th. 19, Patrick Kelley, common drunkard, \$5 and costs. 21, George McDermott, single drunk, \$5 and costs. Edward Clark, same \$3 and costs. P. J. Murphy, illegal keeping, \$10 and costs. 22, Frank A. Hunt, larceny of fruit, on probation to Oct. 25. Annie Murphy, same continued to Oct. 25.

NORMAL SCHOOL.—Miss Charlotte Woodman and Miss Helen L. Brown, graduates of our High School, have entered the Boston Normal School, passing a very favorable examination.

WOBURN.—The Journal of this town has reached its twenty-fourth volume, and under Mr. Parker's management, is one of the best rural newspapers in the State.—Boston Globe.

Mr. Mrs. Ames, wife of Rev. J. A. Ames, formerly of this town, will lecture upon Beauty, in the Methodist Church, Oct. 1st.

POOLS.—A good many persons who read the accounts of the wonderful feats performed by horses in these days of great speed, are at a loss as to what the information respecting "pools" means. They have a vague idea that it is some sort of betting, but how it is done they know not. We have inquired of a gentleman whose experience on the turf makes him an authority on all matters pertaining to the subject, and we give our readers who are not posted the benefit of the information. Pools are sold at places in Boston, well known to those who are interested, and on the parks, whenever races come off. The pool seller, who possesses the qualifications of an auctioneer, offers the horses who are to start in any given race and calls for bids for the first choice, and knocks it down to the highest bidder. The amount is, say \$100 and the choice Mambino Gift. That is, the bidder bets \$100 that Mambino Gift will win the race. The second choice is then offered in the same way, and may bring say \$50, the bidder selecting Thomas Jefferson. The third choice might bring \$25, and Smuggler be named. Out of seven horses the winner would be sold very low, or if no offers were made for the four would be offered together as "the field" and sell for say \$180. The pool is then closed, the money \$180 put away, the four bidders getting a ticket bearing the name of their favorite or a number to which he will answer, and the amount of the pool. The auctioneer then goes on and sells another, continuing the process so long as he can get a bid. The horses comprising the field we will call Abdallah, Commonwealth, Sheridan and Genet. At the close of the race the man who has named the winning horse, presents his ticket to the pool seller, and takes the \$185 less the seller's commission which varies according to the size of the pool from 2 1/2 to 10 per cent. If he should have bought "the field," any one of the four horses in that class winning would have entitled him to the money.

The Paris pools are a different form of gambling lately introduced. In this all the horses in a heat are posted up and numbered, and tickets bearing their number are offered for \$5 each. There is no limit to the number of tickets that may be sold. In the City's house is a gong, and in the assistants' houses are tappers. They have 17 miles of telegraph.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Luther L. Holden, of the Boston Journal, had a narrow escape while coming to Boston, Wednesday evening, on the Lowell Railroad. A timber from a passing freight train near Goff's Falls, crashed through the side of the car in which he sat, and badly bruised his leg. Balaoning is a safer mode of travel than railroading.

COMPOUNDED.—Physicians' Prescriptions, at all hours of the day or night, at Dodge's Drug Store, 165 Main Street.

G. A. R.—Attention is called of the members of Post 33, to the special notice in another column.

## New Publications.

Scribner's Monthly for October opens with another magnificently illustrated "Great South" paper, by Edward King, entitled "Down the Mississippi—the Labor Question—Arkansas," it contains much picturesque description, and practical information. The important essay of this number is a very careful study of George Eliot's novels, by W. C. Wilkinson. Mr. Nadel, formerly with Mr. Motley in London, and now literary editor of the "N. Y. Evening Post," has a charming sketch of Oxford. Mr. Cable, the New Orleans story-writer, gives us another characteristic sketch of life in the American Paris; his present story, "Tite Polette," is highly dramatic and exciting. "Katherine Earle" and "Orestes" are concluded; (Katherine Earle will be published in book form by Lee and Shepard), and Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" is continued. Then we have "A Royal Hair-Cutting," "Sin Remo," "The Rose of Carolina," "Old Time Music," &c.

In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland writes about Mr. Beecher, the present theological outlook, the "Rewards of Literary Labor," &c. "The Old Cabin" is devoted to Good Taste, and the other departments have about their usual variety.

In the November Scribner a new story by Saxo Holm will begin, to run through three or four numbers.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR OCT. BROKERS with a bright story by Mrs. R. H. Davis, which is followed by a splendidly illustrated article on Egypt by Mrs. Sara Keables Hunt. "Venus Flower-Basket" is a description of the Glass Spinning, with a picture that is positively wonderful in the delicacy of its execution. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge has one of her charming little poems called "Coming," and C. P. Cranch contributes some comic verses, illustrated from his own designs, making fun of the Comet. There is also a poem by Helen Hunt. Miss Louisa M. Alcott has a story, and Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz tells something more about those funny little "Jennyjans." There is an interesting article on "The India," and Wm. H. Kidling has one of his admirable practical articles called "Our Light-houses and Light-ships," which is full of interesting pictures drawn by Moran, Perkins, Runge, and other noted artists. The serials, "East Friends," by J. T. Townbridge, and "What Might Have Been Expected," by Frank R. Stockton, are concluded. We notice that the Letter Box, and that which follows, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," are unusually brilliant this month.

THE SONG MONARCH.—A collection of secular and sacred music for singing classes, etc., by H. B. Palmer and L. O. Johnston. Price 75 cents or \$1.50 per copy.

One hardly knows whether to introduce the Song Monarch as a new Glee Book, or as a Singing School Text Book. As, however, it has all the variety and sprightliness of the first, and is quite as properly the second, it may very properly make its bow in both characters. As a Glee Book, it may very warmly be commended to the notice of all who like social singing, and will be a welcome visitor in musical families, and in the meetings of choirs and musical societies, where its light melodies may furnish an occasional relief to severe and classical practice. In turning over the leaves, one's eye first encounters, perhaps, "Chiming Bells of Long Ago," a song with chorus, then the lively "Hark to the distant Drum," and then in strong contrast "Sweet and low," the words by Tennyson. On another page the boys are invited to "Whistle and Hoe." There are about 150 of these harmonized songs in the book, in addition to sacred tunes, anthems and chants, and a sufficiency of singing school exercises. As a book for singing classes, it must be a most agreeable one from which to learn, and the well known skill of the compilers is sufficient guarantee of its fitness for the work for which it is designed.

The Science of Health for October opens with an important article on the Causes of Infant Mortality in Cities; and

BITTEN BY A HORSE.—Last Saturday James Madden, who has driven John Cummings & Co's side team for the last twenty years met with a singular accident. One of his wheel horses was cross all day on account of changing her mate, and going from the shop to the stable commenced kicking, and got over the pole. Madden got off to replace her, when the vicious mare seized him by the teeth, biting him severely. Mr. Ward and son went to his assistance, and unhitched the horse, when the mare took Madden's arm again, and twined him, lost her balance and fell over the pole, but keeping her grip broke his arm badly in two places. The flesh was badly macerated, and blood profuse, and it was at first feared he would have to lose his arm.

GENERAL KILPATRICK.—We would again remind our readers of the opening lecture by General Kilpatrick, in the G. A. R. Course, at Winchester, on Monday evening next. The Stoneham Band have volunteered their services, and will give a grand concert on the Common, before the lecture, and will also play in the church. Post 33 of this town have accepted an invitation to assist in the escort duty. Ample arrangements have been made to accommodate all who can avail themselves of this opportunity to hear this distinguished Soldier Orator.

DIST. ATTORNEY.—In the office of district attorney for this county there will undoubtedly be a change this fall. The only candidate who have been mentioned are Mr. Gale of Marlboro', and George Stevens of this city. The latter has hosts of friends in the northern and eastern portions of the county, and bids fair to carry the nomination. As a lawyer he stands among the foremost of the State. He is a bar, and as a man he ranks high wherever known. He has the qualities and qualifications much needed in the office of District Attorney.—Lowell Journal.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Luther L. Holden, of the Boston Journal, had a narrow escape while coming to Boston, Wednesday evening, on the Lowell Railroad. A timber from a passing freight train near Goff's Falls, crashed through the side of the car in which he sat, and badly bruised his leg. Balaoning is a safer mode of travel than railroading.

COMPOUNDED.—Physicians' Prescriptions, at all hours of the day or night, at Dodge's Drug Store, 165 Main Street.

G. A. R.—Attention is called of the members of Post 33, to the special notice in another column.

## New Publications.

Scribner's Monthly for October opens with another magnificently illustrated "Great South" paper, by Edward King, entitled "Down the Mississippi—the Labor Question—Arkansas," it contains much picturesque description, and practical information. The important essay of this number is a very careful study of George Eliot's novels, by W. C. Wilkinson. Mr. Nadel, formerly with Mr. Motley in London, and now literary editor of the "N. Y. Evening Post," has a charming sketch of Oxford. Mr. Cable, the New Orleans story-writer, gives us another characteristic sketch of life in the American Paris; his present story, "Tite Polette," is highly dramatic and exciting. "Katherine Earle" and "Orestes" are concluded; (Katherine Earle will be published in book form by Lee and Shepard), and Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" is continued. Then we have "A Royal Hair-Cutting," "Sin Remo," "The Rose of Carolina," "Old Time Music," &c.

In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland writes about Mr. Beecher, the present theological outlook, the "Rewards of Literary Labor," &c. "The Old Cabin" is devoted to Good Taste, and the other departments have about their usual variety.

In the November Scribner a new story by Saxo Holm will begin, to run through three or four numbers.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR OCT. BROKERS with a bright story by Mrs. R. H. Davis, which is followed by a splendidly illustrated article on Egypt by Mrs. Sara Keables Hunt. "Venus Flower-Basket" is a description of the Glass Spinning, with a picture that is positively wonderful in the delicacy of its execution. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge has one of her charming little poems called "Coming," and C. P. Cranch contributes some comic verses, illustrated from his own designs, making fun of the Comet. There is also a poem by Helen Hunt. Miss Louisa M. Alcott has a story, and Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz tells something more about those funny little "Jennyjans." There is an interesting article on "The India," and Wm. H. Kidling has one of his admirable practical articles called "Our Light-houses and Light-ships," which is full of interesting pictures drawn by Moran, Perkins, Runge, and other noted artists. The serials, "East Friends," by J. T. Townbridge, and "What Might Have Been Expected," by Frank R. Stockton, are concluded. We notice that the Letter Box, and that which follows, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," are unusually brilliant this month.

THE SONG MONARCH.—A collection of secular and sacred music for singing classes, etc., by H. B. Palmer and L. O. Johnston. Price 75 cents or \$1.50 per copy.

One hardly knows whether to introduce the Song Monarch as a new Glee Book, or as a Singing School Text Book. As, however, it has all the variety and sprightliness of the first, and is quite as properly the second, it may very properly make its bow in both characters. As a Glee Book, it may very warmly be commended to the notice of all who like social singing, and will be a welcome visitor in musical families, and in the meetings of choirs and musical societies, where its light melodies may furnish an occasional relief to severe and classical practice. In turning over the leaves, one's eye first encounters, perhaps, "Chiming Bells of Long Ago," a song with chorus, then the lively "Hark to the distant Drum," and then in strong contrast "Sweet and low," the words by Tennyson. On another page the boys are invited to "Whistle and Hoe." There are about 150 of these harmonized songs in the book, in addition to sacred tunes, anthems and chants, and a sufficiency of singing school exercises. As a book for singing classes, it must be a most agreeable one from which to learn, and the well known skill of the compilers is sufficient guarantee of its fitness for the work for which it is designed.

The Science of Health for October opens with an important article on the Causes of Infant Mortality in Cities; and

contains also, The Mysteries of Dr. Grogan; Hydrophobia; Medicum; Our American Girls; Popular Physiology, with illustrations; Ventilation; A Dyspeptic Appetite; Graham Flour against Fine Flour; How to Keep Fruits Fresh, with practical directions; The Food Question; Rest and Sleep; Life Under Ground; The Candy Curse; The Doctors on Alcohol; with the information contained in the Talks with Correspondents and Voices from the People, making up an excellent number of this useful and popular magazine. Only 30 cents, or \$2.00 a year. The publisher has an announcement for the month of three months, including the present number, for 25 cents. Address S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

Nellie Grant's Wedding March by E. Mack, comes to us from the publishers, Lee & Walker, Philadelphia, illustrated with a fine likeness of the bride, from a photograph by Sarony. Designed to be the wedding march for all future occasions, and is well worthy a position on every piano in the land. Price, 40 cents.

From the same publishers, we are in receipt of the song "Don't Forget to Write me Darling"—one of the sweetest, prettiest, most expressive songs that has come under our notice for a long while—handsomely illustrated with lithographic title, price, 40 cents. Either of the foregoing sent by mail on receipt of price. To be had at all music stores, or of the publishers.

ALBINO.—The October number blooms like an American autumn scene. Four full-page pictures of surpassing beauty are given, and a large number of minor illustrations. The literary contents are very rich, and the whole forms a magazine of unsurpassed value. Mr. Fred W. Ellis is the agent in Woburn.

NURSERY for October is bright as an Indian summer day. The pictures, "Gathering Apples," the "Cat and Catkins," and "Gold Locks," not to speak of the others as these as the children will all delight in, while those who are old enough to read will find all sorts of stories and poems that will please and instruct.

DEXTER SMITH—comes to us full of history, melody, and literary jewelry. We hardly know which to commend the most, the literary or the musical departments. Both are "popular," and the magazine as a whole is the same.

Winchester.

TOWN MEETING.—Our citizens assembled in Lyceum Hall on Thursday evening in response to the call of the Warrent, which was read by Chas. H. Dupee, Esq. The organization of the meeting was perfected by the choice of T. P. Ayer, as moderator. D. N. Skillings, Esq., then moved that the meeting pass over Articles 2 and 3 and take up Article 4, which was "To see if the Town will authorize the Selectmen and Engineers to buy or hire a new school house or new school building, on which to build a suitable house for a horse carriage, or do anything in relation to the same." Under this article S. W. Twombly moved that the matter be referred to the Engineers with full power. Some discussion ensued, and subsequently the motion was withdrawn. J. F. Stone, Esq., then moved that it be referred to the Engineers and Selectmen with full powers. There being no one present particularly interested in the matter, L. R. Symmes moved that the article be laid on the table; carried.

Article 2, which was "To see if the town will hear and act on any information that may be offered regarding the widening of Church street, or do anything in relation to the same," came next in order. D. N. Skillings read a petition to the town signed by several aboriginal owners of Church street, praying that it should be widened about 50 feet instead of 60, as proposed, except for a certain distance from the railroad crossing. J. F. Stone moved that the petition be received and placed on file. Mr. Skillings moved that Church street be widened to 60 feet, except a short distance from the railroad crossing, where it should be 60 feet. Rev. Mr. Cooke, in a few remarks advocated sixty feet, and claimed it to be plenty wide enough. J. C. Stanton offered an amendment to Mr. Skillings motion, "from Dix street, easterly." A little pleasant discussion then ensued, as to which end of Dix street was meant, since some changes had been made in Dix and School streets. S. S. Holton then offered an amendment to Mr. Stanton's amendment, "to be sixty feet wide from the railroad crossing to Common street." After a rambling discussion upon this amendment, on motion of W. H. Bailey the whole subject was laid on the table.

Article 3 was then taken up, which was "To see if the town will rescind the vote passed at the last annual meeting, to instruct the Selectmen to petition the County Commissioners to widen Church street, from the junction of Dix to Cambridge street, to sixty feet wide, or do anything in relation to the same." J. H. Tyler moved that the vote be rescinded, and spoke at considerable length in defence of his motion. He was followed by S. W. Twombly, Salem Wilder, P. Holland, M. A. Herrick, D. N. Skillings, W. H. Bailey and others. The discussion was rather tedious in the main, but was not without some amusing incidents, and occasionally some brilliant displays of oratory were given. The motion was put and carried, 65 yeas, 49 nays.

Mr. Dwinell then moved that the meeting adjourn until next Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

HIGHWAYS AND BRIDGES.—The contractor for the new bridge over the Abnott river on Beacon street, has made good progress with the job. The four stone piers are laid and the cross pieces which are also to be of stone, will soon be in position. The structure when completed, in connection with the widening and improving the street from the railroad to Symmes corner, will be a great benefit and make the thoroughfare a desirable one to travel over. The residents of this section of the town have been greatly inconvenienced for a long time while this street has been out of repair and during the process of building the new bridge, many having been obliged to take a much longer and more circuitous route to the railroad station. We wonder that in laying the water pipes and hydrants through our streets, the authorities allow large stones and other obstructions to be left on the surface to frighten horses and lead to accidents to vehicles passing through the town. The town is liable to be molested in a heavy sum for allowing such obstructions on its highways.

G. A. R.—The Lecture Committee desire to call the attention of our citizens

to the opening lecture in their course by General Kilpatrick, on Monday evening next. The Stoneham Band have kindly volunteered their services, and will give a grand concert on the Common, if the weather be favorable, at 7 o'clock. The Band will also play in the Church, adding to the attractions of the evening. It is hoped there will be a large attendance, in order that we may give the "General" a rousing reception. The audience on this occasion are requested to be in their seats promptly at 7.30, before the arrival of the Poles. Ample arrangements have been made to accommodate all who may come.

WATER.—The scarcity of water before the recent rainy spell, induced many of our citizens who had not done so, to put down their names as applicants for water from the Highland Water Works, and have the pipes carried into their houses. The water is being gradually let on in various parts of the town, and it is expected that by the first of October every thing will be in order for a regular supply.

SCHOOLS.—Our new School Committee have taken hold in earnest and have introduced such reforms and changes in the studies of the several schools this term as cannot fail they think to advance their usefulness. Pupils belonging to the mixed and intermediate school are now required without exception to attend the schools in the districts where they reside.

REAL ESTATE CHANGES.—Mr. E. Eaton has exchanged his house for one in Upton street, Boston, and removed with his family to the last named place. Mr. John A. Magee has bought the house and land on the corner of Cambridge and Church streets, and will occupy the same.

PLEASANT STREET.—Two gentlemen rode out of Pleasant street Wednesday as the cars were approaching, when their horse suddenly turning threw them out, inflicting some slight bruises. The horse ran to Winn's stable.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—This society have chosen W. H. Bailey as its President, and will meet hereafter in the hall in Richardson's block, on Main street, on Tuesday evenings of each week.

UNITARIAN NATIONAL CONFERENCE.—Rev. Mr. Metcalf gave last Sunday morning, an interesting account to his people of this Conference held at Saratoga last week.

COFFEE PARTY.—A Coffee Party for the benefit of the Methodist Society was given at the residence of John C. Mason, on Thursday evening of this week.

ONSKUES.—Miss Nellie Robinson, daughter of the late Rev. R. T. Robinson, was buried from the Cong. Church, last Monday afternoon.

## Arlington.

DEDICATION.—On Sunday last, the Catholics of Arlington witnessed the dedication of their beautiful church, situated on Medford street. The church is called St. Malachi, is substantially built, and well adapted to the wants of the congregation by which it has been erected. The walls are of red face brick, and there is an unusual scarcity of wood work. The interior is particularly noted for the entire absence of frescoing, of late years a most noted feature in Catholic churches, and for the elegance of the altar, which is painted in white and gold. The pews and ratters are finished with a black walnut color, and the ceiling is divided into panels of pearl blue. The prevailing color of the walls is a light buff, trimmed about the windows with a darker buff. The windows are in panels of stained glass, and at the ends of the church are rose windows painted in finely blending colors. There are no side galleries, but on each side of the organ seats are placed capable of seating 100 persons. The whole seating capacity of the church is about 1200. The ceremonies of dedication were very solemn and imposing, and were conducted by Bishops Williams, of Boston, and Lynch of Charleston, S. C., as assisted by Revs. Fathers Finotti, pastor of the church, Supple of Charlestown, Scully of Cambridgeport, and others.

After the ceremony of dedication, H. Mass was celebrated, Father Murphy, of Arlington, acting as celebrant, Father Green of Watertown, as deacon, Father O'Donnell of East Cambridge, as sub-deacon, and Father Bronsahan of Concord, master of ceremonies. An eloquent and impressive sermon was preached by Bishop Lynch, in which he congratulated the pastor and people for their zeal in erecting and dedicating such a beautiful temple to the Most High. Vespers were celebrated in the evening, by Father Finotti, assisted by Father Rardon, O. M. J., and Father Buckle, O. M. J., both of Lowell, a fine sermon being preached by the pastor. The altar presented a most beautiful appearance, being tastefully and artistically adorned with choice plants and flowers. Simlux hung profusely on all sides. The crown on the left, and the lofty cross in the centre, of the altar, contrasted finely with the many lights burning thereon, giving to the whole a most beautiful appearance. Mr. Lynch, the skilful leadership of Mr. D. McCulliff, rendered De Monti's mass finely and effectively, as they also did the singing at Vespers. Solo were finely rendered by Misses Mary and Kate Collins, and Miss King. The singing was a complete success, and reflected great credit upon the members of the choir, and their worthy leader. The church was crowded to its utmost, the aisles being completely packed at both services. The occasion was a very interesting and joyous one for the Catholics of Arlington, and spoke well for their zeal, and also that of their pastor.

Mr. John L. Parker.—SIR—I shall have to ask you to reprint the article which I have attached to this note, so that I may print the explanation written beneath the property, put in an appearance with the apology due me for the slander.

Yours very respectfully,  
ASA L. ANDREWS.

LOOK OUT FOR THE FARMERS.—A lady and her daughter, with two neighbors' boys, went larching on Wednesday morning of this week, expecting to get enough to preserve for winter use. They had just got to picking in good shape, when Asa Andrews, the owner of the property, put in an appearance with a constable, and arrested the pickers, the constable drawing a big revolver for fear they should try to escape. He took them over to Mr. Andrews house, and there tied them out of five dollars a piece. They could pay that or he would prosecute them. The constable accompanied the boys to his house, Mr. A. keeping the other boy and the lady and her

daughter as hostages until the cowards returned with the money.

The correspondent G. made a mistake, when he sent the name of Asa Andrews as being connected with the above transaction. We had nothing whatsoever to do with the affair. The name should have been printed Henry E. G. Andrews, as it was his farm, and by his orders the parties were arrested.

ARLINGTON LAND COMPANY.—On Wednesday of last week the stockholders of this company partook of a dinner upon the invitation of their late treasurer, G. F. Pinkham, Esq., at the dining parlors of J. B. Smith, on Bulfinch street, Boston.

Notwithstanding the general depression in business, the affairs of the company were represented as being in a flourishing and highly satisfactory condition. The company has already expended upwards of \$25,000 in building and grading streets, and the work is steadily progressing. Thirty houses have been built and sold, and are all occupied, exclusive of those built by private individuals, from \$300 to \$10,000 each, are to be immediately commenced. The members of the company are determined to make Arlington Heights the most popular, as it already is the most beautiful, place of residence in the vicinity of Boston.

GUNNING ACCIDENT.—On Saturday afternoon Herbert Blanchard, while gunning, his brother in Arlington, had some difficulty about his musket and tried to discharge it at half cock. He seated himself on the ground and carelessly placed the muzzle of the weapon against his left leg, and while examining the trigger it slipped, snapped the cap, and the contents



